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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
RAM SHARMA

Edited with a Short Memoir

BY
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Vakil, High Court, Calcutta.

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PREFACE.

IT is no small gratification to me that I have been the instrument of rescuing from oblivion the poetical works of perhaps the greatest poet of India writing in English Verse by giving them a permanent shape. I cannot say I have been able to collect all his poems, for the poet in his ascetic indifference never cared to keep copies of his works. Embracing a period of more than half a century and scattered over the pages of different newspapers and periodicals it was indeed hard work to collect them. Perhaps the next edition will be fuller, the reader in the meantime must be satisfied with what he gets. But most of his important works have been included in the book. I have given notes, for without them it is impossible for the ordinary reader, particularly Englishmen, to fully understand and appreciate the poet's works. They are not copious, but enough for the purpose of making the meaning sufficiently clear. It is not for me to make a detailed criticism of his works; that will be done by competent critics. What their verdict will be, is unknown, but the notes will largely facilitate a correct and proper understanding. *Mohinee* is a fragment, some friend of the poet took away the last part for perusal, but never returned it. It must be taken, as lost to the world, unless at some future time it is found.

India to Britain has been printed twice by mistake at page 289 of the book.

Throughout his life the poet was averse to the publication of his works in a collected form. It was only during the last few months of his life that he betrayed a strong keenness for it. With his approaching end his keenness became a burning impatience, and it is some satisfaction to me that before his death I was able to place in his hands the first 64 printed pages of the book which he only felt, for alas ! he had lost his eyesight.

My thanks are due to Babu Jogesh Chandra Dutt of the Wellington Street Dutts for allowing free access to old files of the *Mookherjee's Magazine* and of the *Reis and Ryt* from which some of the pieces have been taken, to Babu Ramendra Krishna Ghose, the youngest son of the poet, for supplying me with materials for the memoir and also to Babu Pasupati Nath Mallick for going through the proofs and helping me generally.

The poet, besides the pseudonym of *Ram Sharma*, occasionally assumed other pen-names such as, *Lakshman Sharma*, *Ram Sham Yogi* and many others; and sometimes he took the liberty of using the initials of his friends Sir Jatindra Mohan Tagore, Babu Kristodas Paul and Babu Yogesh Chandra Dutt. The arrangement of the poems is chronological with only a few exceptions.

THE EDITOR.

69, SERPENTINE LANE,
Calcutta, 1st January, 1919.

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

Babu Nobokissen Ghose, better known to the literary world as Ram Sharma, was born in Calcutta on the 29th August, 1837, at the residence of Atmaram Dutt of the Hatkhola Dutts, his mother's maternal grand-father. Till his death he was the eldest male representative of the Pathuriaghata Ghoses. The history of the family is well-known. Lord Minto, from his place as Chancellor of the Calcutta University, on the occasion of its Jubilee celebration in 1908, acknowledged its worth and culture. Ram Sharma was fourth in descent from Dewan Ram Prosad, elder brother of the more illustrious Dewan Ram Lochan who played a distinguished part in the Decennial Settlement of Bengal.

His grand-father Ram Chandra was a man of high probity and sterling worth. A banker of repute, with unstinted hospitality, his home was a frequent resort of distinguished Indians and Europeans. His son, Kailash Chandra, the poet's father, received a liberal education at Sherborn School. Ram Sharma's poetical turn does not seem to have been inherited from his parents; but if poetry can lay claim to any "motion of kinship's blood" with painting and music, our poet inherited a liberal strain from his father, who was both an excellent artist and a skilful musician. Once a successful merchant, Kailash,

in his latter days met with reverses of fortune. After winding up his business he remained inactive for some time; but a busy man all his life, he began to chafe under the dull monotony of an idle home-life, and to keep himself engaged he took service as Head Assistant, under Remfry & Rogers, at one time a well-known firm of solicitors, but soon left it owing to the strong disapproval of the step by his sons. Of three children born to him, Ram Sharma was the second, the first being a daughter who died young and the youngest, a son, Babu Bhakta Kissen Ghose who predeceased our poet at the age of 53.

The wonderful faculty of Bengali grand-fathers for spoiling their grand-children, is well-known, and our poet fell under its spell. The old grand-father indulged him to an inordinate extent and soon our poet grew up a naughty and refractory child. Perhaps this early molly-coddling was, to some extent, responsible for the imperious temper of his after life which he successfully battled against as long as he lived. From early infancy he gave ample proofs of his great intellectual powers; for, although he did not lisp in numbers at the age of three, yet he grappled with the vernacular alphabet at that age and before long mastered the *Sishubodha*, the only vernacular text-book for children at the time. Much against his will, the poet was sent to the nearest English school, the Oriental Seminary, more for correction and confinement than for education. But what was begun in

pain soon ended in pleasure. The lessons which he at first conned with great reluctance soon became a source of delight and he developed into an apt and diligent student. Of all the different branches of knowledge he discovered a peculiar aptitude for English; yet, with all his partiality for this language, his intellect owned to a decided turn for Mathematics. His talents attracted the notice of Captain Palmer, Professor of English. His interpretations of some of the difficult passages of Pope were so clever, that he was playfully called *Little Pope* by Mr. Kirkpatrick, another Professor of the school. When he was but six years old he recited Pope's *A dying Christian to his Soul* at a prize distribution ceremony held at the Town Hall, presided over by Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and obtained a prize, Babu Keshab Chandra Ganguly, well-known at the time as the Garrick of Bengal, being his coach. His school-career soon came to a close; for in his thirteenth year he went up for the final examination from the Fourth Standard which he passed with great credit. His answer papers were of such high excellence that Dr. Muat, Secretary, Board of Examination, offered him the Head Mastership of the Howrah School, which, on account of his extreme youth, he was advised by his friends and well-wishers to decline. While at school, he contributed to the news-papers of the time, chiefly to the *Harkara* and the *Citizen*, both in prose and verse, and in this he was.

encouraged by his professors. The Captain had such a high opinion of his composition that he used to say, "Nobin (he used to call our poet by that name) would write like an Englishman". One cannot help feeling a sense of vain regret that the Professor died not live to witness the day of his pupil's triumph when he won the first prize for English verse on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1875.

After passing the final examination he studied Law for a time, but soon gave it up as uncongenial to his tastes. From now to the time he entered Government service, he devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of letters. Shakespeare, Milton and the best English Classics were his favourite study. But learning in those days was unremunerative and he had to seek out a career. No career being considered more honourable than Government service at the time, he on the information of a relation, applied in 1853 for a vacant post in the Prize Department, Military Auditor General's Office, under Mr. Robert Heitly Hollingberry, afterwards first Assistant Secretary, Financial Department of the Government of India. While presenting the application in person he had in his hand a manuscript article which excited Mr. Hollingberry's curiosity, who was so much struck with the boy applicant's power of composition when he had gone through it, that he gave him the post worth Rs. 25 a month, with

great pleasure. Such small pay may raise a contemptuous curl in the lips of the poet's more fortunate compeers of modern times, but those were days when men were "passing rich with £40 a year." The scale of pay for an Indian Assistant—for clerks at that time were invested with that dignified title—ranged from Rs. 15 to 50 per month.

Ram Sharma was married at the age of 19. Two children, the elder, a boy and the younger, a girl, were the result of this union. After four years of married life his darling wife was taken away by the fell hand of death. At the age of 25 he was again married to the second daughter of Babu Umacharan Mitra, the famous Headmaster of the School Society's School, subsequently called the Hare School. Six daughters, of whom three are living, and four sons, were the fruit of this union.

It is difficult to follow the thread of Ram Sharma's early official career. We know that he soon resigned his position in the Prize Department from a keen sense of resentment at not obtaining a post, simply on the ground of his being an Indian, the post being reserved for Europeans. Later on, we find him in the Ordnance Commissariat Office where he had very little work to do spending most of his time in study. The Head Native Assistant, his immediate official superior, reported against him to Mr. James Leonard, the Registrar, who being satisfied after enquiry that he was not negligent of his duty, encouraged him to

keep up his studious habits. Finding the young assistant fond of study he asked him to do a little copying work for him. In the first copy, he ventured to suggest some literary improvements which seemed to Mr. Leonard so intelligent that he thenceforth gave him a free hand to make alterations in his drafts wherever necessary.

From an original certificate we find Ram Sharma in the Barrack Master's Office Fort William from January to July 1859 where he discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Alex. O'Berne, Barrack Master and Colonel Orfeur Cavangah (Sir), Town and Fort Major, his official superiors. In 1860 he was in the office of the Inspector General of Ordnance and Magazines as the Head Native Assistant on Rs. 150 per month. It appears from the Report of Foster and Whiffin, Commissioners appointed to enquire into Indian Accounts, in which honourable mention is made of Ram Sharma's work, that in 1864 he was the Head Accountant Marine branch of the Ordnance Audit Office on Rs. 400 a month. The report seems to have made his reputation, for thenceforward he came to be recognized as an authority on accounts. Mr. E. H. Lushington, the then Financial Secretary, strongly recommended him for the highly coveted post of Assistant to the Accountant General, Bengal, to which he was gazetted in 1866. Ram Sharma, however, soon reverted to his substantive appointment of Superintendent First class, as he was strongly disinclined to undergo the troubles and

inconveniences of constant transfers to different Provinces of India which the post entailed, travelling in those days being not so safe and comfortable as now. Here he seems to have made his mark, for, Mr. William Nathaniel Massey, Finance Member, constantly consulted him on all difficult questions of account. At the request of Captain (afterwards Major) James Leonard, Examiner Ordnance, Barrack, Clothing and Dockyard Accounts, he rejoined his old office as Head Assistant (subsequently called Superintendent) Dockyard Department so that he might have a lien on the Office of Examiner, the next higher post, but the sudden death of Mr. Leonard on 17th December, 1871, upset all previous arrangement. While he was a Superintendent in the Accountant General's Office, a general retrenchment was ordered by Mr. H. P. Sandeman, Accountant General, and Ram Sharma was asked to reduce his staff. He protested on moral grounds and the matter was allowed to be compromised on his foregoing the privilege of gradation of his salary. It was a noble sacrifice on his part, rarely to be found in these days.

Captain (afterwards Major) Cowper succeeded Mr. Leonard and a most cordial relation existed between our poet and the latter. About this time he was offered a highly responsible office in the Bombay Marine Department on Rs. 700/- per mensem, which he refused. Differences soon arose between him and Captain Prichard,

Examiner, Marine Accounts, in connection with the appointment of Mr. G. H. Simmons, then Secretary to the Port Commissioners, afterwards Vice-Chairman, and an intimate friend of the poet, to a sinecure office to which he could not lend his support and a subsequent discourtesy on the Captain's part soon brought matters to a crisis. Ram Sharma tendered his resignation on the eve of his promotion on Rs. 1000—1200. He was prevailed upon by Colonel T. B. Harrison, Controller, Military Accounts India, to withdraw his resignation on Captain Prichard tendering a written apology. But he never returned to office, and when he was found immovable, an invalid pension was sanctioned to take effect from the 7th May, 1878. Thus his official career came to a premature close in the 40th year of his life.

When Ram Sharma took service, the position of Indians in public offices was far from enviable. Ill-paid and ill-treated, the genial ardour of their soul was cramped under the blighting influence of the times. Even a conductor claimed the privilege of a *salaam* from Indians however high their position and status in society might be. Sneaking sycophancy carried the day. Men of "I-garden-magnoes" (mangoes from my garden) type used to prosper. But the ore of gold which lies imbedded beneath the rock of human nature seldom fails to be discovered by discerning eyes. Ram Sharma always commanded the esteem and admiration of his official superiors. He worked

his way up by dint of his great talents, by his strong sense of justice, his high regard for truth, thorough honesty of purpose and sturdy independence.

Although the most fruitful period of his literary career began after retirement from service, yet his pen never remained idle even amidst the stress and distractions of official life. Like many other poets his poetical genius contained a rich vein of prose. His prose contributions were chiefly to the Press for which he wrote largely. His articles were sought after by Messrs. John O' Brien Saunders, J. Hutton and Furrel of the *Englishman*, Mr. Robert Knight of the *Statesman*, Dr. Sambhu Chandra Mukherjee of the *Mukherjee's Magazine* and the *Reis and Rayet*, and Babu Narendra Nath Sen of the *Indian Mirror*. He wrote for them on all the burning topics of the day without any remuneration. Mr. Robert Knight tried his best, though unsuccessfully, to induce him to join the *Statesman* staff on a handsome honorarium. Maharaja Sir Narendra Krishna, at the instance of the British Indian Association, offered him the editorial chair of the *Hindoo Patriot*, in the alternative a few weekly articles for the paper, on a handsome remuneration. But knowing the pronounced policy of the paper in favour of the landed interest, he dismissed him with the short answer, "Maharaja ! do you take me for a hireling?" He was one of those few men who never soiled their hands with filthy lucre in the whole course of their career as journalist.

His contributions embraced a variety of subjects, social and political, which were widely read and admired. There was a time when people eagerly looked forward to the day when Ram Sharma's contributions would appear on the burning topics of the hour. His article on the Orissa famine which appeared in the *Indian Society*, a journal with a short meteoric existence, published by Messrs. Thacker Spink & Co., was highly effective. A Civilian friend of his, who had considerable influence in the India Office, sent it to Lord Cranborne, (Marquis of Salisbury) the then Secretary of State and immediate relief measures were ordered. The *Mukherjee's Magazine* and the *Reis and Rayet* owed their reputation to a large extent to him. During the absence at Tipperah of Dr. Sambhu Chandra Mukherjee for a few months, he conducted the latter paper.

Following the traditions of his family he was a staunch champion of the British Raj throughout his life. During his last illness, confined to bed, bereft of vision—for about a year before his death he had lost his eye-sight—he anxiously followed the fortunes of the present world-war and was greatly depressed at the reverses of the British arms. For sixty years he sung the joys and sorrows of the Royal House of England and successive Viceroy's from Lord Canning to Lord Curzon did him the honour of placing his verses at the foot of the throne. His *Ode of Welcome to Prince Albert* was greatly admired and at the Prince's

command 6 copies were sent to Queen Victoria as he was sure that "Her Majesty would be glad to read such a beautiful expression of loyalty by a Hindoo poet". But while intensely loyal he never hesitated to criticise the measures of Government which appeared to him unfair. He was extremely jealous of the rights and liberties of the people. He denounced the Press Act, the Municipalities Bill, the Age of Consent Act, the abolition of the Jury system, and the Partition of Bengal.

It is not known, when our poet's father left his ancestral family dwelling-house at 46, Pathuriaghata Street, now owned by Babu Bhupendra Krishna Ghose, but it must have been before 1868, for we know that his father purchased No. 110, Beniatollah Street and lived in it till his death in that year. On his father's death, the burden of the whole family, consisting of his wife and children and those of his brother, fell upon him. All through his life he remained joint with his brother as the *pater familias*. He made no difference between his children and his brother's and his affection was equally divided between them. He bore all the family expenses including the marriage of 14 girls, 7 his own daughters and the remainder his brother's. Besides these he had a large number of dependents. Be it said to the credit of his brother's children, that they on their part too, looked upon him as their second father. On his slender means was laid

the further burden of small helps to the needy and the distressed; and if charity is measured by feeling and the proportion to the means at one's command and not by volume alone, then a very few men have been born in this world more charitable than Ram Sharma.

The chances he threw away in his life were many, and our poet did not exaggerate in the least when he spoke of himself—

He courted Fortune, but when glittering heaps
Of gold she strewed around his path, he like
The beggar in the story closed his eyes,
And blindly passed them on.

He inherited a considerable fortune through his mother, who was the only child of her father, but never claimed it. His eldest son also inherited from his maternal uncle and that inheritance, too, was never claimed. Many rich relations invited him and his sons to take over their properties, but he never cared for them. He had promised to give one of the sons of his family, either his own or his brother's, to the late Babu Khelat Chandra Ghose of Pathuriaghata for adoption. After being put off from time to time on legal grounds, for the law in those days did not permit the adoption of eldest sons—his and his brother's eldest sons having been born at the time—when Babu Khelat Chandra claimed the fulfilment of his promise after the birth of his second son, natural affection got the better of him and he failed to redeem his promise. It was so

written in the Book of Fate; for if he had kept his promise; how could that son work out his *karma* as a peripatetic S. P. C. A. officer under the Howrah Municipality. He was not destined to fill the place which the late Babu Rama Nath Ghose of Pathuriaghata occupied. Ram Sharma treated his personal advancement in life in the same manner. We have seen how he refused the editorial chair of the *Hindu Patriot*. One of the richest noblemen of Calcutta, who looked upon him almost as a god, most respectfully, offered to make him the manager of his properties on Rs. 1000 a month: the offer was refused. Raja Ban Behary Kapur Bahadur of Burdwan, who was under some obligation to him for the services he had rendered to him during the Raj adoption controversy of which the present Maharaja was the subject, created the post of guardian and tutor to the then minor Maharaja on Rs. 500/- per month and waited for him for three months; but the poet's eldest son-in-law, the late Rai Satya Kinker Sen Bahadur, Government Pleader of Burdwan, through whom the Raja Bahadur made the offer, could not muster up courage to speak to him on the subject and Babu Ram Narayana Dutt was appointed on Rs. 300/- per month. His friends once tried to make him Vice-Chairman of the Calcutta Municipality, but only succeeded in securing a small number of votes, as canvassing being against his principle, he never stirred out of his home. These are some out of the many chances he threw away in his life.

The negative loss occasioned by his own indifference was further augmented by the positive injury done to him by his friends and relations. A robust optimist all his life he could think no ill of his fellow-men. A thoroughly honest man, he reposed implicit trust on those who were clever enough to keep up the show. They inveigled him into speculations and made him launch into business of which he had very little experience and after feathering their own nests, they left him to meet the liabilities. He did not lend his name to those business transactions which were carried on in the names of his brother and of his eldest son; but when the final smash came, he never hesitated, for a moment, like an honest man to assume all the debts and to induce his mother in whose name the paternal house stood, to sell it to pay them up.

Intensely loyal, he was a burning patriot at the same time. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness. The key-note of his character was struck by him when he described himself as—

“One,

Who rough in manner, and of sharpest tongue
Yet own'd a heart that felt most warm and strong
For e'en the meanest life beneath the sun.”

His charity was large but unostentatious. His powerful pen was ever ready to redress the wrongs of people whenever required. He warmly espoused the causes of the present Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan during

the Adoption Controversy, of the Maharaja of Cossimbazar, of the Nepal and the Oudh princes, of Rev. W. Hastie and of many others in a most disinterested manner. His simplicity was child-like; behind a rough exterior he concealed the warmest heart and his sympathy with misery and suffering was boundless. Generous, noble, high-minded, his poet's soul rose up in passionate protest against all injustice and wrong. His selflessness is a rarity in this self-seeking world. His indifference to worldly gain was such that it will be hardly any exaggeration to say that he seldom touched gold.

Human nature abounds in strange contrarities. How quickly a man, usually stern and forbidding, casts off his gravity and transforms himself into a child of nature! Ram Sharma possessed this quality in an eminent degree. In the company of children he became a child. He seemed to breathe freely and sniff the air of heaven. Casting off the cloak of convention he became one of them and threw himself heart and soul into their little joys and sorrows. He was never happier than in their company. When his dancing grand-children approached him with dolls in hand he playfully reproached their mothers for their unpardonable omission in forgetting their eldest child (meaning himself). During his last days he took a childish delight in appropriating the paltry sum of Rs. 2/- out of his pension of Rs. 130/- for dolls for the little ones who came to him. Yet with all this child-like simplicity, he combined a strength and, almost superhuman.

A long life is more often than not, one long continuous misery. One by one his children and grand-children dropped off before his eyes, but he bore his trials with the most heroic fortitude. When his eldest son, the darling of the family, and a middle-aged man of nearly fifty, was in his last gasps, his remaining sons apprehending that in his old age and failing health the shock might prove disastrous, had him removed to the writer's house. Here he remained perfectly quiet and only the day after his arrival he quietly asked the writer, "Is it all over?" On a silent affirmative nod from the latter, he remained silent without betraying the least sign of emotion. It was only on the succeeding day, when his second son approached him dressed in the "trappings of woe" that his adamant heart broke; the muscles of his face twitched, he bit his quivering underlip and silent tears trickled down out of the corners of his eyes. It was the only time the writer found any sign of emotion in him during those heavy days. But it was a momentary weakness; soon recovering himself he talked with his usual calmness.

Born amid most unpoetic environments in a busy and crowded quarter of Calcutta, yet he was an ardent lover of Nature. This is an exception to the rule; although from the early eighties with rare intervals, till his death he lived in villas in the suburbs. Such exceptions are not altogether rare, for, we have the testimony of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, one of the greatest of living poets, that Nature

revealed herself to him for the first time in such a prosaic place as the Corporation Street of Calcutta. It is the poet's eye which invests the meanest thing with graces of heaven which are imperceptible to the common eye. Ram Sharma was a close observer of Nature. Perhaps it was during his residence in the suburbs that his poet's instinct obtained its full play in the intimate knowledge of the fauna and flora of the country. The writer remembers an occasion when the poet playfully criticised one of the greatest of Bengali novelists for his error of a *Papya* singing on the wing, when the *papya* always sings from its invisible perch within the leafy branches of a tree. Flowers claimed no less his attention than birds; specially the song-birds, for he was equally attracted by the habits and manifold beauties of both.

Ram Sharma's method of writing poetry was peculiar though not uncommon. The "Tuneful Nine" will not serve him at his command; on the other hand he had to depend entirely on their favour. Their visitations were uncertain and sometimes at most unwonted hours. Not a line could he bring forth if he willed, but when the mood was on, he poured out line after line with the most astonishing rapidity. When the furor came upon him at day-time, it continued through the night and he used to start up from his light slumbers and sit up in his bed shouting to his sons to come and take down his effusions. Sometimes he appeared to be in the throes of agony, the thoughts surging

within him, but refusing to take shape in words. When his soul was full of the fire of poesy, he lived and moved for days together as one obsessed. His nice and fastidious taste never allowed his writings to pass through his hands without subjecting them to repeated revisions.

It is said that kings are proud, but he was prouder than a king. Yet his pride was of a different metal, it was the pride of birth, the pride of worth, the pride of purity. The mahogany veneer of modern civilisation was highly repellent to the oaken fibres of his moral nature and he was often intolerent. In his magnetic presence low sordidness withered up and men often left his presence conscious of a purifying influence within. Yet to the good and pure, he was the humblest of beings, for in the core of his soul he was a very humble man. The besetting weakness of his character was his temper—he was born with an ungovernable temper. When the writer came in contact with him for the first time, in the year 1889, he found him a man with a choleric temperament. He closely watched the process of gradual toning down till it reached the serene placidity of his latter years. What appeared to the casual observer as a perfectly natural process was really the result of a rigorous course of self-discipline and stern repression. He was conscious of his weakness, and often bewailed his condition which he called the result of his Karma in a previous existence. If one is permitted to lift the veil higher, he possessed very powerful animal instincts.

There again, he was the victor; he was the master, not they.

A rigid Hindoo, he was a Bengali to the back-bone—a Bengali gentleman of the old school. Imbued with the highest western culture and ideas, intimately associating with Englishmen, some of whom his warm friends, he never aped their mode and costume, but strictly adhered to his national dress, manners and customs. A brilliant conversationist his society was cultivated by Englishmen and Indians alike. Among the English friends may be counted the names of such distinguished men as Capt. Alexander O'Berne, Major Sanky, Colonel Sir Orfeur Cavanagh, Major James Leonard, Major H. Cowper, Major General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., Colonel Mowbray Thomson, Mr. H. D. Sandeman, C.S., Col. T. B. Harrison, Mr. R. P. Harrison, Mr. E. P. Harrison, C.S., Capt. J. Bythesea, R.N.V.C., Mr. R. H. Hollingberry, Mr. E. H. Lushington, C.S., Mr. Charles Trevor, C.S., Mr. J. O. B. Saunders, Mr. W. Cobb Hurry, Mr. J. Hutton, Mr. James Furrel, Mr. Robert Knight, Col. R. D. Osborn, Rev. W. Hastie, Mr. J. F. Ogilvy, the Gladstones of Gillanders Arbuthnot & Co., and Mr. William Digby. Among his Indian friends the following names may be mentioned:—Maharaja Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore, Babu Kali Kissen Tagore, Maharaja Sir Narendra Krishna Dev, Babu Ram Gopal Ghose, Rai Krishna Das Pal Bahadur, Babu Jogendra

Nath Singh Ray of Chakdighi, Babu Narendra Nath Sen of the *Indian Mirror*, Dr. Sambhu Chandra Mukherjee of the *Reis and Ryat*, Mr. Shorabji Padsha of the *Indian Echo*, Raja Ban Behari Kapur Bahadur, Maharaja Sir Manindra Chandra Nandi of Cossimbazar, Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya of Allahabad, Nawab-Imadlul-Mulk Syed Hossein Bilgrami Bahadur, C.S.I. From this long array of distinguished names it is not to be imagined for a moment that our poet was ever a suppliant at the door of worldly greatness; on the other hand, the friendship grew up in ordinary course, and in many cases it originated in the literary services he rendered to them.

Like most men imbued with western culture, Ram Sharma had no faith in astrology in his early life. In 1868 his family astrologer warned him of impending evil. The prediction came out true. In a few months he broke one of his knee-caps. Then followed a series of misfortunes culminating in the death of his father. This set him thinking; he began to study the science, became a convert and the fruit of his labours was the *Jyotish Prokash*, the first Bengali book on the subject. Unlike others who believe in the science, his actions coincided with his faith. Once his wife was on the point of death and she was being taken out of the sick-room according to the usual custom, when he cried out to those who were engaged in it, not to disturb her as her time had not come. One of

his female relations committed repeated attempts at suicide.. On the third occasion he told her not to make the useless attempt as she was not destined to die even if she swallowed half a maund of opium. It will not be out of place to narrate an incident in this connection. One of his official superiors, a British military officer happened to come across an astrologer in the suite of an up-country Maharaja who had come to Calcutta in one of his periodical visits. His wife was then enceinte, and just for fun he asked the astrologer to tell his art regarding his wife, which he did. It was carelessly noted down and forgotten. In due course his wife gave birth to a child. Sometime after, Ram Sharma, in whose presence the prediction had been made, felt curious about the result. He wrote to the gentleman and he wrote back saying that the Pandit (meaning the astrologer) was "the very d—I himself, his prediction had come out true to the letter."

It is difficult to assign Ram Sharma's relative position in the world of letters. As we have already said he was a writer of powerful prose. But most of his productions were ephemeral, being contributions to news-papers and periodicals. His reply to R. S. Moncrieff's lecture on the Fidelity of Conscience, a brochure published in the year 1866, by Wamaut & Co., created quite a sensation at the time. Unfortunately, the only copy extant, is preserved in the British Museum in London. Digbys' *Nepal and India* was practically his handi-work, for a very

large portion of it was written by him. But Ram Sharma's fame lies in his poetry. Most of his early pieces are on topical matters which have lost their interest, and his first poetical performance which brought him into prominence was his *Ode In Commemoration of the Visit of His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales* in 1875. It is a prize poem, for which he was awarded a purse of Rs. 300, the value of the first prize. Among the competitors, was, a well-known European member of the Indian Educational Service. But his first poetical effort of any consequence, was the *Willow Drops*, which was published in 1873-74. As a lyrical production it deserves a place of honour in English literature. As a dream-phantasy *The Last Day* will occupy a high place. The grandeur of its sonorous versification is sublime. Mrs. Robert Knight on receipt of a copy of the book, wrote to him, "I confess my surprise was great when I found that the book was not by an Englishman. And yet you, who are so learned and so adept in the best English style of writing are so modest and retiring with all that, that I feel half-ashamed to say so much of you to yourself". Colonel Osborn wrote about the poem as follows—"I have read it with great interest and pleasure and your easy and idiomatic command over the English language is a marvel to me.....
 "The poem itself is beautiful and impressive and many of the characters most forcibly described. I was particularly struck with the

account of the gifted man of letters; but do not know who was the original in 'your mind'. Rev. W. Hastie wrote to Kumar Inder Chunder Singh of Paikpara :—"I cannot adequately express my judgment of the vigorous and startling poem on the Last Day. It is Miltonic in conception and style and shows much force and breadth and impressiveness in detail". But his chef-d'œuvre is the *Bhagabati Gita*. In it the poet's fancy soars to empyrean heights, from where he views the various forms of the Eternal She, the primordial Being surrounded by the heavenly choir with their pealing anthems in all the mystical sublimity of the Hindu conception. It is a theme worthy of the poet's genius, for it is not for lesser spirits to soar up to such dizzy heights with movements so free and unhampered.

His style was indeed great. Roll and majesty, stateliness of march, sonorous music, harmony of proportion, a strong grasp of the subject, equality of power and splendour through the shelving heights of imagination, a majesty and purity in the conduct of thought and a music in the majesty which fills it with exquisite grace and loveliness, all belong to it. And he was a master of style. Wielding a flexile pen, gaiety and gravity, frolic, fun and solemnity, equally contributed to a happy combination. His sparkling humour was dipped in sal volatile, not in gall—it irritated, at the same time pleased. The late Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra, an eminent archæologist, described as Pitranus in the *Lay of the Dagon of Wrays*,

against whom our poet levelled a few of his shafts, enjoyed a hearty laugh over it. Ram Sharma was equally at home with the light and the serious vein of style. His *Swaymbara of Lila* and *Dakṣha Yagna*, for their grace and graphic simplicity can hardly be surpassed. Yet, with all his great command of the English language, wonderful for a foreigner, he was often heard to regret, during the closing years of his life, that he did not woo his muse in his mother-tongue.

Mr. Dunn, Inspector of European Schools, in a recent number of the *Calcutta Review*, in an article on the Bengali writers of English verse, speaking of Michael Dutt and S. G. Dutt complains—"In dealing with the intimacies of the Hindu faith, it might be expected that these writers would produce something of unique interest," and speaking of some other Bengali writers, he says, "Their work as confined to the authors already named (Ram Sharma being one of them) is limited in conception and contributes little to the understanding of the Indian mind". From his article, it appears, that he had access to Ram Sharma's poems up to the year 1891. But Ram Sharma's best poems, namely, *The Shiva Ratri* and the *Bhagabati Gita*, were written long after i.e., sometime in the beginning of the present century. Evidently he had not read them when he wrote the article and there is every likelihood of his changing his views when he has done so.

It may be interesting to know what a reviewer in the

Saint Andrew, a journal of religious thoughts and social progress, published in Glasgow, thought of our poet in 1903. He says, "Among the many Hindoo friends made by Professor Hastie, of Glasgow University, is a poet who writes under the literary name of 'Ram Sharma.' Living in Bengal amid its pagodas and palm trees, and under its hot sun and cloudless skies, Ram Sharma's heart yearns towards the wind-swept walls, the grey courts of Glasgow University, and he has sent to his friend of former days two small volumes of poetry."

"We are accustomed to the idea of educated Hindoos, like the inhabitants of the Inverness, speaking the English of books, discoursing in the language of Froude and Ruskin, and we know its caricature in Baboo English, but some will be surprised to find a Hindoo venturing on the task; from which both Milton and Dante shrank, of composing a poem in a language not native to him. There seems to be a harmony between a land and the language native to it, so that it is easier to speak it there than anywhere else, and only a son of the soil can be sensitive to its varied shades of meaning and draw fully upon its riches. Hammerton accomplished French scholar as he was—said no Englishman was capable of appreciating French poetry. Yet, here we have a turbaned Hindoo, who has never, so far as we know, left his native shores, writing English poetry worthy to be set alongside of Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* and employing the English

language with a fineness of perception well-nigh, if not altogether, equal to that writer. Best it is however, to let Ram Sharma speak for himself.

“In his *Verses for the Hour* the qualities of the “Vates,” the poet prophet, with his enthusiasm for good and wealth of sympathy are specially manifest.

The Ode *To England* begins thus :—

‘Misjudge not India for this sad unrest !

Her heart is loyal to the very core—

Devoutly loyal as it was before—

To thee, her Island Mistress in the West.

Even as a child amid, its sobs and frets

All fondly clingeth to its mother’s breast

So India clings to thee—her haven of rest

’Mid all her troubles, all her deep regrets.

Remember all that she has bravely borne—

Her matchless sorrows—agonising state ;

Oh ! treat her not in anger or in hate,

But kindly, for her heart is rudely torn !

Lo ! crushed—all-bleeding—prostrate there she lies !

Oh, gently raise her—dry her weeping eyes !’

“The ode, *To the men of India*, speaks not less faithfully to his fellow-countrymen of India—

‘Where are old manners, kindly feelings gone ?

Those charities which graced the cot and hall—

That simple faith, which saw but God in all,

And led to light and love—where are they flown?
 Where are the pure in heart that Ind has known,
 Whose shadow blest the spot their feet had trod,
 Where are they gone?—the lov'd of man and God
 The father-saints who lived to Him alone?
 India's become a scene of sinners' strife;
 Here falsehood—fraud—unfaith their revels hold,
 And people sell their very souls for gold;
 For wealth, not worth, is deemed the crown of life!
 Is this the land, of ancient lands the pride,
 Where Ram, Krishna, Buddha lived and died?

“These lines betray the same genuine prophetic ring that we perceive in Milton's famous *Vandor's Ode*, and run the chance, like it, of attaining literary immortality. In any case, whether they find a permanent niche in literature or no, they are worthy of high rank in that noble poetry that becomes immortal in the purified spirits of men.

“In the *Shiva Ratri* and the *Bhagabati Gita* the poet attempts a more sustained flight, makes a more decided claim to take rank among the contributors to English literature; and in our judgment these poems are worthy companions to Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Here and there we may imagine that we detect common-places of expression that a son of the British soil would have rejected; still, even Homer nods, and we may attribute to the imperfections of the Hindoo what should rather be laid to the account of the imperfection of humanity.

“The main idea of the *Shiva Ratri* or the *Glimpse of Maya Fair*, so closely resembles the *Vanity Fair* of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as to point to a common origin, and lead us to think that Bunyan owed his conception to a tradition of his Hindoo gipsy ancestry.

“But hear the poet himself—

‘On a rocky height
 With deodars crowned, Dharamji now stood alone,
 Before him lay an undolating plain,
 With hill beyond hill—wooded to the top—
 Standing like blue-clad sentinels around.
 A crystal lake by crystal streamlets fed,
 Gleamed on the West beneath the evening glow.
 Here were rich thickets of sweet sandalwood,
 And cinnamon and cardamom and clove;
 There, groves of Kadamb, Champac, and Tamal,
 And luscious fruit, on whose leafy bough
 The stately peacock spread his starry tail,
 And song-birds of mellifluous notes—the Koil,
 Papy'a, Shama, Doel and Bahu
 Pour'd out their throats in rivalry of song.
 And all around were bow'rs of Malati
 And Jessamine so lovely and so sweet,
 That Kama well-neigh dropt his flow'ry bow.
 And quiver there, and lay him down to rest,
 Lull'd by the music of the warbling grove.’

“Finding himself thus in the oriental Monte Carlo, where

he Fair of Maya is held, with its varied allurements of wine, gambling, power and pelf, Dharamji is prepared by a spirit voice for the conflict—

‘See, Dharamji, see, how Maya Fair
With busy throngs is gleaming there !
How irrediscent human life
Displays the tameless passions’ strife !
All opaline to out-ward view,
It looks like sun-kissed morning dew.
There demons fell and yoginis,
Who take up any shape they please,
And with foul arts their victims change
To beasts and birds and creatures strange,
Have open’d tempting shows to lure
Unthinking souls to ruin sure.
Few, few, alas ! escape their snare,
Save those who Virtues’ armour wear !”

“In the *Bhagabati Gita*, however, the muse of Ram Sharma appears to greatest advantage. The spirit of the poem is so purely oriental that it is difficult for the phlegmatic, level-headed, practical British mind to grasp it as a whole, yet we understand it sufficiently to feel its spell—the strange spell of the East—while there are passages not a few in those noble poems giving such pure expression to the better aspiration of the human heart that they appeal with equal force to Eastern and Western. Hear this passage—

'O! mother, deign to tell a sinner vile
 Man's highest noblest duty here on earth
 That I, so taught, may redeem the Past—
 May yet endure the Future, by Thy grace.
 And quick as thought, ev'n as lightning bright
 In character of flame in upper air,
 Emblazon'd was the answer—'Self-lessness—
 Self-sacrifice, that seeketh no reward,
 And fond regard for everything that lives—
 That is man's highest, noblest duty here,'
 And there was joy in heaven at that response,
 And the celestials rained down fragrant flowers
 In high approval of the golden law'

"Passages as high and pure as the above are not few in Ram Sharma's poem. Many noble voices address us in the West from men born on our British soil, and who have lisped from the first our native speech, but with them all there is still a place for this pure poetic voice from the banks of the Ganges."

It is very difficult for one not nurtured in the poet's faith, particularly for a European, to form an adequate estimate of the above poems. It is as difficult for him as for a non-Christian, not knowing a word of the Bible, to appreciate Milton and the difficulty in the present case is further increased by want of elucidatory notes of difficult passages and expressions without which it is impossible for a European reader to thoroughly understand some of

his best pieces. The defects of his style, as the learned critic of the Saint Andrew has pointed out, are slight blemishes most difficult for a foreigner to avoid.

Abstemious in his habits, depending on a spare vegetarian diet for the last thirty-five years of his life, Ram Sharma enjoyed a fairly sound health excepting for his vertigo with which he was occasionally troubled. He lived beyond the allotted span of human life and perhaps the secret of his longevity lies in his great strength of mind. Men break down with far less than what he suffered. There is a touching pathos wrung out of his heart in the line addressed to the late Babu Bhaba Nath Sen, 'Lingering longer would but lengthen pain'. Never repenting for lost opportunities, never troubling himself with the affairs of this mundane existence, indifferent to the plaudits of the world, letting the morrow take care of itself, indifferent to the future of his wife and sons and lastly indifferent even to his poetical productions—for he never cared to preserve copies of what he wrote,—he enjoyed a mental calm which greatly conduced to his long life.

Ram Sharma's life was characterised by a deep religious vein. The first seeds of piety were early implanted in him by Babu Govinda Chandra Banerjee, uncle of Dr. Durga Charan Banerjee, father of our great orator and publicist Babu Surendra nath Banerjea. Disparity of age—for our poet was in his teens and Babu Govinda Chandra was a middle-aged man—did not

interfere with the growth of intimacy between these two kindred spirits. On this intimate communion with the superior wisdom of the elder man in course of their daily constitutionals was slowly built up the fabric of Ram Sharma's spiritual life. The elder man did not live long to guide the younger one, but the seeds germinated and took deep and firm root in our poet's soul and served him through all his life. Ram Sharma often spoke of him in terms of highest reverence and used to linger lovingly on an incident in Babu Govinda Chandra's life. Babu Govinda Chandra lost his only son. The evening after the death, Ram Sharma went to pay him his accustomed visit. Finding him engaged in his meditations he waited. After a few minutes Babu Govinda Chandra came out with a melancholy smile on his lips. "A very queer thing happened last night, the boy has left me" were the first words with which he accosted the poet. The next moment he added, "He has been taken away by Him to whom he belonged and we poor mortals bewail our fancied loss". Then we went on talking in his usual way.

Ram Sharma died a poor man. The main source of his income was his small pension eked out by other smaller contributions and it barely sufficed to keep the family afloat. The chief causes of his poverty have been already outlined. His ascetic indifference to all worldly affairs was partly responsible for it. He was vaguely aware of the pinching economy and the hardships often resorted to

by his sons, for, by their careful management, he was kept from a full knowledge of the extent of the attenuation of his purse. Yet he viewed with the most sublime indifference the gradual melting away of the silver and jewellery of the family including the costly jewels of his wife. He left no legacy to his children, but he has left a much greater legacy to the world—the legacy of his immortal poems—richer than dominions and principalities. But the seed of the righteous seldom want for bread and it is some satisfaction to find that his sons and nephews are not starving and are able to get along anyhow.

For the last forty years of his life he practised Yoga. The details of his practices might not interest the reader, but he developed some psychic powers. A worldly ascetic, he passed his latter days, the uniform tenor of which occasionally varied by the visits of a few relations and intimate friends, in the seclusion of his home with his meditations and spiritual exercises. On the banks of the Ganges, surrounded by his children and grand-children, his duty done to his creator and his fellowmen, his spirit left for its eternal home and his soul now reposes in the bosom of his Heavenly Father. He expired on the 1st day of March last at 7-45 a.m. and his ashes mingle with those of the great saint Ram Krishna Paramahansa in the burning-ghat of Barnagore.

DEBENDRA CHANDRA MULLICK.

1st January, 1919.

ODE
IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO CALCUTTA
IN 1911.

(PUBLISHED IN THE SAME YEAR.)

Hark! cannon's thunder from the ramparts here
Proclaims aloud Their Majesties are come!

Hark! festal melodies invite the ear,
Mingled with trumpets' blare and roll of drum!

The city smiles enrobed in orient pride,
And looks as lovely as a blooming bride.

The people hold their carnival serene,
In town and hamlet, mart and village green;
Here citizens of ev'ry creed and race,
With flower and foliage their dwellings grace,—
True Mariolaters, they fondly twine
Garlands of Marigold round home and shrine.

The sound of conch and bell pervades the air,
Commingled sweet with greetings of the fair.
Joy floats and flutters in gay flags on high!
Joy wafts its blithesome carols to the sky!
Joy rides the well-rigged shipping in the river,
Oh! may such joy the empire crown for ever!

And now Their Gracious Majesties are come,
 The lying oracles are mostly dumb ;
 Wild anarchy in fearful haste has fled,
 Rampant autocracy hangs down its head ;
 Unrest and gloomy discontent are gone,
 Like morning mist before the rising sun.
 Lo, Peace now waves her olive wand,
 All o'er this smiling, grateful land ;
 And fervent orisons to heaven arise,
 For British statesmen gen'rous, just and Wise.

Hail, Emperor of India, George the Great !
 Hail, Mary, on whom English fairies wait,
 Incarnate Luxmi* here in grace and state !
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 Redolent of virtues rare,
 One in soul, beyond compare,
 Blest by Heaven's special care !
 Celestial Powers that human fate ordain,
 Vouchsafe Your Majesties a glorious reign !
 Brahma† bless you with his four-fold face !
 Vishnu‡ shield you with his disc and mace !
 Shiva§ guard your throne and royal race !
 May He, from whom time, space, and being sprung,
 Whose love the starry spheres in heaven hath hung,

*In Hindu Mythology, the Goddess of Fortune, wife of Vishnu.

† In later Hindu Mythology, the member of the trimurti or triad, regarded as the creator.

‡ The member of the trimurti or triad, regarded as the preserver.

§ The member of the trimurti or triad, regarded as the destroyer.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CALCUTTA

The King of kings on you His blessings shower,
Lengthen your days, and strengthen more your power !

ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VISIT OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
TO INDIA IN 1875.

On holy Ganga's* margin green,
Musing I stood at even-tide ;
Before me rolled in silver sheen
Her waters sportive in their pride,—
Laughing and dancing merrily,
Resistless in their boist'rous glee.

From the cerulean arch of sky
Gleamed thousand sparkling jets of light,
The crescent moon now rose on high,
Like eastern bride half veiled from sight !
While Zephyr breathed his am'rous tale
To plane and forest, hill and dale.

Now oped the flowers their odour cells
And nature smiled beneath the light ;
And fancy wrought her magic spells,
Waked by a scene so fair and bright—
A scene so bright it seemed to me
To hold the soul of Poesy !

* The Ganges, the sacred river of India.

Entranced I heard the waters roar,

Entranced beheld the billows play ;
Ceaseless they kissed the loving shore.

Ceaseless they came and stole away.
They came and went unchecked and free,
Revelling in love and liberty !

I caught their spirit, caught their mirth ;—

Yea, caught their wildest mirth and spirit !
And dreamt the while, I stood on earth
Which only freemen must inherit !
Freemen, said I ! where—where are they ?
This land obeys a foreign sway.

And yet where'er I turn my eyes,

In this fair land by Nature blest,
Visions of vanished light arise,
And cheer and swell the sinking breast.
Each scene—each spot that meets the sight
Is redolent of mem'ries bright.

The mountain pass, th' extended plain ;

The snowy peak, the valley green ;
The sylvan bower ; the sacred fane,—
Glitt'ring with glory's magic sheen,
Recall the days of freedom, when
Our fathers lived and died as men.

Dear India ! once home of the free !

Where are thy former virtues fled ?
Where now thy ancient chivalry,—
The spirit of thy mighty dead ?

Urjoona,* Bhishma,† Lakshman's‡ dart,
The spirit of their lion heart?

Is younder grovelling dastard slave,
Who sees unmoved fair field and flood,
Descended from the gallant brave?

Swell his veins with heroic blood?

Alas! to foreign steel and thrall
Is due his own, his country's fall!

Yet still, 'tis sweet on thee to gaze,
To linger on thy rifled charms;
To dwell, with thrilling soul, on days
When thou wert great in arts and arms.
Each wound that makes thee bleed and smart
To thee but closer draws my heart!

But hark! what sound assails the ear,
Like to the ocean's mighty roar?
The Prince is come! and loud and clear
India's sons greet him to her shore!
And now I hear two voices sing
Their welcome to their future king.

* Urjoona—One of the chief heroes of the Mahabharata, the third reputed son of Pandu, brave, high-minded, generous and handsome.

† The general of the Kuru army in the story of the Mahabharata, one of the noblest characters the human imagination has ever conceived or the world has ever produced.

‡ The twin-brother of Shatrughna and halfbrother of Rama the hero of the Ramayana who was to the latter like another self.

FIRST VOICE.

"Hail, noble Prince! to India's coral strand
 Where thou may'st sure our hearts and arms command!
 See, how beneath our Empress-mother's reign
 The fallen land hath risen once again!
 When Moslem ruled, the lamp of knowledge bright,
 Here, long alas! was quenched in hopeless night,
 O'er this fair realm then hung a dismal gloom,
 More awful than the darkness of the tomb;
 Then fled the Arts by fierce oppression driven,
 And bleeding virtue cried for help to Heaven;
 Then ravished knowledge like some cloistered nun,
 In caves secluded mourned her treasures gone,
 Then—then O Poesy, thou tender maid,
 Fond of laughing fount and cooling shade,
 Scared by the tyrants' yells and mis'ry's cries,
 Didst wing thy flight to more congenial skies!
 Nor hall, nor bower, nor shady grove
 Resounded there the thrilling strain of love:
 A dreary winter reigned o'er all the land
 Locking the springs of joy in icy hand!
 At length with pity moved, the Sov'reign Lord
 To Britain gave the all commanding word.
 "Go thou, old ocean's Bride, go wear your gem,
 Yon glitt'ring jewel in thy diadem!
 Inspired with noble aim and purpose high
 The Queen of th' azure deep came sweeping by.
 At her approach dissolves the gloom away,
 The sun of knowledge bursts and cheers the day;
 The Arts spring up beneath her witching tread,
 And o'er the varied scene their blessings shed;

The Lightning-spirit bears her words a far,
And giant steam propels her iron car ;
Fair cities rise where hamlets stood before,
And Peace and Order reign from shore to shore !
Thrice blessed Prince ! unto whose destined hand
Shall pass the sceptre of this classic land !
Ev'n Philip's son ne'er owned a realm more fair
Than what Heav'n wills should form thy future care."

SECOND VOICE.

"Albert Edward ! England's Son and Heir !
Happy Heir to glorious Rama's* throne—
Kingliest of Kings—beyond compare
Perfect name that in the orient shone !
Welcome to the land that nursed thy dream,
To her gorgeous shores, her glow and gleam !

Son of her, our mother, as she's thine,
Son of her, whose spotless life and fame,
Redolent of graces sweet benign,
Have filled the world with Victoria's name !
Thrice welcome to India's sunny shore,
Where that name we loyally adore.

From the West came foemen fierce of yore,
With war's bloodhounds in their dismal train,
Timur—Nadir—Amhed—Ghazni—Ghore,
Ravishers of India's fair domain ;
But the West now sends her Prince of Peace,
To bid joy arise and sorrow cease !

* The hero of the Ramayana.

Welcome him, O Indians! welcome him!
 Hindoos—Moslems—Parsis—Buddhists—all!
 Now our cup of joy flows o'er the brim!
 Welcome him from street and roof and hall!
 All that's ours from Himalaya to sea
 Welcome him with shouts of jubilee!

Cities! robe yourselves in gay attire!
 Glow in golden floods of flashing fire!
 Float in perfumes, sense and heart desire!
 Wake the very soul of harp and lyre!
 And so welcome him this happy hour,
 Him, the love of Denmark's sweetest flower!

Fairy palaces spontaneous rise!
 Streamers, shine in rainbow lines in air!
 Voice of welcome, thunder to the skies!
 Cannon boom! and trumpet's loudly blare!
 Beat warm heart of India, with rapture beat,
 Pour thy fervours at the Prince's feet!

Welcome, for thou art our king to be!
 Welcome, for this realm's by heirship thine!
 Welcome, guest from o'er the Western Sea!
 Welcome, heir of Albyn's Royal line.
 Thrice welcome now to India's sunny shore,
 Where Victoria's name we all adore!"

Thus rang the voices in my ear
 With a majestic choral swell;
 And shouts of gladness I could hear
 Ascend from plains and hill and dell.

Thus India does her sense display,
O Queen ! of thy beingnant sway !

Fair England ! Fortune's darling child !
Dowered with every grace divine,
Amidst earth's dreary, cheerless wild,
Thou heroes' home and freedom's shrine.
I breathe thy name, my eyes grow dim,
Whilst drop my chain from every limb.

Though mighty thou, and rich and bright,
Though great thy name and grand thy story,
To raise this land to life and light,
Be still thy aim and highest glory !
In thy grasp quivers India's fate,
Oh ! raise her, bless her, make her great.

Thy reign has cast a ray,—a gleam
Of hope, where all was dark despair ;
Dispel not, oh ! the pleasing dream
She nurses 'neath thy fost'ring care !
But still, oh ! teach her rulers still
To heed, not spurn, the people's will !

* A reward was offered to the writer of the best address of welcome in English verse on the occasion of the visit to Calcutta of H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. This piece was adjudged the best.

ST. BERNARD AND ST. BERNARD'S REPLY.

*ADDRESS OF THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES (Roads).

"O'er this realm I hold iron rule,
My will none dare transgress !
Ho ! Bernard of my own dear school !
What say the fools o' the press !

They revile me in language fell,
They hit me daily hard ;
All for loving the people well—
And myself too, Bernard !

What stormy life rulers lead !
Our lot how passing hard !
Like the Trades' Dinn'r a hav'n I need,
I sadly need, Bernard !

But the Parkers and Bark'rs o' the press
E'en *there* pursue me hard ;
And assail me, gracious goodness !
Thro' malice sheer, Bernard !

'Tis a sad world I've found at last !
For what's my rich reward,
For nocturnal hours sleepless pass'd
In ceaseless toil, Bernard ?

Why, they laugh all at my minutes,
Tho' measur'd by the yard,

* Written on the introduction of "Road-cess" in Bengal by Sir George Campbell, Lt. Governor of Bengal.

* Tho' a downpour of heavy sheets
I send daily, Bernard!

I've imposed all sorts of Cesses,
Bernard! and more I would,
Tho' there 'rose howling wildernesses
Where smiling hamlets stood!

Tho' the people of fev'r may die
By thous'nds in their abodes;
Still, Bernard! Oh dear! still am I
For broad, well metalled roads.

There may not p'r'aps be men eno'
To use my roads so good;
But for all that, Bernard! I trow
We two'd use them—we would!

Altho' corpses bestrew the ground,
Bernard! I'd op'n low schools,
With jackals for masters profound
And vultures for pupils.

My reforms, alas! are usher'd
'Mongst men devoid of wit,
Who much nonsense indite, Bernard!
Much chaff and little wheat!"

"Oh! grieve not, my chief!" said Bernard,
" 'Tis glory all thine own!
"When for bread the people beg hard,
"To give them but a stone!"

ODE TO LORD NORTHBROOK ON HIS VETOING THE BENGAL MUNICIPALITIES BILL.

'Tis dead—the Municipalities' Bill !
 Nor pity weeps its sudden fall ;
 'T hung like a baleful malignant star
 O'er th' tax-ridd'n people of Bengal !

George Campbell gave the dreadful monster birth ;
 Behold ! 'tis slain by Northbrook good ;
 In melting strains to him, Bengala dear !
 Pour out thy deep-felt gratitude !

Arise—rejoice, thou maid of th' pensive brow !
 The serp'nt whose poison'd fangs to sting
 Did threat erewhile thy form so soft, so fair—
 Now lies a helpless, lifeless thing !

And Northbrook thou ! who, like Alcides brave,
 Hast strangled the serpent in time,
 O may thy name—to mem'ry ever dear—
 In glory spread from clime to clime !

A nation's blessings welling from the heart,
 Attend thee, England's noble Peer !
 So strictly just to thine exalted trust—
 To duty true—in faith sincere !

May joy her precious store unlock to thee,
 And bliss, pure bliss, be thine on earth ;—
 For pow'r so justly, firmly, nobly used,
 or judgment ripe, and manly worth.

In Hist'ry's faithful page this act shall glow
With lustre caught from Heaven's throne ;
And justice smiling midst her looks severe
Accept this act as all her own !

Yes, pow'r so dang'rous trust to no one man !
Alas ! discretion's frail at best ;

Oh ! give the country what she sadly needs—
Some breathing time, a moment's rest !

See ! 'neath taxation's heavy, grinding load
In yonder shade unheard she groans ;
Each breeze that blows thro' her fair palm-tree groves
But wafts her sighs, her plaintive moans !

On—on in thy career so well begun ;
Lo ! Mercy bids thee still pursue
The golden path the goddess loves to haunt,
The path indeed of glory true !

And oh ! may he, the author of the Bill,
Now strive to check himself amain ;
And learn this simple truth of truths, that Pow'r
Is given to bless, not harass men !

The muse hath wreath'd this chaplet fresh of love,
To deck thy brow—fair Virtue's shrine ;
Each humble flow'r into this chaplet twin'd
Sends up a pray'r for thee and thine !

A FABLE.

A pig of purest porkine blood
 Once squeaking near a dunghill stood.
 When lo ! a jewel caught his eye,
 A gem that lay all sparkling by.

“What’s this, mamma, what’s this?” he cries ;
 “Not our loved dirt ;” his dam replies.
 The shining thing in scorn they hold,
 Thus proving true the proverb old !

Give swinish herds their filth, they will
 In grunting transport have their fill ;
 Reserve for cultured taste and wit
 Ambrosial food and nectar sweet !

THE ECCENTRIC STAR

OR

MAHARAJA BLOWHARD TO BURNHARD.

I have won the fond prize, Dear Burnhard !
 May the Duke for ever be blest !
 I have won—I have won my reward !
 See the star sparkling bright on my breast !

I must beg of His grace by next mail
 To make you a Companion, old boy !
 And I know my *durkhaust** will ne’er fail,—
 Let us then wish each other joy !

 Petition.

The horizon of India will shine
 With new lights that most brightly will glow ;

The Ursas above will repine
 To see Ursas that shame them below !

The star secured *me* by my kin,
 In a necklace of skulls will be set ;

And enrobed in jackals sleek skin
 I would look then like Rudra* the Great !

And you, dear Burnhard ! must attend
 On your Knight like dread Nandi† of old,
 And inflame my brain with no end
 Of wild crotchets and fancies untold !

Go fetch me my last hobby—I mean
 The Ruth‡ of Blowhardian design ;
 The eleventh Avatar must be seen
 To be worshipped by Babus supine !

Like Death's Lord through the land I will ride,
 But this diff'rence our actions will bound :—
 He levied the *vik§* from his bride.||
 I will levy my cess all round !

* The All-destroyer, who is represented in Hindu Mythology as wearing a necklace of bones and clad in a tiger's skin. Another name of Shiva.

† The faithful servitor of Rudra, whose main duty is said to have been to serve his Lord with intoxicating potions, and diverse preparations of *Bhang* or hemp.

‡ Indian chariot.

§ Alms.

|| A beautiful allegory underlies this legend, which implies the exaction of his tribute by Death from all created objects.

A FUNERAL SERMON.

Oh ! kiss the rod with cheerful grace,
Nor fret thy mind, nor cloud thy face
With boiling rage, or dark'ning grief,
But kiss the rod of him thy chief.

Our judgments always are not right,
Eclipses shade the god of light,
Through error lies our mortal way,
Not oft illumed by reason's ray.

There's cloud-speck in the clearest sky,
There is mote in each piercing eye ;
What oft as right we fondly view,
Is grievous wrong in tempting hue.

Go, burn thy bantling all resigned,
Go, blot its mem'ry from thy mind ;
Oh ! hope not, sigh not, try not thou,
To raise what's pulseless, lifeless now.

Lie it for ever, ever still—
That hated Frankenstein of Ill !
Death follow'd fast the monstrous birth,
Commit "dust to dust, earth to earth !"

NURSE CHARLOTTE TO GEORGY BABA.

A LULLABY.

It is the hour of midnight deep
And earth and air are hushed in sleep !
Yea—Nature's quiet as in death,
Nor throbs her pulse nor flows her breath.

Now Grief her limbs in slumber steeps,
And but Remorse her vigil's keeps ;
No sound disturbs the silent air,
Save the owlet's screaming here and there.

Amidst this calm lo ! yonder child
Is tossing now his bed-sheets wild ;
While thus his nurse in accents mild,
Singeth to him—that restless child.

“Sleep little one ! sleep calmly here ;
Thy nursy's by—there's nought to fear ;
No ogre will molest thee, dear !
Nor goblin vile while I am near.

This mansion lofty—spacious—fine,
These acres broad, all—all are thine
'Tis thine the rod of power to sway.
O'er millions born but thee t' obey !

Why restless then ! what a'leth thee !
Thy pillow's soft as soft could be ;
Of cygnets down the bed is made
On which, fortunes child ! thou art laid.

"Born thou wast 'neath a cold, bleak sky,
Where balmy south winds never sigh ;
Where wrapt in mists and snowy flakes,
Hoar winter rules thy land o' cakes !

"But fate's propitious kind decree
Hath here, dear one ! transplanted thee,
Where all is warm and soft and bright,
And Nature's robed in splendid light.

"Why restless then ! What ails thee, say !
My charms will drive thy pangs away.
Is it thou dreamest, dreamest still
Of Doctor Northbrook's last bitter pill !

"Or of the bones which whit'n the earth !
Or of the lightless, cheerless, hearth,
Where once in peace, the rustic pair
Discussed their homely frugal fare !

Or of the cries the welkin rend !
Or of the sighs the dying send !
From hamlets' fair where Death in glee
Holds his destructive revelry !

"Oh !, mind not, heed not, dear one ! these !
Oh ! perish all of fell disease ;
Let Death's swift shafts the country clear,
' Enough the Grim King knocks not here !

"Hush'd is the land in stillness, dear !
Sleep, little one ! sleep calmly here ;

Georgy shall have, for morning mess,
Such dainty dishes made of Cess !”

The nurse she ceaseth now her strain ;
Her song hath not been sung in vain :
The song with which the Nursey dear
Essayed to lull her infant care.

He slumbers now—that restless child,
His limbs are still, his face is mild ;
But e’en in sleep his lips express
Some sounds resembling “cess—cess—cess.”

BENGALA TO HER MODEL RULER.

Keep, oh keep thy precious treasure, George !
Lock it in a casket richly chased ;—
Side by side with Northbrook’s veto, George !
Be thy priceless jewel gaily placed.

Ever as Remorse for failure, George !
Pierces sharp thy soul with poignant sting ;
Glad thy eyes, still cheer thy spirits, George !
With the sight of this enliv’ning thing.

“Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure” George !
Sweet is pleasure after travail sore ;
Bear, oh bear thy gem in rapture, George !
To thy Highland home to Callum More !

There among thy gaping clansmen, George !
 In gay tartan plaid and kilt arrayed ;
 Where, amidst the sound of bagpipes, George !
 Be thy gem in triumph wild displayed.

If thy taste should so incline thee, George !
 Fired by Vanity and love of show ;
 Welcome thou to wear thy jewel, George !
 Yes—to deck with it thy brazen brow !*

A FORM OF BEAUTY FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

How often wakes before my eye
 In youth's first prime that day of bliss !
 When, as entranced, my eyes they fell
 Upon a form of loveliness !

Autumn sun was red and piercing
 I was weary, sunk in grief,—
 Autumn sun was red and piercing
 Faint I sat and asked relief.

From the shady portico
 Issued forth a form of beauty !
 O ! the voice of eloquence
 Describeth not such radiant beauty !

* This was written after Mr. Campbell's speech in the Bengal Legislative Council, in which he said that although the Municipal Bill had been vetoed he would have it bound and preserve it as a treasure.

Seemed from gloomy shade of night
Issuing fresh and dawning brightness !
Seemed the stream of life and light
Issuing from the realms of darkness.

Bearing in her snowy arms
Cup of ice and filtered water,
Bearing with a modest grace
Juice of grape and sprinkled sugar.

From the drink a fragrance issued,—
Might be of the rose distilled,—
From the blossom of her cheeks,
Might be some sweet drops instilled !

Thirst of lips was soon allayed
Freshening strength I soon did gather,
Thirst of heart the maiden waked
Streams of rivers cannot smother !

Happy youth, whose eye each morning,
Opes upon a face so lovely !—
Happy youth whose night's last glances
Close upon a face so lovely !

Intoxication from the red wine
Ceaseth when night fades away,
Intoxication with such beauty
Ceases not till Judgment day !

CORONAL.

(ON LORD NORTHBROOK, THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.)

Like a Brook of the North in a clear, placid stream ;
 Like the moon in sweet autumn all smiling with beam ;
 Like a gale of the south kissing lotus-deck'd pools ;
 Gentle Northbrook he flows, and he shines, and he cools.

His benign rule is B(e)aring* the blossoms of peace,
 And the Country is smiling in joy and in bliss ;
 And the people they bless noble Baring's dear name
 And build him a niche high in the temple of fame.

Near the site where the best of their kings are adored,
 Oude's great sovereign and Indraprast's† truthloving lord.
 To them still is the incense of gratitude poured,
 For they ruled with sweet Mercy and not with the sword.

May all hearts he enchain in affection's soft ties,
 Like good Canning the clement and Bentinck the wise,
 And his reign, as it glides gently, warmly inspire
 The bright song of the poet, the minstrel's sweet lyre.

* A pun on Sir Evelyn Baring—Private Secretary to Lord Northbrook afterwards Lord Cromer.

† The capital city of the Pandu princes. The name is still known and used for a part of the city of Delhi.

THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH.

Oh God! I can endure no more

This crushing load of tax and toil ;

Is this the curse of being poor—

Thy curse on those who till the soil?

Ah me! it is a fearful life

To know no hope, no gleam of joy,—

To wage a sharp, eternal strife

With ills that flesh and soul destroy!

Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,

And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap!

They say Creation's fair and bright,

The sun and moon and stars above—

All—all are things of joy and light,

Of joy and light and hope and love.

But the earth is hard, the sun is hot.

Bear witness, my worn limbs and frame!

The moon and stars—I know them not—

I scarce can give a thought to them!

Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,

And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap!

Day after day in weary round,

I work and work and work away,

Or on the stony, scalding ground,

Or deep in water or in clay,

Till earth and sky all seem to whirl

Around confused in th' reeling brain ;—

As in a fevered dream they twirl

And dance, and dance and twirl again!

Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

Above below, in earth and sky,

For me their beauties vainly glow ;
Unheard the birds all carol by,

Unseen the flow'rs around me blow !
What is that thing called joy on earth,

That curls in smile the lips and eyes ?
Where is it seen, or has its birth,

In this dark vale of tears and sighs ?
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

On ward through life, I toil and sweat,—

I sweat and toil,—again—again,
From early dawn to evening late,
In heat and cold, in sun and rain.

But still beneath the tyrant's rack,

I drag a wretched life away ;
With scarce a rag to hide my back,
With scarce a meal to bless the day.

Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,
And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

Still by my toil I scarce can earn

So much as *Annas two* a day,
On this I yet must live, and learn,
Besides, my rent and Cess to pay !
What with the landlord's dreadful tool
Too oft alas ! a heartless clod,—
And the tax-gatherer's scorpion rule,

VERSES

And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !
Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,

Breathe I beneath free Albion's sway ?

Ah no ! the scourge too well I feel ;

A hundred years have passed away,

Yet sink I deeper, deeper still !

A plea for cess—I want not roads !

They're thorny to the voiceless poor !

Albion ! Remove these madd'ning goads !

All bloodless, I can bleed no more !

Strike hard the turf, oh drive the ploughshare deep,

And sow that Wealth your harvests all may reap !

VERSES.

*Supposed to be written by Maharajah Blowhard
before his departure for the clouds.*

I am hated by all I survey,

This truth there is none to deny ;
From Kurmnassa* all round to the Bay,

I am scorn of the low and the high ;
Ambition ! Oh where are thy charms

My fancy had seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in Obscurity's arms,

Than *sink* in thy hollow embrace.

* A river in India, once, the western boundary of Bengal.

I am out of all sympathy's reach,
 My reforms I must cherish alone,
 Never hear Administration's sweet speech,
 Save thine, O Burnhard I and my own.
 The beast that came over the sea,
 Fresh laws for the country to breed,
 Is so disrespectful to me,
 His rudeness is shocking indeed.

Society, friendship, and sway,
 To all I would bid farewell still,
 If but to revive for a day
 My darling M--c--l B--l l
 My sorrows I then might forget
 In the ways of taxation so sweet ;
 Might revel as Anarch the great,
 And care not for the sallies of wit.

* * * *
 * * * *

How strong is my longing for cess !
 Compared with the glow of its fire,
 All paleth D---k's passion for place,
 And the passion of urchins for mire.
 When I think of my recent rebuff,
 I am tempted at once to resign ;
 But alas ! Sc--t--a's clime is so rough,
 I needs must forego the design.

But dread Indra is gone to his rest,
 The gods are now nodding on high ;
 Even Blowhard must take to his nest,
 And off to the hills must he fly.

There's D—p—r* to rule in my place,
And D—p—r, encouraging thought !
Gives even my measures a grace,
And reconciles men to their lot.

GONE FOR EVER !

Oh, gone for ever ! gone for ever !
My love-my joy of early years !
She's gone to live, live where angels dwell,
She's gone to bless th' ethereal spheres.

Oh, gone for ever ! gone for ever !
The loveliest sight that vision blest !
I thought she came from spirit-land,
To spirit-land she's gone to rest.

Oh, gone for ever ! gone for ever !
The light that led my soul to bliss !
I feared, and found a gem so rich,
Too much so for a world like this.

Oh, gone for ever ! gone for ever !
She who inspired my earliest lay !
On life's tumultuous sea I float,
Like a deserted cast-away.

Though gone for ever, gone for ever,
The loved form still comes to me,

* H. L. Dampier, I.C.S., a member of the Board of Revenue and at one time Revenue Secretary, Government of Bengal.

In dreams at night, in lustre dight,
Breathing the soul of harmony.

Oh, gone for ever! gone for ever!
For to embrace her when I fly,
The vision dear melts into air,
And wakes the dreamer with a sigh.

LINES ADDRESSED TO S * * *

Sweet love! how fondly I adore thee!
This heart entire is thine;
When warmly, my love! I embrace thee,
Heav'n—heav'n itself is mine.

Thy coral lips like nectar sweet,
Thy breath perfumed as th' gale,
That softly flows o'er beds of rose
In Cashmere's lovely vale.

Yet I'd refuse Indra's* nectar
Pavana's† scented gale—
To sip thy sweet vermillion lip,
Thy balmy breath t' inhale.

Thy sylphid form like the lotus soft,
Dear girl! I fear me much,

* The God, who in Vedic theology, stands at the head of the
the middle realm—that of the air.
the air.

When thee I press in my embrace,
Lest thou with'r 'neath the touch.

What is this world with all its treasures ;
Sweet love ! without thee worth !
I care not e'en for Moslem's heav'n
Thou art my heav'n on earth.

ANACREONTIC.

COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF A BATHING FESTIVAL.

Cupid once a net did spread,—
Spread a net of silken thread—
Where in curls of sparkling sheen
Rolled her stream sweet Hippocrene
Nude the nymphs were bathing there,
In that stream so bright and clear ;—
Bathing limbs of perfect snow,—
Each a star new-dropt below !
Like some hind at bugles sound,
Startled all, they glance around ;
And the net as Cupid drew,
Broke in haste the old ones through
But the loveliest of the throng,
All were caught the meshes 'mong.
Laughed the boy in wildest glee !
Blushed the nymphs thus snared to be !

Lo ! like groups of nymphs they seem,
 Bathing now in Ganges stream ;
 Lotus-flowers they seem in bloom,
 Waked by Sol at flight of gloom !
 Graceful forms with 'witching eyes ;
 Raising flames and tender sighs ;
 Arched neck and glowing breasts,
 Where Dan Cupid nestling rests !
 Ah me ! could I cast my net
 In yon stream with beauties set,
 That might tempt and not in vain,
 Jove to 'sume the swan again ;
 Sure the draught as rich would prove,
 As of him the God of Love.

THE BRIDE OF SAMBHUDOS.

A TALE OF PINGAL.

CANTO I.

Know ye the land where road-cess and turnscrew
 Are emblems of vigor that reigns through the year,
 Where the use of the ruler, the turn of the thumbscrew,
 Melt alike into sorrow, alike into tear !
 Knew ye the land of the theorist and sage, .
 Where are forced in a day, the reforms of an age ;
 Where the storm-blast of Blowhard, careering in might
 Doth fill every homestead in Pingal with fright ;
 Where the vulture and raven are best known of bird,
 And voice of the people but seldom is heard ;

Where the deeds of the chief and the acts of his foy,
 In vigour though varied, in colour may vie
 And the Crimes of Police are oft deepest in dye ;
 Where the scribblers are hard as the noddles they bear,
 And all, save Jim W—ls—n, the Newsman unfair !
 'Tis the clime of the East ! 'tis the land of the Sun !
 But now shrouded in gloom by what Blowhard has done.
 Oh ! mournful as the accents of orphans loud wail
 Are the hearts of her sons, and the Tales which they tell.

CANTO II.

Begirt with many a willing scribe,
 Accounted as becomes the tribe,
 Awaiting each his chief's command
 To blow his trump or blast the land,
 Old Blowhard sate in his Divan
 Deep thought was in his fiery eye
 Silent he essayed to scan
 The papers that around did lie.
 The restless soul, unwont to hide
 The working of internal pride,—
 Now mirrored on his shaded brow
 Spake more than words could e'er avow.

CANTO III.

"Let the chamber be cleared !" The scribes disappeared
 "Now call me the chief of my vet'ran guard !"
 With Blowhard is none but his only gun,
 And the genius of *Utkal** awaiting his word.

* The Sanskrit name of Orissa.

"Burnhard—when all, you see obey
 In this fair land my iron sway,
 Woe to the wretch who faults could spy
 In plans so grateful to my eye !
 Recall then G—dd—s* from his place ;
 Too well he merits such disgrace
 Yet not reveal my latent thought ;
 By spurns and snubs, be duly taught !"
 "Huzzoor jo Hookum !" † said Burnhard
 In answer to his lord's award—
 Then sped to execute the word.

Here *Utkal's* genius silence brake,
 Salaaming first in Moslem style ;
 Her look was flushed—she sadly spake,
 Her hands still folded all the while !
 For child of Pingal ne'er must dare
 Address the liege with bolder air !

' Huzzoor ! do not unjustly chide
 Or punish *him*, my friend and guide
 Know G—dd—s, stirred by sense of right
 Lifted his voice 'gainst erring might—
 So harassing your measures proved
 That let the cold and heartless rest
 He could not ; and to view unmoved
 His fellow creatures sore oppressed,

* J. C. Geddes, I.C.S., Commissioner of Orissa, a very sympathetic ruler of the Province.

† Master, as you please.

With none to hear the tales of woe
 They tell with baited breath and low,
 Were impious—for whate'er his sin,
 He loves all men as brethren-kin ;
 Yes, Sire ! where'er he chanced to rove,

He witnessed sights he could not gaze on :
 His heart—and hearts are passion's cauldron—
 He raised his voice in thrilling tone.
 Lo ! earth and heaven are all his own !"

THE MESSIAH.*

A BUCOLIC OF THE DAY.

"Break forth into singing, ye mountains !
 O forest, and every tree therein ! for
 The Lord hath redeemed Israel."—

—Chronicles—xliv.

Ye jail birds of the plains ! begin the song :
 To you indeed these lofty strains belong.
 The Pubna riots, and the Parallel Grades,
 The wrongs of Issur, and the barber maids,†
 Please no more—O Thou to my lips repair,
 Who filled great Blowhard's brain with air !
 Rapt into present times, the bard begins :
 Lo ! Pingal suffers, Pingal for her sins !

* This is a review of the administration of a Lieutenant Governor of Bengal.

† The allusion is to a very sensational case in the Howrah Sessions which Issur was convicted of murder but was saved from the gallows by the timely appearance of the person alleged to have been murdered.

From Calen's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose baleful flower with poison fills the skies
 All evil spirits on its branches light,
 And on its top descends the cannon kite
 Ye heavens! see, 'tis fed by bunny tears,
 Poured in soft silence through the weary years
 The hale and strong the deadly plant doth kill
 From storms no shelter, and a shade of ill.
 All crimes arise, and modern frauds oppress,
 Insulted Justice hides her blushing face,
 Gaunt Terror strikes the land with anxious fear,
 And Furies black from nether world appear,
 Slow move the years, nor dawns Joy's golden morn
 The country gasps, by factions rudely torn.
 See Pingala hastes to ruin and decay
 Beneath the blight of an all-withering away
 See, low his head stout Blessington declines,
 And midst stamps, foolcap, quills and red-tape pines.

See, Famine high his grisly head advance,
 And Death and his train in the districts dance :
 Now heavy sighs from stricken hamlets rise,
 And fun'ral smoke envelopes all the skies,
 Hark! a stern voice ev'n now the Cess demands
 Out—out with it, and pour into his hands!
 The Cess! The Cess! The dying peasants cry,
 Discharge—discharge the Cess before you die.
 Lo! Guilt dores the Lord with bended knees!
 Cease all your idle fears, ye sinners, cease ;
 With heads declined, ye swindlers, homage pay ;
 In praise of him, ye villains, tune your lay.

The Saviour he ! by W-ls-n* daily told !
 He will on earth renew the Age of Gold !
 He from dark prisons frees the fettered band,
 And takes the hardened sinner by the hand ;
 'Tis he the sentence just of Law arrests,
 And bids new hope inspire all scoundrel's breast
 The vile rejoice, the bad their fears forego,
 And live triumphant on their brethren's woe.
 No cry, no murmur moves his wilful soul ;
 In vain does her thunders Indignation roll.
 Fixed his resolve offenders to unchain,
 And Kemp and Phear and Mitter† judge in vain.

* * * * *

Rise, robed in night, imperious Calem, rise !
 Exalt thy windy head, and lift thy eyes ;
 See, Bellilios to thee his incense brings ;
 See, yonder loud thy pœans Neem Chand sings ;
 In crowding ranks transgressors round thee rise ;
 To bless their model ruler, kind and wise ;
 See thy loved watch-dogs at thy gates attend,
 And fast devour, the lambs they should defend.
 See thy *thannas*' thronged with a knavish band,
 And heaped with treasures plundered from the land ;
 For thee Serajgunj jute its fibre yields,
 To gain thee triumphs in far distant fields !
 See prisons wide their darkling portals ope,
 And let their inmates out to light and hope,
 No more the rising Sun shall gild their chains,
 Nor evening Cynthia light them to their dens ;

* An English Editor of a Calcutta Daily.

† Judges of the High Court of Calcutta.

But lost, dissolved in gratitude to thee,
 Escaped from labor, or the gallows-tree,
 They pour their melting souls in glowing rhyme,
 Still planning schemes of plunder and of crime.
 "Perish, ye Courts ; rot, Judges, in decay ;
 Jails, fall to dust ; and, statutes, melt away ;
 But firm his purpose, may his pow'r remain,
 Blowhard's realm ever last, our own Messiah reign !"

6

ST. PAUL & HUZRUT BULL.*

A COLLOQUY.

Says Paul, says he to Huzrut Bull : "Dear Friend,
 Let earthly thunders to the skies ascend ;
 Tap, tap the clouds ; Lo, Famine threatens the plain !
 Tap, tap the clouds, and draw the cheering rain !"

Says Bull, says he : "Dear Friend, your hint's in vain,
 Not mortal thunders can provoke the rain ;
 If't were so, Blowhard's loud reports would draw
 Whelming floods true to your phonetic law !"

Says Ram,† says he : "Dear Paul, I pray thee hush ;
 Or Blowhard quick would to the onset rush ;
 To meet the cost, he'd tax and tax again,
 And crown his Road Cess with a Cess for Rain !"

* John Bull.

† Ram Sharma.

SONG OF THE SCRIBE.*

I hold the Maharaja's† brief,
I rant and cant for him alone ;
In heavy leaders fume and fret,
All for the Maharaja's throne !
To order I dispense my praise
Or blame, as everybody knows ;
The praise is still my patron's due,
The blame's reserved for all his foes !

For him I wield the goose-quill grey,
Or mount with brazen face the stump ;
And still to honest instincts true,
I blow the Maharaja's trump !

La Mancha's Knight in Sancho found
A faithful squire and ready tool ;
In me my Knight his Sancho sees,—
The only champion of his rule !

How blest the sight that beauty spies,
Where faults they see,—the critic tribe ;
How blest in mutual love must be
Great Blowhard and his honest scribe !

Visions of 'office flit across,
Sweet dreams of place oft haunt, my brain
For still I hope my island soon,
Like Sancho wise to govern men !

* An English Editor of a Calcutta Daily.

† A Lieutenant Governor of Bengal.

THE ADVENT OF KAMADEVA, THE GOD OF LOVE.

He comes! he comes! the god o'the flow'ry bow!

With quiver full of pointed darts,

He comes to rule o'er lover's hearts!

Lo spring awakes and vernal breezes blow.

And laugh the skies above, and earth below!

~ He comes! he comes! the formless God of Love!

With Ruttee* blushing at his side,

Blushing in youth and beauty's pride!

. Beware of him! for e'en the gods above

Are subject to the magic pow'r of love!

He comes! he comes! the God who dared the ire

Of Shiva† dread—Time's sovereign lord—

What time he Suttee's‡ loss deplor'd!

He comes attended still by young desire

And passions warm which set the heart on fire.

He comes! he comes! the God who loves to dwell,—

'Midst pleasant smiles and deep drawn sighs,—

In beauty's cheeks, in beauty's eyes!

He comes to waken with his witching spell

The warblers sweet in wood and hill and dell!

He comes! he comes! the God whose fetters made

Of roses bathed in crystal dew,

Unite all loving hearts and true,

* The wife of Kama.

† The third god of the Hindu triad.

‡ The wife of Shiva.

He rouses Nature long in slumber laid,
And bids the flow'rs their grateful incense shed !

He comes ! he comes ! the cruel God of Love !

Alas ! too well I feel his darts

Pierce through and through the stricken hearts !

Oh ! may the girl less unrelenting prove,

The girl my soul doth fondly warmly love !

THE SONG OF THE DROMEDARY.

Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !

Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

Frenzy, methinks, or what not in his pate

Impels him onward with his load of state.

Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !

Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

Nor reins nor driver—no, nought doth he reck,

But on he speds regardless of all check

That pond'rous hump the animal hath got,

Whv, 'tis a boiling cauldron—mischief pot.

Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !

Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

And there, amazed, auld Nickey Ben does find

More mischief brewed than ever he designed.

Much to that hump he owes—yes, Belial owes ;

And hell exultant all with rapture glows.

Oh ! he is a dromedary indeed !

Who but must wonder at that rattling speed !

—
LINES ADDRESSED TO JAMES SKRIBBLERUS

Oh! may the driver Hassan brave and strong,
Give it a smart stroke of his pointed prong;
So may the world in high amazement find,
That hump is but an empty bag of wind!
Oh! he is a dromedary indeed!
Who but must wonder at that rattling speed!

LINES ADDRESSED TO JAMES SKRIBBLERUS

Born in a garret, on low rations fed,
Exiled from home to find in Ind his bread,
See Skribblerus comes from beyond the main,
With empty pockets and still emptier brain,
Sustained by vanity and front of brass,
Tho' still a fool in wit, in sense an ass;
See him all shameless, 'ssume his pert grimace,
And play the Jeams de la Pluche of the Press.
With fool's cap for helm and sword of lath,
The Grub Street Hero apes Pelide's wrath,
And dares like Phaeton drive Appolo's car,
With sense and taste and virtue still at war.
Once brave Cl-ke well nigh shook him into sense,
He blares again in raging impotence.
See him rush where his betters fear to tread
And pour, morn after morn, dull stream of lead.
He teaches, preaches and still as he maunders
Mistakes his cackles for Jove's awful thunders.

Unabashed deals in slander and abuse
 And sells his . . . and khubber* stale for news.
 Bengala still his scorn, her sons his hate,—
 All false to truth and servile to the great,—
 The mounted beggars prove the saying true,
 He rides thus hard, for so he needs must do.
 Unhappy land ! that sees an errand boy
 A printer's imp,—the good and wise annoy ;
 Unhappy land ! condemned by ruthless fate
 Still to endure his nauseous Billingsgate.
 But, O grieve not for Britain's generous sons,
 All—all detest the bore, the foulmouthed dunce.
 Let him jeer on, and be a jackass still,
 The brute may bray and vex, but do no ill.
 Here's one shaft for thee from a well-filled quiver
 Provoke no more, be grateful to the giver !

IO PĒAN.

Ther's one great Man the heavens under,
 And he is doubtless Sambhu Chunder.
 Who knows not *this* is quite a Bunder†
 Then hail to Mirza ‡ Sambhu Chunder !§

He wished a share of Huzrut's|| plunder
 But vain the wish of Sambhu Chunder.

* News.

† Monkey.

‡ An Arabic word meaning—Chief.

§ The reference is to Babu Sambhu Chunder Mookerjee, the well-known Editor of the *Reis* and *Rayyet*.

|| A title of greatness.

What's sauce for goose is sauce for gander
But surely not for Sambhu Chunder!

Your venal scribes in dirt may flounder,
But not our honest Sambhu Chunder.
His country's and faith's defender—
Be that the praise of Sambhu Chunder!

'Gainst sinners all he hurls his thunder,
Beware, ye then, of Sambhu Chunder.
Like Friar Tuck he wields his Dunda*
The Paramhangsha,† Sambhu Chunder.

Now take the hint, and on it ponder,
Nor dare to jeer at Sambhu Chunder,
Of purchased praise and blame no vender,
Is Purity's Self Sambhu Chunder.

* * * *

To virtue deals he lots of Munda‡
To vice, Bish-laddoo,§ Sambhu Chunder.
True Christian he, and that's no wonder,
He gives cheek for cheek, Sambhu Chunder!

* Bludgeon.

† Title of an ascetic.

‡ A round confection made of posset and sugar.

§ A poisoned sweet-meat ball.

WILLOW DROPS

WILLOW DROPS.*

PART I.

Distracted,—heart-sore,—all wild with unrest,
 I take my harp,—my joy of early years,
 Hoping perchance its notes may soothe the breast,
 Which weeps and weeps, nor finds relief in tears.

Tears shed when o'er the world shines Phœbus' glare,
 Tears shed when Dian wields her milder power ;
 Tears shed amidst the whirl of worldly care,
 Tears shed in pensive musing's silent hour.

They say that distance blunts the edge of woe,
 They say that time doth heal the sorest smart ;
 Is this true? It may be so—I do not know ;—
 I only know that fresher bleeds my heart.

My heart ! a wreck of feelings drown'd in grief !
 A tomb where lie the joys that once have been ;
 A wither'd stem that breaks not into leaf,
 Nor knows the summer glow or vernal green !

Why pine I thus, why nurse a wasting care !
 O heart, wrap thee in pride !—my love cares not
 For me : alas, I can not—can not bear
 That agonizing—blinding, madd'ning thought !

“They jest at scars who never felt a wound,”
 They mock at griefs who never won and lost
 How can they, who cling to the firm-set ground,
 Conceive the trials of the tempest-tost !

*This poem was translated into Bengali verse by the great Ben
 poet Babu Rangalal Bannerjea under the title of *Biraha Bilap*.

O friends, who ne'er have known a lover's woes,
Ne'er thought a lover's thoughts nor felt his thrills,
Believe me, that the love-struck bosom grows
More sensitive far than the plant that feels.

There's more spell in my mistress' beaming eyes
Than ye can know, who ne'er those eyes did see !
One smile from them,—where Love in ambush lies,—
Is worth much more than all the world to me.

I care not for the treasures of the deep,
To me more dear the treasure of her love,
One warm embrace, one kiss from her sweet lip,
To me were worth more than the heav'ns above.

Day follows night, and shine still follows shade,
And calm succeeds to ruffling storm ; but Oh,
Perpetual glooms my weary soul pervade,
And rise perpetual thence storm-sighs of woe !

I loved,—I love,—I still must love till death,
The flame will burn like Ghebers' fire for aye ;
It warms my sighs 't will warm my latest breath,
Till lost in blaze of an eternal day.

Thy moon-bright face, thy dark eyes' lightning play,
Thy sweet breath, thy lip's pouting loveliness,
Thy lily form rich with the blooms of May,
Thy raven locks where Love hangs on each tress ;

Thy dimpled cheek, thy blue-veined marble brow,
Thy voice whose notes on th' ear like music steal ;—
When first I saw and heard, a something thou
I thought which words can ne'er—oh ne'er reveal !

Could words reflect like to a mirror clear,
Or bring thee out with photographic art,
The sternest theist would kneel to thee, I fear,
A burning—lost idolator in heart!

Did I say, I thought! Oh! I think thee yet,
A lovely vision in a morning dream,—
A breathing ray,—conception animate,—
Yea, Cupid's Psyche by a golden stream!

I felt the force of all thy charms at once,
Like to a blow dealt by a spirit-hand;
Like lightning bright—yet fraught with death, they glance
I could not—oh who could—indeed withstand.

But years came and fled, I saw thee not,
And still a life-long hunger gnawed my breast;
But years came and fled, no relief they brought,
And still that life-long hunger marred my rest!

Oh, blame me not if I could ne'er forget
The charms which so enthralled my yielding heart,
Not e'en the saints who upon Vishnu wait
Could long resist their piercing dart.

At length we met again, and thou wert kind,
And earth below now changed to heaven above;
Oh what delirium' sweet possessed my mind
In those too happy, happy days of love!

Oh, say dost thou think of thy lover yet—
Of him, who ne'er shall cease to think of thee,

Though oceans rolled 'tween us, and ruthless fate
Kept thee away, my life of life, from me !

Remember'st thou that stilly-witching hour,
When in my arms all trembling thou wert borne
A blushing peri—to our bridal bow'r,
And Hymen held the torch, and vows were sworn !

Remember'st thou those vows with kisses sealed,
Thy plight,—thy promises ne'er to forget ;—
When soul wed soul, and hearts with rapture filled,
And ardent glances answ'ring glances met !

Remember'st thou—thy hand then clasped in mine—
Thou said'st to me in seraph accents sweet :—
"This hand—this heart—my life itself are thine,"
When all entranced down I knelt at thy feet !

Oh happy days ! Oh joys beyond compare !
When hearts dissolved in melting streams away,
And, like the perfume-laden summer air,
We breathed sweet thoughts all redolent of May.

Oh happy days ! when if we did not meet,
Our souls embraced in passion-breathing letters ;
Or struck out scintillations bright of wit,
In which were forged our bonds, our golden fetters !

We loved—how tenderly ! each look—each glance
From thee was pregnant with electric fire !
Thy motions—Oh they seemed the circles' dance !
Thy words, rich music from the Muses' lyre !

We loved—we lived amidst a new creation,
And lo ! beneath the shadow of thine own

My soul was lost as in an occultation,
When fades the star, and shines the moon alone !

We loved, and in that mystic oneness rare
Of twain,—the highest spiritualism giv'n
To man, we breathed blest Eden's balmy air,
And proved the love by angels shared in heav'n.

As in fair Cynthia's beam all objects lie—
E'en darksome things—embathed in silver light,
So, Love, thou mighty wizard of the sky,
Beneath thy spell charmed nature looks all bright.

Through thy prism-glass what gorgeous hues are seen
To tint the meanest things that round us lie !
What gold, and purple, scarlet, blue, and green,
By fairy hands are flung on earth and sky !

There was light—light where'er I turned my gaze,
Light—light in plain and wood and laughing brook,
Light—light in air and sky, and diamond blaze,
O my nestling dove, in thy radiant look !

In the sweet heaven of thy face were met
Venus and Hesperus fair side by side ;
Oh, who that saw them once could e'er forget
Those twin starlets in all their twinkling pride !

And Time shook pearls of joy from off his pinions,
And Fancy strewed our path with richest treasures ;
And all the golden hours, like willing minions,
Waited on us with ever-changing pleasures.

PART II.

When mortal love to heights ethereal flies.

The rarest air oft stops, alas ! its breath ;—
Like pismires new-possessed of wings it dies,
The growing power but heralds fast its death.

How oft our dreams foreshadow coming fate !

I dreamt that, on the margin of a flood
Which curled in many a sparkling-silver fret,
With a pretty flower on my breast I stood.

The waters dashed on in resistless flow,

As if they sought in motion wished-for rest ;
When lo, it dropped into the stream below—
That pretty flower which adorned my breast.

And shortly after thou wert taken ill,

And flickered then thy life 'tween day and night,
At length thou wert spared,—such was Heaven's will,
But love's sweet flower felt a with'ring blight.

And thy look was cold when we met again !

On thy sweet lips one kiss I longed to press,—
I sued with earnest voice but sued in vain :
Coldly in scorn thou turned'st thy icy face.

All wild, mad with despair I came away,

While tear-drops fast from conscious heaven
Nor once—as was thy wont—thou bad'st me stay,
Nor once, Oh madd'ning thought, bad'st me farewell !

I thought it was a case of love in pout,—

I thought thou wert sullen at some offence

I knew not ;—time hath since dispelled my doubt ;
Alas, thy coldness had a deeper sense !

I yearned—appealed for one short interview ;
Coldly thou spurned'st my passionate appeal ;
Cold—cold was thy reply ;—thy words were few,
But sharp and cutting as the keenest steel.

Thy letters penned in passion's blooming hour—
The treasured relics dear of days of yore
As now I read, each word hath still such pow'r,
With gushing floods at once my eyes brim o'er.

Were these dear words traced by those cruel fingers !
Were they dictated by that cruel heart !
Ah, each word is a charm where Cupid lingers,
Like a well-pleased guest still loth to depart.

That such a heart should dwell in such a mould—
A wonder and a marvel seems, I own ;
It is like iron cased in softest gold ;—
The diamond shines, but oh 'tis still a stone !

And days and weeks and months have come and fled,
And still thyself thou wrapp'st all in pride ;
While evermore I languish—all but dead—
A widower lone, with a living bride !

The fire that lives the lofty tree within,
All wildly breaking forth, consumes the wood ;
Just so the flame that burns in me unseen,
Now fiercely raging, makes my heart its food.

'Tis said the cause away the evil ceases,
In love, howe'er, this truth but scarcely holds ;

For in thy absence still my pain increases,
And grief coils round my mind her crushing folds.

Man's passions, like refracted rays of light,
Chameleonize all things on which they play ;
Now my despair, into the noon of night,
Turns, as by magic black, the noon of day.

There's gloom on earth, and gloom in sky and air,
Gloom in mead—gloom in street—gloom in my room ;
Gloom—gloom in sun and moon and stars so fair,—
And in my heart,—the darkness of the tomb !

Though false to truth and faithless to thy vow,
Though grown so cold—unkind—and hard to me,
Though like the fickle moon inconstant thou ;—
Like dews to dusk, I still am true to thee !

O truth in happier hours between us plighted !
O promises by her so oft repeated !
O vows so wormly made, but now so slighted !
O Love,—all-conquering Love, by her defeated !

Where are ye fled ! Ah, cast to winds of heav'n !
But still my heart, as looks a blasted tree
Skywards whence flashed the fire by which 'twas riv'n.
Turns to its tyrant,—turns, my love, to thee !

Thou didst love me once as thy own dear breath,
And call me, "my life," sitting by my side ;
Beseems thee then with scorn to cause my death
My death ! nay, rather thy own suicide !

Melt—melt, thou flinty soul, Oh melt again
In streams of love, and fresh'n my withered heart !
Soften that breast where once my head hath lain,
And be, my Goddess, kind as once thou wert !

I cannot bear this torturing, wild unrest,—
I cannot bear this cruel, ling'ring death ;
O come, if pity yet doth sway thy breast,
And with one killing glance remove my breath.

PART III.

Ah me ! what visions this before mine eyes,
Like a bright presence shining from above ?
It is thy radiant face, my sweet, I spy,
Called up by the spiritualism of love !

What then, is absence ? mere fancy, I ween,
Since thou art ever present in my heart ;
Tho' time and space between us intervene,
I'd hold thee there as its most precious part.

A mystic spell, methinks, pervades my mind,—
Thou fillest all the circum-ambient space ;
And Nature helps the dear deceit, I find,
By bearing thy sweet image in her face.

'Tis not the moon and stars that I behold,—
'Tis not the glories of earth that I see ;
But nameless beauties, graces all untold,
Summed up in small circumference in thee !

The balmy air is full of thee, my dear,
I but inhale thy breath in every breeze ;

Thy witching voice in every grove I hear,
As music streams forth from the peopled trees.

The virgin lily and the blushing rose ;
The ripe red Bimba* with its brilliant hue
The lotus as in morning beam she glows ;—
These only bring thy glories to my view.

And Oh the vision that still haunts my sight !
I see thee dove-like nestling in my breast,
As in those moments joyous—happy—bright,
When time we sped caressing and carest.

I see thee sitting thro' the sultry hour
Of noon—alone—unoped the scattered books—
Like lovely Seeta in her prison bow'r,—
And perfect statue glancing marble looks !

I see thee droop—I see thee pine away—
A flower canker-eaten in its pride ;
And yet, alas ! thy lips refuse to say
The word that brings thy lover to thy side.

I see thee at eve, from thy casement high
Another ev'ning star—as lovely—fair—
Seeking, as thou wert in days gone by,
Him who perchance no more wander there.

At thine own shadow now I see thee start,
Anon in bed I see thee restless lie ;
Is that a sigh now breaks out from thy heart ?
Is that a tear now glistens in thine eye ?

* The red balsam apple.

I haste—I fly with all a lover's speed,
To soothe thy lab'ring bosom heaving high—
To kiss away the tear-drop from thy lid ;—
But ah me ! where art thou, and where am I ?

Lo, Recollection like a wizard grim,
Dissolves the magic shadows fast away,—
Dissolves the vision—melts the fairy dream
And shows me to myself—a castaway !

Avaunt, Ye idle dreams—illusions vain !
Away, thou false mirage by Fancy wrought
To deceive my distracted, wild'ring brain
With hopes that cheer but soon resolve to nought !

Now change the scene.—What do mine eyes survey ?
Such living constancy as mine to thee ?
Ah, no ! False girl, I see thee blithesome—gay
With scarce a thought that fondly dwells on me !

Blithe as the lark when morn appears in view—
Gay as the butterfly in summer grove ;—
Raising the hopeful Phoenix of a new
From out the ashes of thy former, love.

I see thy head laid on another breast ;
Another heart now beating close to thine
Another arm entwined around thy waist
Other lips pressing those that once were mine !

Enough ! I can't endure the madd'ning sight.
Despair ! Be propitious to my mind ;
Thy gloom is better far than Hope's best light
Which, like the false lanthorn, misleads, I find.

And what of thee, poor fickle heart? Forget
The past with all its joys so rich and free ;
Forget—if thou canst—that we ever met,
Or ever felt passion's wild ecstasy !

For me, my love is boundless as the main ;
Unfathomable as the self-same deep ;
Still true to thee, inspite of change and wane,
As the sea to yon horn in heaven's steep.

Not more the needle faithful to the pole,
Or his own flower to the god of day,
Than is to thee, dear girl, my constant soul—
Thine—thine alone till freed from mortal clay.

If highest faith means faith in one alone,
That faith is mine—nay, mine it needs must be ;
For all these years one goddess have I known,
One—only loved—adored, and thou art she !

Had I worshipped kind Heav'n with half the zeal,
Half the devotion I have spent on thee,
Sainthood would be mine ; but I knelt—still kneel
To thee, a passionate, lost devotee.

Lost ! ay, hopelessly lost ! and I but muse
On the past with a burning, wild emotion ;
My wreath of love twined to a throttling noose,
My nectar'd cup to deadly poison potion.

The rose hath thorns ; there's a madness in the vine ;
The vivid lightning is alive with death ;
The emerald sea is all full of brine
And Beauty—~~isn't~~ thy other name unfaith ?

There are bright eyes that fondly, kindly smile,
There are sweet lips whose nectar might be mine
But nought, alas! Can my sad soul beguile :—
Though scorned and spurned, still—still 'tis wholly
thine.

Oh what a miracle of eyes hath love?

Where'er I turn my steps—direct my gaze,
In crowded street or lonely walk or grove
I see thy face as through a starlit haze.

It shines in all its glory most at night,

And then I see two moons; one far on high,
The other in my breast :—delusive sight,
That ever mocks and flouts the inner eye!

And yet my thoughts, all loyal to thy soul,

Have by a mystic law around thee spun
Through the long years as tardily they roll,
Like planets ever circling round the sun.

Oh what a miracle of sense is love!

'Tis passion's highest phase. Its power is such,
The lowest hell, and highest heav'n above
Meet in the soul that's kindled by its touch.

That heaven once was mine when thou wert kind,
I now endure that hell's deep agony;

Alas, my very senses now I find
In unholy league with mine enemy!

O disen- charm that thou hast thrown
Aro —unweave the magic chain!

Delightest thou to see me pine alone?
Triumpest thou over my grief and pain?

With me—in happier days thou oft hast said,—
The desert drear were paradise to thee;
Now reft of thee, thou cruel heartless maid,
The world's a wild Sahara unto me!

Love-mem'ries, like lines writ in air and water
Have faded from thy mind too soon, alas!
In mine they live in lasting character,
Like deep-cut prints on monumental brass.

Would I could steep in some Lethean stream
The memory of bliss enjoyed with thee,—
Drug all thought—drug the ever-wakeful dream
That reproduces all the past to me!

Whene'er thy change my pensive heart deplores,
This sad reflection tinges every thought;
Can memory be stilled by sudden force?
Can tenderness so soon be quite forgot?

Take back thy vows, false fair, give back my heart!
In mercy let me be myself again!
But then to live a life from thee apart,
Will that be life? Rather existence vain!

Oh my mind wanders. Can I ever free
Thee from the vows of love thou once hast made?
No—no! They are as rose-scents unto me—
y cheer though the rose of thy love be dead!

Perchance thy strangeness may be simple feigning,
Put on to try my truth, though proved too well :
But think, Oh think, suspense the while is draining
My life-blood like a rav'ning vampire fell.

Perchance when I am gone thou mayst relent—
The dead more than the living may thee melt ;
Perchance thy stubborn heart may then be bent,
And pangs unknown to thee be keenly felt !

No more ! I lay my mournful harp aside,—
Be hushed its voice awhile in silent slumbers :
The hand now falters that its strings did guide,
The heart now fails that waked its plaintive numbers.

And Oh farewell ! however I may fare,
I wish thee well, false—fickle as thou art :
Oh ! may thou never—never know despair—
The black hell of a broken, blasted heart !

May every earthly happiness be thine !
May ne'er a cloud o'ershad^e thy sunny brow !
May a world's love around thee fondly twine !
May Heav'n keep thee in charge ! so, farewell now !

Farewell ! Ev'n to my life's last flicker, dear,
Enthroned thy image in my soul shall be ;
With my last gasp—my last sad, parting tear—
These lips shall breathe a fervent pray'r for thee !

THE INDIAN ANACREON

Being translated from the Latter-day Sanskrit Poets.

TO MY LADY LOVE, DURING A LUNAR ECLIPSE.

O tarry not, my love, beyond thy bower,

Lo, yon ascends the node : 'tis th' eclipse hour !
'Twould leave the moon, thy radiant face to swallow,
Drawn by its more effulgent, brighter halo.

A LADY TO ANOTHER, SEEING HER TOILETTE UNRUFFLED
IN THE MORNING.

Unrubb'd is the saffron-patch on thy radiant cheek ;
Untouch'd is the sandal-paste on thy bosom sleek ;
Lo, still the collyrium adorns thy dark eyes' fringe ;
And thy lips are vermil still with the *Tambul's** tinge.
O tell me, thou lady o' the graceful gait,
Is thy husband a dolt, or a peevish mate ?

THE ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

My lord came home after long, weary years,
And half the night was spent in wand'ring talk ;—
Then sped the moments with my frets and tears ;
But when a little calm'd alas ! the cock
Crew, and Aurora, like a rival came,
With angry face, and smother'd all the flame !†

TO AN UNRELENTING MAID.

Thy face, a full-blown lotus fair ;
Thy eyes, a light blue lily pair ;

* The *Tambula* is arcca-nut, lime, catechu, cardamum etc. wropped up in betel-leaf and fastened with a clove.

† It is still indelicate among good Hindus to give themselves up to connubial felicities during morning and evening, the holy hours :—it is a sin to transgress this.

Thy teeth are *Kunda** blossoms white ;
 Thy lips are blooming roses bright ;
 Thy person,—*Champacs*† claim their own ;
 Oh, why thy heart is hard as stone ?

TO A LADY.

They say, from flowers spring forth flowerets rare,
 The thing till now was heard, ne'er seen of men ;
 Lady ! thy beaming face divine doth bear
 Two roses blooming soft on lilies twain !

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

O Lady with the sparkling eyn,
 Give me a look again as keen.
 For ancient sages truly say,
 Poison's force, poison takes away.

Methinks in colors false she sails,
 Or wherefor her sweet face she veils ?
 From moon or lily fair that charm
 She sure purloined—else why the alarm ?
 Why fear t' expose the dainty face
 Unless stol'n goods were a disgrace ?

O Lady with the killing eyes,
 Why dye their fringe with careful art ?
 Already deadly as it flies,
 Why add thou poison to the dart ?

* The many-flowered Jasmine.

† The *Michelia Champaka*.

MOHINEE : OR THE HINDU MAIDEN:

I

SONNET : TO THE READERS.

To Taste and Candour true I dedicate
 These lines. Fair Poesy, the tend'rest flower
 That doth bloom in the Muses' sacred bower,
 Is destined still to feel the blasts of hate.
 And 'tis the too inevitable fate
 Of all, to whom is giv'n the gift and power
 Of song, to meet at first a very shower
 Of poison'd darts from wits both small and great.
 This know I, nor regret the fate as hard :
 For the true Critic, ever in the end,
 Repairs the past, and, like a gen'rous friend,
 To real Merit gives her just reward.
 I plant this flow'r then, in our Indian soil,
 Heedless of praise or blame attending toil.

Sweet Mohinee, sweet charming Mohinee,
 Like Love's own star, cheer'd with her presence bright
 Her father's hall, his sole delight in age,
 And only prop in lonely, widowed years.
 And day by day in perfect loveliness,
 Like to the waxing moon, the maiden grew
 The queen of beauty all the country round.
 And she was gentle as a dove, and pure
 As virgin snow, and artless as a child,
 And rich in all the heart's affections warm :
 Yea, a rose-bud without the thorns was she ;
 sailing in a crystal lake ;

A moon-beam through a vista glancing bright :—
And so this lovely thing was loved of all.

Her father's mansion stood upon a bend
Fantastic of the noble stream, whose waters,
Flowing from Shiva's hoary, matted locks,
Salvation brought to Saugor's* hapless sons,
'Twas half concealed from view by stately trees,
Which grew luxuriant in the garden fair,—
That belted it as with a living green,—
And looked like solitude's own secret bower.
Here were the graceful tamarind, and jack,
Th' umbrageous mangoe, and the lofty palm,
That fanned the lilies in the pool beneath
With its broad foliage, the cocoa tall
With its rich verdant tuft, and the shady jam.†
And, mingled with these, th' *ausuth*‡ and the banyan,
Growing on some delapidated pile,
Uplifted their green splendour to the skies.
Here was the *kadumb*§ straight and fair, whose golden
Globes, emulous of heaven's brightest stars,
Recall the amours of the shepherd god ||

* According to the mythological legend of the descent of the Ganges, the sacred river was brought down from heaven to earth by Bhagirath in order to purify the remains of the 60,000 sons of Sagara, who were reduced to ashes by the sage Kapila when his devotions were disturbed by them. The difficulty of receiving her fall, the earth declining to do it, was solved by *Shiva* whose matted hair swallowed her up, and after wandering for a year within its folds she was released by the god by lifting one of his locks.

† The black-berry.

‡ The peepul.

§ The Naucleu's blossom.

|| The allusion is to the erotic gambols of Krishna with the Gopis on the banks of the Jumna.

By the green marge of Jumna's placid stream.
 Here were long lines of fragrant bocool* sweet,
 And Kaminy† in most fantastic trim.
 And Champat‡ whose rich yellow blossoms breathe
 An odour that, borne by the summer breeze,
 Over a crystal stream, seems to the soul
 Imbued with love of Nature and her charms—
 An exhalation sweet from Parijat.
 That blooms but in Indra's ambrosial bowers.
 Here all unchecked, the jasmine sported wild,
 The white dhatura§ hung her modest cups,
 And revelled high the myrtle thro' the year ;
 While the sweet Malattill|| with tendrills soft,
 And Madhavi¶ embraced some sturdy palm
 Or pine, and mated thus they flourished fair,
 Like beauty clasped in manhood's lusty arms.

Here many a singing bird of various hues
 'Built on the boughs its curious, tiny nest,
 Whose delicate art shamed all human skill.
 Here oft the cuckoo with its silver voice
 Coulted the yielding echoes of the place ;
 And the sweet Krishna-gacool with plumage gay
 Of shining gold, and little ruby bill,—
 Like to some beauteous voice from fairy land,—

* The Mimosa Elengi.

† The Murraya Exotica.

‡ The Michelia Champaka.

§ The stramonium flower.

|| The great-flowered Jasmine.

¶ The mango-creeper.

Wished ever-living joys to married love.
 Here, too, the *bohoo-kotha-kaho** poured
 Its plaintive soul in iterated strains—
 Their burthen still,—wake, damsel, wake thy voice :
 And the *papya*† pealed its sorrow wild
 In witching notes of luscious melody,
 Nor were less heard those minstrels of the east,
 The *doelt*‡ and the *shama*§—These oft made
 The sylvan grove resound with thrilling songs,
 That steeped the soul in soft elysian bliss ;
 While the humming *toon-toon*|| from spray to spray
 Flew, trilling jocund notes of elfin joy.

This sweet spot and some miles of country round,—
 A rich domain—had to her sire come down
 From a long line of ancestors of pure
 Brahman blood, all whole and entire, though then
 The Moslem held the country in his grasp,
 And law was none. The place was called of men
Shoorapore, habitation of the blest.
 But was he blest, the lord of that domain?
 Not he. For still he passed his days in moody
 Silence, rapt in his grief, and still bewailed
 His cheerless hearth and lonely widowed state ;
 Though fourteen summers in their annual whirl
 Had circled round since she, his sainted wife,
 Left for the skies, leaving an image sweet

* The name is onomatopœic, meaning "speak, daughter-in-law. speak."

† The brain-fever bird.

‡ The Magpie Robin.

§ The Brown Rock-chat.

|| The Tailor-bird.

Of her sweet self in lovely Mohinee.
The precious gift of God to him in her
He prized so much, in her who girt his soul
As with a golden zone of love,—now lost,
He through all those long weary years retained
The impress ineffaceable of that
Undying love he bore or rather wore
Round his heart, to aught else impervious now.
And so all earthly things, his house and lands
Were unto him mean things beneath his care :
And so the garden grew into a wild,
Where once he loved to range in happy years,
Himself then happy as the birds that catolled there.

Lonely was his hearth, and Mohinee
His all in all : and her the father loved
With that intense, that two-fold love of father
And mother, which a wifeless father feels
For an only child. And yet no one knew
That he so loved the girl. For silent still
And undemonstrative, he seldom spake
Word to her ; Only ere the maid retired
At night, he ever would seek and bless her,
And then a tear would trickle down his cheek.
That daughter, and an ancient dame,—her nurse,
And a whole host of lazy menials, formed
His present household. Thus bereft of all
A mother's fost'ring care, young Mohinee
Grew—like a solitary lily fair—
Midst human weeds and reeds and rushes wild,
Nursed by the waters of a gentle nature,
And this oft-genial dews of bounteous Heaven—

And she lived in a fairy world of her
 Own,—Fancy's paradise—the heart's ereation,
 Where all the hours flitted on golden wings,
 And all was shine without a touch of shade :
 She—even she its flatt'ring butterfly,—
 Ay, an aerial spirit, not of earth !
 Flowers unto her were a living joy,
 And ever as Aurora flung the gates
 Of crimson light wide open in the east,
 Or eve, fair harbinger of soft repose,
 With golden tresses streaming in the west,
 Came on, amongst the flowers would she play,
 Herself the loveliest flower of them all.
 Or would she sit on some green, glassy plot,—
 A lustrous gem amid rich emeralds
 Set—watching now the fleecy clouds as fast
 Before the breeze of heav'n they sailed along,
 And now long lines of shrilling birds in air
 Returning homewards from their foray far ;
 Now the gay lilies daneing in the pool,
 And now the bee with cheerful hum disporting
 The roses 'mong—During these hours, her sole
 Companion oft, was Nobin young and fair,
 A distant relation, but constant guest
 In her fond father's house—half-orphan he
 Like her own self. For when he searee had learnt
 To lisp the name of father—oh ! the sweetest
 To mortal years when uttered by the lips
 Of one's first-born—that father was no more.
 In quest of gain,—of profitable barter,
 His sire had gone where Delhi's minarets
 Proud, and multitudinous din of life,

Proclaimed her still the Mogul's capital :
And there, away from home, from wife and child,
Made his last barter,—this world for the next.
But though in life he was reputed rich,
His death found Rumour but a lying dame,
And he who managed his concerns sent word,
All—all his ventures had been utter loss.
So woke the widow from her dream of bliss,
And so the silver spoon with which, she thought,
Her child was born, proved but a wooden one.
Now on a scanty income with her boy
She lived, the mother's best and only solace
He ; till at last the needful discipline
Of school called him away from childhood's sports,
Where in a distant hamlet held his rule
A man of learning o'er a youthful world.

And day by day he stored his mind with spoils
Of knowledge, ever sedulous to have
More and more ; and his books were unto him
A passion, only less strong than he felt
For those soft scenes where, with sweet Mohinee
By his side, he brushed the pearls from the grass.
Oft, when on serious labors bent, her face,—
Her moon-bright face—would on his heart arise,
Lighting the chambers of soft memory ;
And still he would yearn for the holidays,—
Those bridal days of their pure loving souls,—
When home returning with a merry heart,
All dancing to , music wild of love,
He'd fly to meet , moon-bright face, whose greeting
Was sweeter far to , than honey, stored

In hives built by the busy swarm in groves
Of orange, or near lotus-mantled streams.
By that attraction mystical which draws
The same to same and like to like with force
Resistless, but still imperceptible,—
Draws souls to souls congenial, hearts to hearts
Vibrating with the same sweet symphonies,
These two were drawn each to the other, since
Their eyes first met in happy, toddling years.
Mated in heaven where their bonds were forged.

The boy was in advance by summers three
Of the girl. His fair form and early loss
Had pity first, then love inspired in all,
But chief in Shoorapore's lord, who would have
The child about him oft, or on his knees
Or in his arms, before the heavy blow
Which made him widower so struck him down.
And then the stricken soul grew all morose,
And little Nobin was no more a joy,
But came and went,—a daily visitant
Unnoticed by the master of the house—
Whiling his hours of stay in play with little
Mohinee—When the twain were old enough
To venture forth—to stroll into the garden
Where bloomed all flowers that love the eastern sky,
Together they would range the sylvan groves,
Wakening the echoes of the shades with their
Sweet ringing laugh—now chasing glided wings
That flitted gay at their sweet will through air ;
Now list'ning to the voices from the boughs
Pouring their notes in rivalry of song ;

Now pausing to survey the *bhramora**
 Wooing the water-lilies with his hum,
 Or the water fowls sporting in the pool—
 Floating lives, sounding merry clarions loud ;
 Now plucking flow'rs, which little Nobin twined
 In pretty wreaths around her graceful brow,
 Or placed with loving hands her tresses 'mong.
 Him gently now and then the maid forbade :—
 "Nay, pluck them not ; they look well where they are."
 To which in accents soft he would reply :—
 "But they look better still wreathed round thy brow !"
 So glided heir days happily away,
 Thus in companionship sweet, till they grew
 Two folded buds into op'ning blossoms fair ;
 She, Nature's queen,—he, her Ganymede !

SONG OF THE INDIAN CONSERVATIVE.

I'm a tory by instinct all true,
 Nay, prove me aught else if you can ;
 I give even the Devil his due,
 Let him take, then, his "liberal man !"

'Tis the hour of tory reaction,
 Down with liberalism, my boys ;
 Down—down with the humbug,—the faction,
 That so deafens the ear with its noise.

* The humble-bee.

SONG OF THE INDIAN CONSERVATIVE

Liberalism's a sham and a snare,
'Tis moonshine and gammon and jhoot ;*
For your "liberal man's" only care
Is for chances of plunder and loot !

Yes, plunder and blunder still mark
His career, be he statesman or scribe ;
And whether they whine or they bark,
Never trust the "liberal" tribe.

All their talk is but nonsense and stuff,
Come, honest conservatives, come !
Away with proud Argyll and Duff,
Let's have Salisbury or Derby *ekdum*.†

Three cheers for brave Dizzie, my lads,
Let his genius have full and fair play ;
Turn out all the "liberal" pads,
Let honest conservatives away.

Our first parents by Satan were sold
In a serpent's guise,—shining and bright ;
He has changed now his tactics, I find,
And deceives as a "liberal" wight !

I am a tory by instinct all true,—
Nay, prove me aught else if you can ;
I give even the Devil his due,
Let him take, then, his "liberal man !"

AUTUMN.

And has the year then circled round?

Is golden autumn come again?

Is that the rustling, billing sound

Of falling leaves and fitful rain?

Is that the autumn moon so bright,

The matchless Kohinoor of sky?

Is that the glorious gem of light,

Which poets sing in raptures high?

The river runs with swelling tide,

To meet her mighty love—the sea ;

Like an impatient, love-sick bride,

Old Ocean, how she runs to thee !

The birds their annual plumes have shed,

And put on glories rich and new,

Glad of the feast about them spread

Of fruit and grain of tempting hue.

The lotus bright,—the water-queen,

Majestic lifts her glorious face,

While round and round the Bhromore's seen

In humming flights t'admire her grace.

Their best of green the meadows wear,

And earth with richest bloom is gay ;

And nature looks so bright and fair

As if it were her bridal day.

See how, beneath the spreading shade,

Yon merry prattlers play around ;

Like flow'rets drooping from boughs o'erhead

They seem, or *Champak*s sprung from ground !

See, friend meets friend on native sod,
 And hands fast locked in hands remain,
 As old familiar scenes are trod
 By kindred spirits joined again.

Prepare the way ! prepare the way !
 Great Uma* comes to bless the earth !
 Let swelling music stream away,
 And be this world a scene of mirth !
 Let all the charities of life
 Now rule the universal heart ;
 Cease, brethren, cease your angry strife,
 And act to all a brother's part !

RIDDLE

I have as many lives as the polypi,
 Souls full many have reigned in me,
 Once a preacher wise and great,
 A sycophant once, who served the State,
 A scholar next, whose trenchant pen
 Though erring oft in times by gone
 Now (in the heart of Babylon)
 Pleads for the weak, as brothermen.
 Once again, a man of feeling,
 Just in his purpose, true in his dealing ;
 But of all the minds that have dwelt in me
 In former times or latterly,

* The wife of Siva. The allusion is to the Durgā-pujah which takes place in autumn.

My present is the sweetest—what?
 Condense his praises in the sole word Scot.
 I have as many lives as the polypi,
 Cut off my limbs,—and you shall see!
 One member gone,—I am a friend,
 The worst perhaps that even grinned,
 Or dabbled in the printer's ink!
 Half, half my body must you send,
 Far in the deep Red Sea to sink,
 Before of me you make an end.
 Would you know more,—a wound on my side
 (Pray do not ask me how or why)
 Might make me vulgarly scotched or fried,
 And yet I would not wholly die;
 Three wounds I have borne,—wounds gaping wide,
 And still said to my enemies,—fie!

INDIAN MELODIES

I

THE STRANGER NOW REVELS AND REIGNS IN THE HALLS.

The stranger now revels and reigns in the halls,
 Where once in such glory and pride thou hast moved;
 And the voice of the alien is heard from the walls,
 Whence stream'd the banner thy children so loved.
 Thou art doom'd now to serve where as mistress before
 The homage of kings and of princes was thine,
 And the brow, that once proudly a diadem wore,
 Branded, alas! with dark infamy's sign!

Thou art pale like the moon when the clouds veil her face
 Not a star-beam hope, not a glow-worm joy,
 Now gleam through the night of thy shame and disgrace,
 Whose shade distils poisons that subtly destroy.
 Untouch'd is thy lyre which the world lov'd to hear,
 And mute is thy voice which once thrill'd with its song
 While the soul-sick'ning music that falls on the ear,
 Is the clang of the chain which thou draggest along !

II

WHEN THE MIDNIGHT OF SORROW AND CARE.

When the midnight of sorrow and care
 Envelopes the heart with its gloom ;
 Oh resign not thyself to despair,—
 Let Faith's torch-light thy pathway illumine.

On—On, still undaunted by fear,
 For the darkest night never will stay ·
 Soon the sunlight of hope will appear,
 And the flow'rs of joy bloom in thy way.

OH GRIEVE NOT, MY FRIEND.

Oh grieve not, my friend, if thy mistress is coy—
 If her warm, sunny looks sudden coldness betray ;
 Let the transient change never thy bosom annoy,
 'Tis the spring-cloud that quickly will vanish away.

Like a stream that meandering runs to the sea,
 The heart of the fair to her lover doth move ;
 Though in mazes she stray, though she wander from the
 She will bring thee at last the gold flood of her love !

III.

OH FORGIVE THE SAD FEELING.

Oh forgive the sad feeling that never can sleep,
And the tears that in silence the bondsman must weep,

For glory departed and Liberty gone !

The stars may appear,

The moon-beams may cheer.

But still pants the heart for the light of the sun.

The cage may be spacious, the keeper most kind.

And joys may be pour'd out to solace the mind;

Still the soul of the captive must sigh

For freedom to roam,

In his own forest home.

Unhinder'd by barrier, unfetter'd by tie.

AN OLD INDIAN MELODY.

The stranger now revels and reigns in the halls,

Where once thou in pride and glory hadst moved.

And the voice of the alien is heard on the walls,

Whence floated the banner thy children so loved.

Thou drudgest as hand-maid, where, humbly of yore,

Proud monarchs and heroes had courted thy grace :

And the brow, that for ages, a diadem wore,

Now bends in obsequance to vain mushrooms in place.

Fickle Fortune to thee is sternly unkind

Not a gleam of sweet hope, not a glimmer of joy.

Illumes for a moment the gloom of thy mind
While lurid marsh flames lure but thee to destroy.

Untouched is thy lyre, which the world loved to hear,
And silent thy voice, which once thrilled with its song;
While the heart-breaking music that falls on the ear
Is the clang of the chains that thou draggest along.

Like a tree gay with amaranths fragrant and bright,
Thy person in beauty and loveliness shone !
But as looks the same tree, when 'tis withered by blight,
Too mournful art thou with thy glories now gone.

Neglected thy garments—dishevelled thy hair—
Thy ornaments carelessly strewn on the floor,
Thou sittest like "Grief" fondly nursing her care,—
The dead hopes of the past that may waken no more.

In streams from thy eyes thy tears carelessly fall,
Fine words have no balm for thy sorrows and cares ;
Perchance, this reflection pains thee above all,
That thy 'fettters are love-gifts of Freedom's proud heirs.

Thy children, once famed for their science and art,
And for the marvellous works they had done,
Now languish forlorn, in deep anguish of the heart,
'Mid scenes where their fathers great triumphs had won

Arise, hapless Ind, my loved country arise
No longer bewail this deplorable state
See, Hope's iris loneliness gleams in the skies
Now strive to redress all the rigours of Fate.

If Britons to God and their pledges be true,
 And knock off the fetters that cause thee such pain,
 Swaraj* will be thine from Himadri† to the main,
 And dazzle the world with its splendour again?

VIRTUE

A COMPARISON.—(i)

See how yon banian spreads its giant boughs,
 And looks the mighty monarch of the plain!
 Through rolling ages it expands and grows
 Defying summer blasts and autumn rain.
 In branches with their pendant roots and long,
 From each a parent stem of stately size;
 And there the feather'd warblers pour their song,
 Concealed among the leaves from wond'ring eyes.
 And many a village-nymph in youthful bloom,
 And many a matron with her prattling train,
 Come tripping there to bless the sacred gloom,—
 Grateful alike to panting beasts and men.
 Thus virtue flourishes serenely fair!
 Thus she attains to as sublime a state,
 Uplifting high her noble brow in air,
 And braving all the storms of angry fate!

* Self-government.

† The Himalayas.

Each good deed thrives a stately living tree,
Whose roots around the feeling heart are wreathed,
Awak'ning notes of sweetest minstrelsy
That voice of harp, lyre or lute ever breathed.

The weary and the heart-sick roaming by,
Oft seek and bless the shade that Virtue gives ;
And a good life, though flesh may quickly die,
Green through long ages like the banian lives !

A COMPARISON.—(ii)

How merrily yon pansways* play
Upon the bosom of the stream ! .
They dance and sport like children gay—
So full of life and mirth they seem.

When lo ! the ocean surge,—the bore—
Comes foaming, frothing, tearing on ;
The placid stream is ruffled o'er,
The sportive pansways all are gone !

And all are gone, tree, sun and sky,
Reflected on the river's breast ;
While lashing, dushing, splashing high,
The angry wave uplifts its crest.

Ah ! such is still the course of life !
When fortune smiles, how calm it flows !
And free from cares and passions' strife,
We seldom think of coming woes.

* Green-boats.

How like the little pansways then
 Merrily dance with joyous pride
 The little hearts of thoughtless men,
 On life's eventful rapid tide !

But soon, alas ! misfortune's wave
 Comes rushing on with thund'ring noise ;
 And fast it whelms the heart that gave
 Promise of never-ending joys !

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS READERS ON MEARE'S CASE.

Rise, Britons, rise ! The hour is come
 To battle for the right divine
 Of whites to lash and thrash all Blacks,
 When'er the spirit moves or wine !
 The hour is come ! The hour is come !
 Unfurl the flag of License, boys ;
 Shout "England and St. George" aloud,
 And rouse old chaos with the noise !

With our good sword we hold this land,
 No law we own save that of Might ;
 Zoolum,* Zoolum, where'er he goes,
 Is Japeth's mission—Japheth's right.
 The Indies are our hunting ground,
 The Indians, red or black, our game ;
 To hunt them down like vermin vile,
 Be still a Briton's boast and fame !

* Force.

But yonder band of maudlin fools,

Unworthy of their rank and place,

For this have dream'd to dungeon dark

A brother of the Saxon race

The Boanerges of the West—

Shall we submit to their decree?

Speed to the rescue! Britons, speed!

Dare his pris'n bars and set him free!

Ye shades of Hampden and of Pym,

Rattle your bones against your grave!

Was it for this ye nobly fought,

And Chisley to the hangman gave?

Ye Barons stout of Runnymede,

And ye the Bill of Rights who won,

Weep bitter tears of grief and woe

To see your glorious work undone!

Undone! It cannot—shall not be!

See Fattel thunders through the press

The Gospel truth, that Britons may,

Without offence or guilt, transgress!

Then down with Couch and Phear and Smith,

Who basely do their trust betray!

But let's have honest hearts and true

Like Harris and Morris for aye!

THE SONG OF THE TIRHOOT PLANTERS.

The famine's o'er,—our task is done,

Let us back to our vats again !

The season for our dye is come—

For sweating toil in sun and rain.

The Famine was a jolly thing,

A jolly thing and nice and dear ;

The nicest, dearest famine, lads,

In India known for many a year !

A God-send, friends, it was to us ;

While millions starv'd all through Tirho

We fatten'd on the stricken land,

And—bless Reach Hard!—had our loot

Some people say, it was a myth,

A humbug, and that sort of thing ;

But mock or real, take our word,

It gave most freely like a king !

Let's drink its health in well-fill'd cups,

In well-fill'd cups of ruddy wine ;

Oh crown its brow with loving hands,

Crown it with myrtle wreaths and vine !

But dearest friends are doom'd to part :

Heigh ho ! It breaks our heart to bid

Adieu to one that well has prov'd

A saving Angel in our need !

A LAMENT.

Love is nectar, nay,—'tis poison sweet,
A delicious, yet destructive heat ;
Oh that I ne'er felt, ne'er tasted this
Exquisite pain, melancholy bliss !

Like the autumn moon in cloudless skies
In my heart did love resplendant rise ;
But alas ! my love, like th' autumn moon
In dark clouds of care was hidden soon.

For the youth I loved, my dearest—best—
In whose arms, caressing or carest,
I found heav'n itself,—from me has fled,
False to plighted troth, to vows he made.

Quench'd is the light that shone so kind,
All seems dark in eclipse of the mind ;
Care has paled these cheeks that shamed the rose
While my soul—an *Ætna*—burns and glows.

Like an empty cage, my heart is drear,
Hushed the song which once that heart did cheer
Come, O come, my love—my birdie come,
Back to this bosom, thy once loved home !

LINES ON THE F—R CASE.

The philosopher's stone, 'tis said, of old
Could change all baser metals into gold ;
But such the pow'r of Saxon fists we know,
Whene'er a *nigger* falls beneath their blow,

The soundest organ that was ever seen
Is changed *ek dum** into a ruptured spleen !

The selfsame spleen's a rather odd disease,
Which none but the *post mortem* Sawbones sees ;
The live syce never needs the healing` art,
But hard he toils, and acts his humble part`
Till British valour knocks the fellow down,
And then you hear his spleen's abnormal grown !

O F—R ! what reflections queer were thine
When worshipping at Jesus' holy shrine,
While thy poor brother all in dust lay low,
And Cain's brand burned upon thy throbbing brow !
Thy brother ! tush ! K—w—oo was a clod,
Fit victim for the altar of *thy* God !

Ye Scribes with souls scarce raised above the dust,
Shameless betrayers of sacred trust,
Who preach all unabashed the monstrous creed,
That white hands sanctify the blackest deed !
Is life not life, what e'er the case 'tis in,
And God indiff'rent to a darkish skin ?

Shame on your preachings, Antichrists at heart,
Unworthy sons of letters and of art,
In chorus yelling still in defence of wrong
When the weak man is victim of the strong ?
Be sure your words, as thus ye fret and rage,
Are writ in blood in Heav'ns recording page !

* At once.

For thee, worthy son of a worthy sire !
 Sweet master of the many-stringed lyre !
 Though green the laurels which adorn thy brow,
 Though bright the coronet which decks it now,
 A brighter crown and falseless glory wait
 Thy burning words on poor K—w—oo's Fate !

Too oft have British rowdies, devil-led,
 The blood of unoffending Indians shed,
 While justice, of her sword and balance shorn,
 Hath wept unvindicated—all forlorn,
 But thou hast nobly reaffirmed her sway,—
 Guilt hears thy words dismayed, and sneaks away !

'Tis cowardice indeed the weak to smite,
 When blow for blow they may not dare requite ;
 But arrogance of race abroad insists
 On right divine to strike of celtic fists ;
 And Japheth's *rampant* children in this land,
 Hold killing's no crime at their brethren's hand.

O friend of truth ! repress the 'wicked lie—
 The godless creed of blind humanity !
 And hark ! that peal of joy ! with one acclaim
 All India blesses Lytton's honor'd name !
 Thus ever strive to shield the weak and low,
 And add fresh bright wreaths to thy laureled brow ?



STANZAS TO LORD LYTTON'S INFANT SON.

· Cradled midst the deep, eternal snows,
Smiling lies the happy newborn child,
As though conscious of the summer glows
Which around it shine with grandeur wild.

Fitting nursery for the poet's heir !
For each wondrous scene that meets its gaze—
Nature's panorama bright and fair—
Is enshrined in Vyasa's* lofty lays.

For the regions round once owned the might
Of dread Mahadeo,† time's sovereign Lord,
From whose lips of old the sages bright
Reverent received the mystic word.

And the vales and glens still seem to ring
With sweet Uma's‡ cheery laughter gay ;
And still back to fancy's eye they bring
The grand pageants of her nuptial day.

Little stranger with the twinkling eyes !
Fledgling that hast newly burst thy shell !
Say, art thou a cherub from the skies,
Come in sportive mood on earth to dwell ?

There ! thou smilest ! wilt thou tell us why ?
Is it that bright angels from above
With their shining pinions hover by,
Breaking in thine ear kind words of love ?

* A great sage, the author of the Mahabharata.

† Shiva.

‡ The wife of Shiva.

Loving eyes watch o'er thy cradle bed ;
Loving lips are fondly pressed to thine ;
Loving hands, caress thy infant head,
And with fancied wreaths thy brow entwine !

Oh what joy thy winsome smiles inspire
In thy parents' breast, wee Paharee* !
Oh what golden hopes like lambent fire
Play around their heart at sight of thee !

Even such the hopes and joys that fill
India's heart as she regardeth thee !
Oh ! be thine thy sires' rare gifts and skill,
Their high worth and warm humanity !

Tiny Hindu ! when to manhood grown,
Wilt thou love the land that gave thee birth
Wilt thou ever hesitate to own
India's classic soil thy mother earth ?

Though, by fortune blest, thy father-land
Is more rich and great in mind and might,
Still this fallen clime hath mem'ries grand—
Lightning flashes midst impending night !

For earth's mightiest heroes trod these plains
Here civilization first began ;
Here Valmiki† sang his heavenly strains ;
Manu‡ gave the law to primal man.

* A mountaineer.

† A great sage, the author of the Ramayana.

‡ The great Hindu Law-giver.

A SOLILOQUY.

(Luddulal*, solus, a tank of milk and a pile of pastry
before him.)

Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt
And clarify itself into good *ghew*!†
Or that society had never put
His heel on spineless guts! Ah me! Ah me!
How greasy, sweaty, fat and ponderous
Appears to men—this square corporeal frame!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis but a rotten larder
Of rancid pastry, and fermented tallow
Fills it entirely. That it should swell to this!
In forty summers; nay not forty quite;
So lean an imp; that to my present self,
Was but a little thimbleful of earth
To an enormous Dwalagiri‡ of flesh!
O Daniel Lambert! O immortal Daniel!
What must I feed on! Oceans gulp I down
Of milk with Alps on Alps of sweets divine,
Insatiate still! and thus, in forty years,
I have expanded to proportions vast.
CORPULENCY, thy name is LUDDULAL!
For naughty urchins follow still my steps
Like Laughter's self, in grins; while I, even I,
Oh dear! like to a locomotive tender
Puff and blow,—ay blow gusts of nonsense wild

**Luddulal*—A well-known citizen of Calcutta, noted for his inordinate corpulency and vast proportions.

† Clarified butter.

‡ Mount Everest.

That are no more like sober Wisdom's strains
 Than is an elephant's loud shrilling blare
 To a nightingale's sweet, mellifluous trills,
 When Night her starry wings doth spread
 O'er Nature: 'O most shocking growth, to swell
 Thus to a monstrous multiple of man,
 With wind inflate that blows nobody good!
 But burst my bellows if I cease to blow!

LINES ON THE LATE ATTEMPT MADE ON THE
 LIFE OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN
 AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

The bullets sped, but hurtled past—
 Not e'en a hair of that lov'd Royal head
 Touching,—in their ruthless career of death!
 The very spirits of the air brushed them
 Aside, as if to show to sceptic souls
 How spotless virtue bears a charmed life.
 The evil news unwelcome, like a clap
 Of rattling thunder bursting, when the heavens
 Are clear and all serene, fell on men's ears,—
 Not in Her own wide realm alone, but far—
 Far to the farthest border of this globe;
 Wherever Reason sways, and man's advanced
 Beyond the brute. And nations looked aghast,
 And stoutest hearts have quailed beneath the shock!
 For never in our wildest, maddest dreams,
 When the Unreal and the Impossible

Came fitful on in Fancy's awful forms,
 The shadow of the faintest doubt arose,
 That aught save love and reverence on Her
 Did wait, whose brightest crown has been the love—
 Love loyal of Her people, and whose throne
 Is in the mighty heart of human kind.
 And such a life—a woman too—was singled
 Out for th' abhorred assassin's deadly blow !
 A universal cry of horror pierced
 The heavens, and Humanity's pulse flutters
 Still :—For who doth not feel his manhood stain'd
 To think the miscreant wears a human shape !
 But she is safe, and i' the deliverance
 We see, O God ! Thy hand benign display'd.
 Let India then upraise the voice of praise
 With lowly, rev'rent, earnest heart sincere—
 To *Him, the Common Father of us all*—
 Whose mercy hath spared to a loving world
 The noble Queen, the Mother lov'd—revered,
 And Oh ! "the perfect woman nobly planned !"

AN ELECTION SONG.

P—l to L—I—a

Oh ! weep not, my friend, if this turn of the tide
 All stranded hath left thy ambition and pride ;
 For the chances of war and Elections are same,—
 We're but minions of Fortune, her sport, and her game !

The mighty may fall, and the lowly may rise,
The vanquished may snatch from the victor the prize ;
The tortoise may beat the fleet hare in the race,
And Addy by birth may be Mullick by grace !

Still the good-will of friends, and their sympathy's thine,
Thy defect hath distressed me as if it were mine :
When thou wert on the board, what a clique we both made !
Were we not twin monarchs of all we surveyed ?

To secure thee a seat we have done all we could,
But thy foes to their guns have most manfully stood ;
The Chairman himself stretched the law in thy aid,
And what zeal and what tactics thy touters displayed !

Our *quondam* Dire-ogre—that drum upon legs—
Neglected for thee his loved dinners and pegs ;
The Diner-out bright—whose brass well hath him stood,
And to nothing succumbed but a gale and a flood—

His gab and his gifts hath ceaselessly plied,
To bring voters reluctant or shy to thy side ;
But his efforts and mine have all proved but in vain,
The cowherd has floored us again and again !

Oh ! what triumphs were ours and how proud we might
feel,

Did not Norris the Judge put a spoke in our wheel !
But what mortal could reckon on blind Justice's freak,
The strong she has felled and uplifted the weak !

Then, mourn not, my co-mate, nor cry out thine eyes,
Nor burden the air with thy howls and thy sighs ;
Go, take to thy Rosary, emblem of age,
And Prove Thee The Earnest Sevayet* And Sage !

THE ANGLO-INDIAN WAR-CRY
OR
BLUSTER IN EXCELSIS.

Wake, Britons ! from your slumbers wake !
A miscreant band of recreant Whites
Have sworn from you and yours to take
Your Magna Charta, Bill of Rights !
Our fathers fought and won this land,
By right of sword we hold it still ;
Who dare restrain our mighty hand ?
Who dare resist our Sovereign will ?

The Indians are our conquer'd slaves,—
Shall we, the victors, stand their sway ?
Did we all cross the ocean-waves,
These helots base to serve—obey ?
They hate us all—they must,—the race
Is blackn'd deep with every crime ;
Will ye your wives and daughters place
Beneath them for a moment's time ?

Was it for this that Havelock fought ?
That Peel and Neil their lives laid down ?
From yonder plain, on such mean thought
See, see our marble heroes frown !

*Worshipper.

Ye shades of Hampden and of Pym,
Of Barons bold of Runnymede,
Who tyrants quell'd with courage grim,
Speed to our rescue ! swiftly speed !

By all that's sacred, Britons, swear !
Ye, who fair freedom prize so high,
Swear to stand firm,—the worst to dare.
To fight for hearth and home, or die !
Hark to the thunders from the Press !
Hark to the cry from districts far !
Our free-born rights,—nor more nor less,—
It must be *that* ; or bloody war !

On, Britons, on ! The flag unfurl
That stream'd in darkest Stuart days !
Hurl ! from their seats the tyrants hurl !
And deck your brows with crown of bays !
Down—down with Ripon and his crew !
Hiss—hiss that traitor Ilbert's name !
They're recreants all—with souls untrue !
Not England's sons, but England's shame !

A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR INDIA.

The stranger now revels and reigns in the halls,
Where once in such glory and pride thou hast mov'd ;
And the flag of the alien now floats from the walls,
When stream'd the gold banner thy children so lov'd.

Thou art doom'd now to serve where as mistress before,
The homage of kings and of princes was thine ;
And the brow, that once proudly a diadem wore,
Is now branded, alas ! with vile slavery's sign !

Thou art pale like the moon when the clouds veil her
face;—

Not a star-beam of hope, not a glow-worm of joy,
Now gleam through the night of thy shame and disgrace,
While the howls of wild jackals thy night-thoughts annoy !
Untouch'd is thy lyre which the world lov'd to hear,
And mute is thy voice which once thrill'd with its song ;
While the soul-sick'ning music that falls on the ear,
Is the clang of the chain which thou draggest along !

Like a tree crown'd with starlets all glowing and bright,
Thy fair form once in beauty and loveliness shone ;
But as looks the same tree when 'tis wither'd by blight,
So sad dost thou look with thy glories now gone.
Neglected thy garment, dishevell'd thy hair,
Thy jewels all scatter'd and strown on the floor ;—
Thou sittest like grief fondly nursing her care,—
The dead hopes of the past that may waken no more !

Like the springs on thy mountains thy tears ever flow,
But the heart which they water doth bloom not again ;
For thy sighs like hot winds in thy low-lands that blow,
Blast the feelings that sprout into verdure in vain !

Thy sons, so distinguished in science and art,
So famed for their valour, in days that are gone,
Now live but inglorious in anguish of heart,
Amid scenes where their sires their proud triumphs had
won !

Arise, my fair Ind ! my lov'd country arise !
 Too long hast thou wept o'er thy sad, fallen state ;
 The moment invites,—cease thy tears and thy sighs,—
 Go, wrest with stout heart thy lost glories from Fate !
 There are warm Friends and gen'rous—Philánthropists true,
 Who feel it their mission to loosen thy chain ;
 Oh may thy old fire, now but hidden from view,
 Soon break out from thee in bright sparkles again !

THE MODERN ILIAD.

Malvolio's unrelenting wrath, the spring
 Of Mission scandals, heavenly goddess, sing !
 That wrath which hurled to Infamy's domain
 The souls of Dons and Donnas marked with stain ;
 Whose characters became, in crowded court,
 Devouring Trevin's, hungry Rasper's sport ;
 Since grim Malvalio and fair Pegan strove,
 Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse ! from what offences dire
 Sprung the fierce strife, Malvolio's dreadful ire ?
 Dan Cupid shot his penetrating darts,
 And heaped the mission camp with stricken hearts ;
 To stop all this the Scottish Padre tried,
 But the fair Pegan all his arts defied.

Malvolio sought with thundering voice to gain
 The captive Pegan from Wilsonio's chain.
 With looks severe the reverend Padre stands,
 Gali* on tongue, goosequill in his hands ;

* Abt

By these he threatened ; lifting his head,
The terrors of his tongue around he spread.
He lashed them all, but castigated most
Pegan the fair, whom he denounced as lost.

“O Woman ! in thy hours of festive ease,
Never caring whom thou seek'st to please ;
And like the ivy wanton—frail, I fear,
Twining around each tree that groweth near.

“Lo, shame and slander stain thy marble brow !
Won't thou relent, O recreant angel, now ?
By Jingo ! ease a wretched min'ster's pain,
And I'll take thee in these arms again !”
The Snails and Fishes their assent declare
T'uphold the priest, and persecute the fair.
'Twas then fair Pegan, moved by female pride,
Repelled Malvolio's charge, and thus replied :

“Malignant priest ! shut up—don't make such fuss,
Nor break the Decalogue, presumptuous, thus.
Hence, with thy sland'rous tongue, and grey goosequill,
Nor trust too far those instruments of ill.
Wilsonio is my friend, and shall remain ;
Your threats and libels, all shall plead in vain.”

The angry fair then to Carruthrus hied,
And there in bitter anguish mourned and cried.
Disconsolate, yet willing to complain,
If but the gods the enemy restrain ;
Soothed by Carruthrus, to his god she prays,
The god who darts around his legal rays.

"O Norriseus ! sprung from fair Britannia's line,
 Thou guardian power of Themis the divine,
 Thou Source of Right ! whom Bristol old adores,
 And whose presence now gilds Calcutta's shores ;
 If e'er a woman wiped thy infant tears,
 If e'er a woman 'lumed thy riper years ;
 God of the sword and scales ! thy blade employ,
 Avenge thy suppliant and her foe destroy."

Thus Pegan prayed ; the favoring power attends,
 And swift a summons to Malvolio sends.
 Bent was his brow, his heart was filled with rage :
 And the passing hour swelled to length of an age.
 For days and nights Norriseus hardly spoke,
 His meerschaum sending up huge curls of smoke.

 IO PŒAN.

Hail, Soldier-son of our great Queen adored !
 And hail, O Princess, Connaught's Consort fair !
 Who like sweet *Sita**, with thy warlike lord
 Hath chos'n his exile in the East to share !
 Hail, noble Viceroy ! hail, illustrious Peer !
 Lov'd ruler of these realms as of our hearts !
 A grateful nation bids you welcome here
 To whom new life Victoria's reign imparts !

* The wife of Rama, the hero of the Ramayana.

Hark to the thund'ring cheers from myriad throats

Hark to the sounding conch and tinkling bell !

Hark to the Indian *nowbat*'s* jocund notes !

Hark to the lively *ooloo*'s† choral swell !

From street and house, from roof and balcony,

In varied measure most melodious rise

Enliv'ning strains of linked symphony,

Proclaiming the land's joy to earth and skies !

Lo, loving hands your path with flowers bestrew !

Lo, loving hearts their gratulations send

To thee, O Prince, and to thy Princess true !

To thee, O Ripon, India's truest friend !

See, festal blazes shed their glory round !

The city wears a garb of light and love !

Joy breathes in every sight, in every sound,

And stars below eclipse bright stars above !

Bless them, ye holy men of Bharat's land !

Bless them from temple, mosque, and sacred shri

Bless them, with earnest will and outstretch'd hand !

O bless, that they be blest with grace divine !

Joy, flow on in ceaseless, rushing stream !

Let Youth and Beauty dance the time away !

Make the most of his hour of bliss supreme !

Enjoy uncheck'd the heart's own holiday !

* *Nowbat*—An instrumental music with drum, flute and slymbals on festive occasions.

† *Ooloo*—A long drawn sound consisting of a repetition of the word made with the aid of the tongue by Hindu women on festive occasions.

For lo ! in yonder beauteous edifice,
 Adorning our imperial city's plain.
 Fair India holds her carnival of peace,
 Bedeck'd with riches drawn from land and main !
 Such happy sights the golden past recall,
 When for Yudhishthir*—just beyond compare—
 The Titan Maya† rear'd his magic hall,
 Gorgeous with Art and Nature's treasures rare !
 And countless millions throng'd from distant lands
 To see the wondrous work of Titan art ;
 They grasp'd in loving clasp our fathers' hands,
 And sped the interchange of mind and heart !
 Time's panorama to our view once more
 Unfolds a similarly festive scene ;
 India invites to her bright coral shore
 The world,—with seraph voice and witching mien !
 "Come hither, come hither, O sisters dear !
 Fair sisters, come from North, South, West and East !
 From icy halls and sunny bowers—oh here
 Speed to Art's revel, Science's magic feast !
 Britannia, Gallia, America, speed !
 Speed Germany ! speed, Queen of Southern seas !
 Eschewing discord, strife, ambition's greed,
 Let us engage in revelry of Peace !
 And millions pour fast at the welcome call—
 Joy in each eye, and concord in each breast—
 To seal, in yonder beauteous, festive hall,
 The happy bridal pact of East and West !

* The eldest of the five Pandava brothers of the Mahabharata.

Rejoice, my best-lov'd Motherland, rejoice !
 No longer must thou grovel in the dust !
 For Ripon cheers with earnest, gen'rous voice,—
 To duty true and exalted *Trust* !

O Prince ! tell her, our common mother dear,
 Tell her, the Empress-Queen of Hindustan :—
 A truer, nobler statesman came not here.
 Since England's empire in the East began,
 Than Ripon, whom we fondly style the Just !
 Tell her, we love him for his manly worth !
 Tell her, we place on him our highest trust !
 Tell her, he's idol of our home and hearth !

This truth does History distinctly prove—
 Opposed to tyrants' ways—to tyrants' arts :—
 Nations, like children, are held fast by love ;
 The sword may empires win, not peoples' hearts !
 England's arms are weak in comparison
 With the true moral grandeur of her fame ;
 And stronger than the strongest garrison,
 In this fair land, is Righteous Ripon's name !

MORRISSEUS

OR

THE STORY OF THE LOST EAR.

Morrisseus sat in his grand, high-back'd chair,
 Counsel and attorney, and suitor were there ;
 Many a fair, and many a 'fright,
 Many a black, and many a white,

With a great many more of diversified hue,—
 Portuguese, and Mulatto and Eu—
 Rasian and Half-caste to country untrue !
 Never, I guess, Was a greater press
 Of lawyers and laymen, the noble and rich
 Than that which *salaam'd* to the Judge of the Ditch !

 In and out, Like a wily scout,
 A lean figure kept gliding about ;
 Here and there, With a cool, jaunty air,
 With paper and pen, Past long-robed men,
 Hat and cap, and *pugri* of shawl
 Coat and *choga*, he brush'd past them all !
 With dismal air, He stood by the chair
 Where, in state, Judge Morrisseus sate,
 Law in his voice, but lead in his pate !
 And he look'd for a space, In his Lordship's face,
 With a horrified look, Which nobody mistook ;
 And, artfully shedding a bit of a tear,
 Exclaim'd, "Where the deuce, O my Lord, is your ear !

Fast at the news, Pollio goes into fits ;
 Hevansio, confounded, quite loses his wits ;
 Jasper gaspeth for breath; Fallit's all pale as dea
 Tillip is dumb ; Trillin looks glum ;
 Whatkonius in sorrow he fetches a sigh ;
 Lutter in a flutter shuts up his one eye ;
 Bobus and Norgan Examine their organ
 Of hearing, to see if their auricles were right,
 Uninjur'd by angry damsel or Knight !
 Gobesh Chunder Looks the picture of wonder ;
 Mittro acute, With terror is mute ;

Ghose and Bose Huddle close,
Mookerjee too Perspires his *Gheu*,*
And appeals to his spirits again and again,
To produce a duplicate ear there and then !

There's a regular scare, As if the Devil were there !
And feeling no doubt, They go hunting about ;
The Crier is hoarse, And of course
All attorneys' pockets are turn'd inside out !

The peons are swearing, They couldn't be so daring
As to steal a judicial organ of hearing !

Morrisseus grew Awfully pallid in hue ;
He look'd in his book, In each corner and crook ;
He examin'd his shoe, And his tight trousers too ;
He turn'd up his coat-tail ; He peer'd thro' the rail
He felt in his breast, and he felt 'mong his papers ;
He look'd up in air, and then look'd at the gapers
He search'd above and below, but, oh dear !
He could find no such thing—no such thing as his ear

His Mentor now stoop'd down and whisper'd to him,
"Sure the Magian Zurando had stolen the limb !"

More foolish than wise, He heav'd many sighs,
And call'd for the Sheriff, his Chief and his *bhies*†
In anger profound, and deep, passionate grief,
He gave the order to seize that rascally thief !
To seize him at board, to seize him in bed,
By the shin of his leg or the hair of his head ;
To seize him asleep, or by day or by night ;
To seize him unarmed, or ready for fight ;

* Clarified butter.

† Brothers.

To seize him at home, to seize him abroad ;
 To seize him in street, or the temple of God ;
 To seize him in walking, or talking, or joking ;
 To seize him in eating, or drinking, or smoking ;
 Wherever he be, whate'er district he tread,
 To seize him alive, or bring up his head !

Never was Judge so terribly hot !

But the question arose, Very just, I suppose,
 Did the culprit deserve so much powder and shot ?

The day is come, 'Midst deep'ning hum
 Of voices, Zurando now steps into Court,
 With resolute look, and dignified port.

But no longer gay—You justly may say !
 His beard seems to be turn'd slightly grey !

At sight of him, The Judges look grim !
 'And the Philistines cry out, "That's him !
 That's the scamp that has stolen the ear !
 That's the thief standing by Bonnerjeus there !"

That limb of the law, Slowly open'd his jaw,
 And in the proceedings discover'd some flaw ;

He denied the charge, And for his client did urge
 Many arguments, Probity being his trump ;
 Then added, "Pray nail not his ear to the pump !"

With gloomy brow, Morrisseus now
 A long conference held with his Chief,—
 How to punish that *budmash*,* that impudent thief !
 The old Kazi of course, Yielded to force
 Of his brother's appeal, As the sequel will reveal ;

* Miscreant.

For Justice be hang'd and your Law and much more,
Where race pride's concern'd and *Espirit de corps*!

And it has been so, As you very well know,
From Impey's day to Channingham's time,—
Indians are cribb'd and kill'd without reason or rhyme!

But to our tale. Rubicund and hale,
The old Kazi addressing the Prisoner said :—

"For this crime thou deservest the loss of thy head!

The proof is most clear, Thou hast stolen the ear!

No words are too strong To denounce the sad wrong!

'Ear for ear' is the law of the Jews,

But this to admin'ster we, Christians, refuse ;

The Law we maintain, Is much more humane ;
We suffer not Vengeance our Empire to stain!

Hence, then, to prison for twice thirty days,

Thank the Bench, and their clemency praise!"

The guards appear ; The court they clear ;
'Midst an out-burst of deafening wail,
Sad Zurando is taken to Jail!

The sentence pronounc'd, Is wrongly denounc'd
By old persons and young, by both simple and wise,
Who fill the grand hall with their curses and cries!

There are moans, And deep groans ;

An army of boys, Make a Babel of noise,

In and out, They move about,

Indulging their freaks, Regardless of beaks.

Indignation becrimsons each juvenile face,

For their favourite hero and leader's disgrace,—

On such frivolous charge, in such trumpery case!

In wild unrest, Like 'mad or possess',

They set up a shout, and they hiss and they yell,
And the Judges they wish at the bottom of hell!

Never, I ween, Was such tumult seen
Outside any meeting of malcontent Whites,
To slander the Aryans, and rave for their rights!
Thus the public, the Bar, and the Prison'r were sold!
But the wonder of wonders remains to be told:—
That same even, Morrisseus, in rubbing his face,
Discover'd his auricles sticking in place!

Merrily, merrily! Cheerily, cheerily!
In due season, Zurando leaves his prison,
As proud as a conquering hero might be!

Merrily, merrily! Cheerily, cheerily!
As bridegroom gay, On his bridal day,
He cometh with flowers all strewn in his way!

With banners flying, And multitudes crying
At the top of their lungs, with a heart and a will,—
"Long life to Zurando and freedom from ill!"

MORAL.

The sensible Reader from hence will discern,
That some Judges with profit this maxim may learn:—

Never an ear-wig trust, Or, if you ever must,
You will surely flounder—Like a witless, big *bunder**
In mire, or be trampled like vermin in dust!

And, O Reader, beware! How you dare interfere
With a Judge's proboscis or ear;
For be't ever so long, or be't ever so short

* Monkey

These Kazis can't bear The least injury there,—
 The least metaphorical pulling or hurt!
 While the scales in their hands are adjusted so fine,
 Their least wrong will outweigh e'en the greatest of thine!

LINES ACCOMPANYING THE BOUQUET
 PRESENTED TO HIS EXCELLENCY
 THE VICEROY.*

(Marquis of Ripon.)

We give thee this, as emblem just
 Of God's love and Man's love in one,—
 The dual love—thy rock and trust—
 Which India's heart to thee hath won!

The flowers will fade, but not her love,—
 Her children's love from shore to shore ;
 'Twill lasting as a Banyan prove,
 And grow and grow from more to more!

LINES ACCOMPANYING THE BOUQUET
 PRESENTED TO HER EXCELLENCY

The Marchioness of Ripon.

The floral gift we bring to thee,
 Is the land's grateful tribute free ;
 Take it, dear lady! deign to take—
 Not for the gift, but giver's sake!

* Presented to Their Excellencies by school-boys when they passed the residence of the well-known Dutts of Wellington Sq., of which Babu Jogesh Chandra Dutt is the present head

Our loyal homage is thy due,—
 Our heart-felt homage—warm and true,
 For thou hast been an Angel bright
 To him, who's India's hope and light!

A¹.

How sweet the gen'rous use of Wealth,
 Flowing in streams that millions save!
 Blessed the hands this gift that gave,
 To lengthen Life and strengthen Health!

The noble Sarnamayi's name,
 Linked with Mapindra's, shall be writ
 In living water—sparkling bright—
 And blazon'd by emblazing Fame.

B².

O bid these crystal waters bear
 Their *Amrit** to all homesteads here;
 And ever thus thyself endear
 To myriads placed beneath thy care!
 A peaceful, happy sway be thine,
 Crowded with deeds of love and grace,
 That this fair land may fondly bless
 Thy memory and rule benign!

A¹ Lines inscribed on a tablet at the Berhampur Water Works.

B² Address of the Maharaja of Cossimbazar to Sir John Woodburn the Then Lt.-Governor of Bengal, on the occasion of the opening of the Berhampur Water-Works.

*Nectar.

INDIA'S VINDICATION OF LORD RIPON
AND HER FAREWELL.

Up, brothers, up! behold in yonder skies,
The glorious sun-down in the crimson west!
Thus noble Ripon—gen'rous, just and wise—
Goes to his island-home from toil to rest.

His reign has been poor India's halcyon day,
A sun-look piercing through the deepest gloom.
A radiant morn all redolent of May,
Ay, Hope's own resurrection from the tomb!

For not the hero's Fame, the Lily red
That grows on crimson stream of blood he sought;
His purer, loftier aim has been to shed
The life and light that cheers the People's lot.

His guide's the law revealed on Sinai's height,
The sermon on the Mount his fount of love;
And the Great Book has taught his hopes aright,
To seek for glory but in realms above!

The bonds of Love, like silk though soft and light,
Are stronger yet than adamantine chain,
And more than bayonet or sword of might
Potent t'attach men to a foreign reign.

Fetters can shackle limbs, but not men's hearts,
Coercion is the tyrant's poor resource;
For Loyalty is born of loving arts,
Of gen'rous Sympathy, and Moral Force.

Arms may restrain awhile the stubborn breast,
 May force allegiance from reluctant land :
 Empires thus raised, on weak foundations rest,
 Like houses built by children on the sand !

But Love, confined to no one race or clan,
 And Justice, emulous of Heaven's own,—
 Holding the balance ev'n 'tween man and man,—
 These are the rock of pow'r, of earthly throne.

And these, O Ripon ! are thy title just
 To the land's love and lasting gratitude ;
 For true to duty and thy sacred Trust
 Thy ceaseless care has been this country's good.

Shame on the lying tongues which falsely say,
 That England's hold on India's heart has been .
 Weakened beneath this virtuous ruler's sway,—
 So just to all, so faithful to his Queen !

They call him weak ! because he has not thrust
 All he could wish down their reluctant throat,
 Because he has been firmly, strictly just
 In all he ever did, or spoke or wrote !

Weak—weak indeed ! he who at Duty's call
 Spurned Faction's threats, lies, slanders, and did stake
 Position, influence, and power—all—
 And that the world holds dear, for conscience' sake !

Weak—weak indeed ! the Christian hero bold
 Who, from the rav'nous pack, like shepherd good
 And vigilant, hath saved the helpless fold,
 And still between the strong and feeble stood !

Mark ! how they yell and chafe and strain their necks
 To rush, with furious violence, on him,—
 The man who, of all men, imposed the checks
 So needful to restrain each savage grim !

There are who blame him for great lust of fame,
 Unblushing preachers of repressive force !
 If to serve God and Man deserves the blame,
 He shares it with Hare, Howard, Wilberforce !

Misguided fools ! as fragrance in the rose,
 Sweetness in honey, nectar in the palm ;
 So Man's love in God's love inheres and grows,
 Humanity's elixir,—healing balm !

And Fame, unsought, attends such hallowed Love,
 As Life attends the Universal Space ;
 Or as the songsters from the sylvan grove
 Attend fair Usha* when she shows her face.

An adult'rous class clamour for a sign !
 But will they, can they see? the purblind band !,
 Behold ! propitious to his rule benign,
 With health and plenty Heav'n hath blest the land !

Apart from thousand nameless acts of grace,
 The kindly charities of life unbought,
 It has been Ripon's glory to efface
 From Statute Book the law which shackled Thought

A liberated Press ! then view his plan
 Of Local Self-Government ! Measures twain

* Dawn.

That make the Patriot feel himself a man,
And raise up India's drooping head again !

These are his triumphs ! these the talisman
Which Indian Union silently has wrought,
Making the Hindu, Parsi, Mussulman,
All one in feeling, interest, and thought !

Are not these great achievements, golden deeds
That should in golden characters be writ ?
The prescient husbandman hath sown the seeds,
And these will grow in grace in season fit.

Will th' acorn, which doth in its tiny shell,
The stately monarch of the forest hold,
Will it, as by a juggler's magic spell,
Before its time the giant oak unfold ?

Wait, brothers, wait ! Oh nurse the seeds with care,
Still—still the soil prepare, manure, refine ;
Time will change them to goodly plants and rare,
The Trees of Life to nations in decline !

The Muse of History will fondly dwell
On the bright record which embalms his fame ;
When selfish rowdies at his name who yell,
Will have sunk to Nothingness whence they came.

She does not build her verdict on the views
Of class or clique or buzz of idle moth :
The People's voice is echoed by the Muse,
All else she spurns as frowzy, worthless froth.

See, India, though long unto marble grown,

Like fair Ahulya's* vivified again!—

She breathes—she weeps—no longer now a stone—

At touch of kindness thrilling heart and brain!

In tears, dear Mother! in a flood of tears!

Flow on, ye precious dew's of surcharged breast!

Ye best express her grief profound and fears,

At loss of him who gave her strength'ning rest,

The Ages have not seen such stirring sight;

A Continent with one pulsation moving;—

One heart—one mind—one soul ablaze with light

Of glowing passion for one loved and loving.

O England! what thy sword could ne'er achieve,

That Ripon's gen'rous rule has gently done!

The Millions here have motive now to live,

And closer cleave unto Victoria's throne!

The greatest conqu'ror he of modern Ind,—

Mightier than Mahmood, Nadir, Tamerlane,

Who built their pow'r on woes of human kind,

On ravished land, and desecrated fane!

Not his the triumphs of that robber band!

He's conquered hearts, the living are his slain;

The Olive branch of Peace his flaming brand,

And Justice, Mercy, Love, his warrior train!

* In Hindu legend, the wife of the Rishi Gautama, and very beautiful. She was seduced by Indra in her husband's shape. Her husband cursed her and she was converted into stone. She remained long in that condition till Rama restored her to her natural state by touching her with his foot and reconciled her to her husband.

Up, brothers, up! your grateful homage pay
 To him whose rule benign will shortly cease;
 Pour out your glowing hearts in thrilling lay,
 Make the present one Carnival of Peace!

O twine his brow with wreaths that will not fade,
 Such wreaths as never warriors' temples bound,—
 By fond affection's loving fingers made:—
 With such be Ripon by the Empire crowned!

And, now, Farewell! e'en though it breaks the heart
 To say the word; still fare thee well, once more!
 And think, O think,—all kindly as thou art,—
 Of us who love thee, honour, and adore!

May God, thy God and ours, our common God,
 Bless thee with health and strength, and evening
calm!

And when thy mortal part's placed 'neath the sod,
 Be thine the Coveted White Robe and Palm!



THE LAST DAY.

I dreamt a dream of wondrous phantasy,
Such as asleep or waking ne'er before
So stirred my heart's pulsations, or transfixed
My mind spell-bound to what I saw and heard.
Oh! that I had the mighty gift of song
Like him, the bard divine. on whom the Nine
Their choicest blessings pour'd—immortal Vyás*,—
Who waked of yore the many-sounding harp,
In bursts of grandest harmony sublime :—
Then might I hope to sing in numbers fit
The lofty theme my humble Muse inspires!

Methought the last, the awful day came on,
Big with the fate of man and countless worlds—
The day on which the self-styled lord of earth,
Tho' a mere worm in being's endless scale,
Was to find him doomed to perdition vile,
Unutterable woe and blank despair ;
Or raised in glory to th' Elysian fields,
There, with the seraph choir, to hymn, in joy
Ecstatic, praises of the King of heaven.

I stood on th' edge of dread Eternity.
All motionless and in amazement lost,
And pow'r of utterance locked as in a trance,
Where the mind wakes and but the body sleeps.
The panorama vast of varied worlds
Lay like an ample page before mine eyes,

* Author of the Mahabharata the greatest Epic in the world.

All deeply stirred, as if they knew and felt
It was Creation's dissolution day.
Terror, like some huge bird with sable wings
Outspread, now brooded o'er the face of things ;
A lurid hue—nor light nor darkness—veil'd
The scene, as 'twere the shroud of threat'ning doom;
The sun himself, the moon, and starry spheres
Appeared all shorn of their effulgence bright ;
And the air sighed and moaned to miss its love,—
Green Nature in her gayest, loveliest forms.
For trees and flowers all were none, and like
A childless mother with her blasted hopes
Still on her lap, the earth bewailed their loss
In thund'rous bass to the aerial dirge !

'Twas a fit prologue to Pralaya's* dread
Tragedy, awful past all power of speech !
Prakriti—Universal Mother—looked
As though to an idea she must fade
Away, absorbed in the primal shell,
As when the Manifest unconscious lay
All locked in Param Brahma's† close embrace.
When hark ! the trumpet's dread and furious blast,
Piercing all space with deaf'ning clangour shrill,
Demands in voice of thunder loud—"Give up
The dead ! Ye graves ! Ye elements ! that hold
Matter which once was life—give up the dead !"
Again—again is heard that mighty blast,
Till earth and sky a deepening echo fills.

* Annihilation of created things.

† The Supreme Being—the First Cause.

And lo ! a form in mid-air now appears,
 Bright with the radiance of ten thousand suns,
 Shedding confluent streams of dazzling light.
 'Tis the eternal Judge Unspeakable !
 The Trinal God-head in His Oneness blest !
 Blest Unity in holy Trinity,
 By triple band of Gunas* manifest !
 And round about Him shine the nine Great Lords,†
 Four score Sidhs and four,‡ and twelve Mystic Paths§
 But dim revealed i' the Apostolic number—
 The Prajapatis,† and celestial Rishis,†
 And angels,—spirits pure of perfect light.

Not far from throne of awful Justice stands,
 With his great Book in hand and flaming sword,
 The Angel who records all mortal deeds ;
 While hosts of cherubs bright, in arms celestial,
 Crowd the bright vault of heav'n to execute
 Decrees judicial of their Sov'reign Lord.
 Nature beheld the Tribunal Divine
 Aghast, her heart all quiv'ring with affright ;
 The earth and sky to their foundations shook ;
 Old Ocean sank into his inmost caves ;
 And, with his empty hour-glass, Time stood still.

* Qualities of the Deity. They are three in number, viz :—*satga* or goodness, *raja* or passion, and *tamas* or darkness.

† The Novenity of the Yogis.

‡ *Siddhas*, Saints or Elders of heaven.

§ *Dvadas Panthas*. The twelve paths. This, rightly understood, gives the clue to the identity of esoteric Christianity with Yogism.

* Supernal Powers presiding over Creation, reckoned to be ten in number corresponding to the ten quarters of the Universe.

† Sages.

Louder and louder still the trumpet sounds :—

“Ye elements ! Ye graves ! give up the dead !”

Obedient to the call, the elements

And sepulchres disgorge their cold contents :

But oh ! how changed, though now revived,

From what in flesh they were, when they did walk

The earth in all the spurious pride of clay !

The prison-house and discipline of Death

Are truly, sternly chast'ning ! Fancy drops

Her colored glass, and man beholds himself

In all his naked imbecility.

Innumerable as the ocean sands,

The spirits o' the resuscitated dead,

Like frozen streams bursting their icy band,

In swelling numbers soon appear in sight.

They come ! they come ! like armies vast of ants,

Or like unceasing billows of the sea,

Wave after wave in endless following !

Patricians and plebeians, rich and poor,

Princes and peasants, rulers and the ruled,

Tyrants and slaves, philosophers and fools,—

Commingle all in one promiscuous throng—

Flock to the awful verge of Time and Space.

O Death ! thou art indeed a leveller !

Thou strippest monarchs of their jewelled crowns,

Their purple robes, and golden rods of sway ;

Robbest the bloom from Beauty's blushing cheeks,

And the soft lustre from her witching eyes ;

'Tis thou reducest mighty, splendid earth,

Alike with what is deemed ignoble clay,

Into vile, paltry food for crawling worms !

Alas ! that thy stern lessons should be lost
On man, though taught him with an iron tongue !

Yonder they come, the spirits of the dead,
All mute with anxious fear or conscious guilt,
All but the good and true—th' Elect of Heaven—
To whom His will had been a guiding star.
O Pride ! where now thy scorn, thy haughty mien,
Thou who wast wont to spurn the lowly ones
Of earth, the sons of Toil and Poverty ?
O Wealth ! where now thy much-lov'd golden hoards,
Those hoards incarnadined with human gore—
The wages vile of villany and sin ?
O Tyranny ! where now thy rod of sway,
Thy iron heel which, drunk with pow'r, upon
The necks of thy weak brethren thou didst set ?
Vile caitiffs ! tremble for your cursed souls !

The charnels now have cast up all the dead,
And re-awakened Man awaits his doom.
Say, heavenly Muse ! of that vast throng who stood ?
Who fell ? who stood firm as a rock, or who
Fell, like some column hoar with age, from sheer
Rottenness, down into the yawning pit ?

In sweetest accents breathing music's soul,
First the Recording Angel bade the good
And true,—the lights of sanctity on earth—
Step forth from that vast concourse of the dead.
And forth they stepped, a glorious band, in peace
And holiness and light devotional
Enrobed ; they moved like Hesper beaming mild ;

Their eyes were upward turn'd ; their looks reflected,
As in a mirror clear, a tranquil soul.

Oh ! tranquil as the ocean's breast when not
A breeze the waters stirs, a gentle swell
Alone expressing Gratitude's sweet throb.

Theirs were the kindly charities of life,—
Mercy, benevolence, and sympathy—
Which knew not any tribal bounds of hill
Or rill, nor wider ones of sea or mount ;
But scorning all the bars of land and sea,
They the whole world in loving folds embraced :
Not that false, hollow, cruel Love which mocks
With idle words, while deeds the iron soul
Betray, but Love as true as His who bled
Upon the Crucifix for fallen man !

Theirs was Humility, not such as veils
The outward form in mask of lowliness,
While rages fierce the flame of pride within,
But such as—felt along the heart—o'erflows
In meekness true of mind and mien and speech.

Justice was theirs, that held in even balance
Self and the world, and gave to all their due,
And no distinction made 'tween man and man.

Religion was theirs, not mere lip-professed,
But heart-cherished, and proved by righteous lives
And works, where Love of God and Love of man—
The dual Love without which either's vain—
Commingle shone in happy union blest.

And oh ! when earthly pow'r was theirs, 'twas not
The meteor's blaze at night all ominous
Of coming evil, or the lightning flash,
Whose dazzling glare preludes the fearful bolt ;

No, 'twas the solar ray which 'lumes the world
With light and life and hope derived from Heav'n !

The saintly host in kneeling posture lay
With clasped hands, and in devotion rapt.
A halo now each holy brow invests,
Brighter than brightest diadem of kings,
As the Eternal Perfect Judge decrees
Translation of the blest to bow'rs of bliss !
Rejoice, Salvation's heirs ! your trials o'er,
Receive the well-earned guerdon of your faith !

One by one forth they stepped with noiseless feet,
That scarcely seemed to touch the solid earth,—
Forth they stepped, to receive from lips Divine
The golden Judgment which promoted them
To throned seats among the Pow'rs of heaven.

Now gleams a radiant vision on my sight,—
A startling joy such as the rapt adorer
Thrills when the light first flashes on his soul.
A glorious figure, wearing heavenly
Peace like a zoneless garment richly wrought,
Comes softly on, attended by three Graces,—
Charity, Love, and Faith. These from his birth
Abode with him as no unworthier co-mate
Or less pure than the denizens of heaven,—
Their native home—and made his hallowed name
A household word in Bharat's sunny land.
And in that presence bright I recognise,
With swelling heart, the Indian Croesus whom
True holiness with lowliness combined,

No, 'twas the solar ray which 'lumes the world
With light and life and hope derived from Heav'n !

The saintly host in kneeling posture lay
With clasped hands, and in devotion rapt.
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And in that presence bright I recognise,
With swelling heart, the Indian Cræsus whom
True holiness with lowliness combined,

Among that saintly host, with thrilling joy
And pride. I see the bold Reformer, who
In darkest times flung off the yoke of Falsehood ;
And, putting on the panoply of light,
Brought bright-eyed Truth from her secluded home
Amidst Himalaya's eternal snows
Back to his native plain, from whence she had
In terror fled, all scared by hateful rites
Revolted of a hellish superstition.
Filled with the learning of the East and West—
An intellectual Samson in the midst
Of Philistines grov'ling in ignorance,
And fallen from their simple ancient faith,—
He consecrated, with unflinching zeal,
His mighty mind with all its gifts and powers,
Its wealth of knowledge spoiled from hoary Time,
Its deepest thoughts, and fondest—brightest hopes,
To the sole service of his God and kind.
O ! noble life with noble deeds replete !
'Twas thine the glory and the grace and joy
To save thy country's new-born buds from slaughter
On th' altars of a fell idolatry,
And widowed female hearts—all warm and throbbing
With full-blooded life—from the blazing pyre !
Thine the still higher glory to erect
God's church—pure from abominations foul—
On the strong rock of Nature's revelation,
Which ne'er deceiveth, understood aright.
Alas ! among thy following, in these
Degen'rate times, there be who, wandering
From the true God, transfer the worship due

In lonely fight to overcome the beasts,
 And burn them out and out in sacrifice
 On God's true altar in the purest heart.
 Thus, armed with shield of Faith and Vairagya's*
 Pilgrim staff, lone he wandered from his kind—
 His God his all in all, in him and all—
 A *paribrajak*† freed from wordly bonds,
 At peace with all, but with himself at war,—
 The stony ground and bare his downy bed,
 And the cerulean sky his canopy ;
 And he lived—when, indeed, occasional
 Pauses in his continual fasts permitted—
 On voluntary doles of charity,
 Austere like one of Christ's own chosen Twelve.
 At last, near sacred Jumna's dark blue stream,
 In sight of Brindabun's far-glitt'ring shrine,
 He triumphed o'er the beasts—yea, triumphed o'er
 The Serpent‡ that in three folds and-a-half
 Coils round the Adam in our inner self ;
 And there, amid the coil's song and peacock's
 Joyous dance, won deliverance from flesh,
 And passed through death to everlasting life !²

* Renunciation of the world.

† Religious wanderer.

‡ The allegorical account of Adam and the Serpent in the Bible, and the mythological account of Hercules and the Dragon guarding the golden apples of the Hesperides, have an explanation well known to Eastern Initiates. There is more in these accounts than meets the eye, a deeper significance than is attached to them by superficial observers. They only who have unravelled this riddle have in their possession the true key to the great problem of life.

Among that saintly host, with thrilling joy
And pride, I see the bold Reformer, who
In darkest times flung off the yoke of Falsehood ;
And, putting on the panoply of light,
Brought bright-eyed Truth from her secluded home
Amidst Himalaya's éternal snows
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On the strong rock of Nature's revelation,
Which ne'er deceiveth, understood aright.
Alas ! among thy following, in these
Degen'rate times, there be who, wandering
From the true God, transfer the worship due

To Him, from Him unto His creature man,
And impiously exalt a finite thing—
A crawling worm—unto the perfect glory
And wisdom of the Infinite Creator!³

Next see he comes, with smiling looks benign,
The grand old man, who left his sea-girt home
In the far West, to spouse Philanthropy
In fair Bengala's grove of champac bright ;
Who fondly—passionately clave to her,
And only her, thro' weal and woe, in health
And sickness, and thro' good report and evil,—
Unchanged and changeless with the ceaseless whirl
Of self and passions' bustling stir around !
For he re-lit the lamp of Knowledge, where
Her crystal light had been for ages, quenched,
And all his heart and soul and means employed
In serving self-lessly an ancient race,
Borne down by wars and robber-hordes, and pining
In the deep gloom of Freedom's longest night.
His life was but a stream of golden deeds,
A white page undefiled by blur or blot ;
And so he left a blessed name behind,
A name told on the heart's own rosary !
Methinks I see a merry troop of boys
Gathered round him, the centre of their sports ;
And as the fun goes round, loud ringing peals
Of elfin laughter greet each sprightly prank
The little folk—spring-flowers of innocence—
Invent, to speed the joyous hours away.
And he the while views them with glistening eyes,
Or joins them in their sports, more blithe and gay

Than ev'n the merriest, playfullest of them ;
Or now and then, as they fall out, decides
Their little suits, and harmony restores.
Blest spirit ! hallowed be thy name, and cherished
In kind remembrance to the verge of time !⁴

See ! see ! a saintly form now greets the sight !
See him advance with noiseless steps and soft,—
And glorious with heav'n's holy—blessed light,
And breathing peace and good will unto men !
Tho' placed on fortune's summit high, nor pride
Nor ostentation his demeanour marked,
Nor lust of power e'er stained his gentle soul ;
But evermore he lived a spotless life,
As pure as his, Creation's earliest Heir,
What time the Father of mankind in Eden
Dwelt,—happy in his wedded love, and love
Of Heaven, ere the Fiend in serpent's guise
With the fatal fruit lured him to his fall.
With well-poised mind and passions held in check,
He nobly worked at Learning's precious mine,
And gave the world the golden key that opes
The treasures locked in Sanscrit speech divine.
Oh ! where—where shall ye find his peer below ?
Death ! render back the glorious dead, to grace
Once more the world with his example bright !⁵

And now I see a noble figure cast
In highest beauty's mould, whose lofty brow
Bespeaks a pure and lofty soul within.
He looks the image bright of Clemency ;
And as he moves, lo ! Peace attends his steps.

When a fierce hurricane swept o'er the East,
And men hurled Reason from her tottering throne,
With cheeks unblanched, stout heart, and iron nerves,
He curb'd their passions wild, and firmly check'd
War's blood-hounds in their merciless career :
And thus from ruin saved a classic land,
And fair Humanity from lasting shame.
Oh, baleful days ! whose memory still sends
A thrill of horror through the circling veins !
Oh, stormy days ! when lacerated Peace
Lay all but lifeless upon Mercy's lap,
And virtue—Innocence—Religion's self,
Like storm-kiss'd flow'rs, with consternation shook ;
While, with infernal merriment, hell laughed
To find another hell produced on earth !
In that dread saturnalia of blood,
This righteous statesman stood revealed in all
His moral grandeur ; violence and rapine
And lawlessness fled at his stern command ;
He brought down Mercy from her heav'nly bower,
And Justice's sword tempered with her dew !⁶

And now appears another form in sight,
As the young day-god's morning smiles benign,
Diffusing joy and happiness around.
By his white vest and sacred cincture known,
See the famed Guebre by Philanthropy
Ennobled,—great beyond all earthly titles,—
His country's pride and glory of his kind !
Descended from the Pilgrim Fathers who,
Driven by Moslim bigotry and hate
From their ancestral home amidst the roses

Of fair Iran, had built a newer roof-tree—
A safer hearth on India's pearly shore,
He was a later Hatem* of his race,—
One in a million—nay, one for an age—
A bright oasis in the human wild—
A millionaire, indeed, in worldly wealth,
But richer—nobler far in wealth of heart !
The millionaire's no more ; the good man lives—
Grateful as Love, as Charity immortal—
In his beneficent endowments rich
For the relief of varied forms of want
And woe, sad dower of mortality.
For, like the sun he worshipped, in the East
First gleamed his bounty,—then spread to the West,
Embracing hemispheres twain and all races
Of men and all creeds in its cheering light.
Is gold, indeed, the bane of worldly bliss
As some good men hold ? Why, all earthly good
Is evil, if not rightly prized and used !
Not in its essence, but in our own hearts
The diff'rence lies : it is the soil that makes
Or mars the fruit. See Helen's ravishing
Beauty with Trojan Paris' lustful eyes,
And well may Ilion totter to her fall.
Power in Nero's or Caligula's
Hands, is a mighty instrument of ill ;
In Constantine's, a blessing to the world.
E'en so this noble Zoroastrian used
The lavish gifts of fortune unto him
But as a trust for his poor fellow-men,

* The greatest philanthropist of classic Persia.

To save and bless—to strengthen—lengthen life
By gen'rous mindfulness and tender care.
He laid, in sooth, a golden girdle round
The globe of mercy—love—benevolence.
And now as forth he stepped, celestial music
Rained down in nectarine show'rs from above,
In token of angelic joy serene
At triumph of that spotless, radiant soul !⁷

Look where he comes ! the Rishi from beyond
The western main, whose tranquil looks serene—
Breathing the silent music of the soul,—
Bespeak the Arhanth victor over self !
A brother of the light,—with sympathies
Wide as the prairies of his native land,
Him not the false glitter of modern life—
False as the sun-set gilding of the clouds,—
Nor whited sepulchres of Western thought,
Containing lifeless forms of hope and faith,
Could captivate and hold a willing thrall.
From the far West he spied the blessed light
Shining serene on Thibet's sacred heights ;
And, guided by that light,—the Light of Asia—
He towards Asia bent his eager steps,
In quest of Truth at her own fountain head
Leaving home and friends for a wider home,—
A larger brotherhood beyond the ties
Of birth and blood, whose limitations were
The mundane world and Universal Man.
O golden life ! so full of golden deeds
Of loving kindness to thy loved East,—
er debtor and her creditor in one !

O noble brother ! though not of thy race
And faith, an ardent love of Truth impels
A stranger in these rude but honest lines
To pay his humble tribute unto thee,
Whose manhood merged in angel-hood below !
Oh ! this fair world would be a Devachan—*
A second Eden 'gainst the Serpent closed,—
If self-lessness and purity like thine
Were commoner among our recreant race !⁸

And next, behold ! in purity enrobed
The great Proconsul comes, illustrious Captain
Of Peace, who, by the magic force of truth
And love, won victories before which pale
The bravest deeds of heroes great in arms.
Lov'd Conqueror of Hind, whose warrior host
The kindly virtues were ; whose strongest arms,
The sword of Justice and Minerva's shield ;
Who made his pow'r the Ægis of the weak,
The fairy handmaid of Humanity !
Alas ! as jackals bay the orient moon,
E'en so did evil tongues and wolfish hearts
Pursue him ruthless from a blatant Press.
For he regarded all with equal eye—
All human beings, whether bond or free,
Ebon or white, or purple-robed or ragged.
And the world's creeds and races, which divide
The world, were unto him but variations—
Most musical in their discordance wild—
Of that compass of notes, whose diapason

* Elysium.

For all time is—Man's Brotherhood in God !
 Inspired by noble purpose high, he scorned
 The mazy ways and crooked zig-zags loved
 Of modern state-craft, and right manfully
 Chose the straight path of justice, righteousness,
 And truth. For this offence—this monstrous sin,
 The Boanerges of the West, at head
 Of all the brawling virtues of the times,—
 Selfishness, arrogance, and avarice,
 Race-pride, and blind contempt for others' rights,
 Madly rushed on him, thund'ring forth their wrath
 At him for being good and true to all.
 E'en so a nest of deadly cobras dart
 Their fangs at fall of rustling leaf or sound
 Of softest fool-fall,—e'en with such blind rage
 They hiss, and shake their hooded terrors dread !
 But heedless still of Faction's froth and foam,
 With God above, and Conscience clear, he held
 The balance strictly poised 'tween man and man,—
 Calm in the midst of passions' wildest storms—
 Serene like Bhishma* on his arrowy bed.
 Blessed ruler ! who, from the Slough of deep
 Despond, a nation raised to life and hope ;
 And made the rod of pow'r the merry may-pole
 Round which Contentment, arm in arm with all

* One of the greatest heroes of the Mahabharata. Excepting
 Lakhsman, Rama's renowned brother,—who represents the highest
 Aryan conception of chivalry, knightly purity, and fraternal love—
 there is not, perhaps, a wiser, braver, brighter character in the whole
 range of history or fiction than this warrior- sage of divine Vyasa.
 His death scene is a marvellous picture of the serene beauty of a lofty
 soul under carnal sufferings of most uncommon severity.

The arts of Peace, in jocund measure danced !
Blessed ruler ! whose throne was in the hearts
Of men ; whose crown, a continent's warm love :—
For royalty with him was loyalty
To Truth and Faith that only Godward looked—
Kingship a wider kinship with his kind,
A nobler, purer, holier sentiment
Than worshippers of self may ever know !⁹

Lo ! yonder comes a saint in light, who was
On earth a nation's loving joy and pride,
And whose untimely loss was widely mourned
As a bright light that's quenched when needed most.
For I behold the Moslim Minister
Who, during Reason's deepest *nirvana**
In his loved fatherland, when blood in streams
From slaughtered millions flowed, and ancient thrones
And dynasties renowned were rudely wrecked
In a tornado-blast of passions wild,
Guided, with hands unnerved and matchless skill,
The Vessel of State safely thro' the rocks
And whelming billows of an angry sea.
Illustrious Statesman ! who best understood
The golden rule of royal rule, to govern
Men firmly when he should—nay, sternly when
He must, but always with unfaltering *
Justice and righteousness and earnest love,
Solicitous but for their truest weal.
He was, indeed, a ruler born, not made ;

* Annihilation.

And statesmanship that looks ahead and deep
Within, was as inherent in his being
As fragrance in the rose, or solar love
In queenly lotus. Power in his hands
Was as the full-grown tiger's paw,—it bore
Its velvet for the loyal and the good,
But certain death for lawless, godless men !
How he unmasked Diplomacy's false front,
Laid bare her heart with all its cunning arts !
How Faction quailed, and rising turbulence
Grew still and calm at his keen, eager glance !
But higher, greater far than skill in rule,
Was his stern self-repression nobly grand !
True follower of Mecca's holy Prophet,
He waged a ceaseless Jihad all thro' life
Against the Kafir passions in himself,*
Devoting self to God, his prince, and country.
Such was the man, and such his priceless wor
But villainous intriguers from without
Plotted his fall, e'en they who owed him most—
And strove to pluck the laurel from his brow,
And blacken his fair fame before the world.
Verily, these had their reward ! But God's
True love removed him sudden from their malice,
And so withdrew from Orient skies a star
Of purest lustre, leaving all the land
To darkness and to prowling beasts of prey !¹⁰

* A noble doctrine of the great Prophet, perverted by many of his ignorant followers. This is the common fate of all great truths expressed in mystic language, and esoteric Hinduism, in especial, has suffered most in this respect.

And now comes one who, in a madding world
By passions torn, and full of jealousies,
And all uncharitableness—amidst
The juggles of diplomacy, the pranks
Of power, and summersaults of clowns in brief
Authority enrobed,—all calmly, quietly,
And silently much noble work achieved
In loyalty to Conscience and his God.
Ah! who now cares for either? Politics
Knoweth no God, and, surely, 'tis no man's
Business to mind the other! And doth not
The world without both get on all the same—
Nay, better far without such hind'rances?
What more clear than that Vice in purple shines,
While Virtue goes about in sorriest rags?
So reason Vanity Fair's blind frequenters!
Villainous inference from premise false!
But spurning the vile Gospel of the damned,
With ken beyond the hazy—fleeting present,
And fixed unalterably on Jehovah's
Blazing throne,—on the Christ that bled for man,—
He thro' the weary years did consecrate
His mind and all its powers to his kind.
A dauntless Knight! he battled gallantly
For his weak brethren in an alien land,
And smote the smiters with a heavy hand,
His potent pen, e'en like Ithuriel's spear,
No falsehood base, or unctuous hypocrisy
Enduring. Champion, lover, friend of Truth!
Such life as thine, so good and beautiful,
So full of love and human-heartedness—

Springing up from midst influences vile,
Like a white lily from wild sedge and slush
Is truly sweet and grateful to the Lord !¹¹

I then saw one, in radiant spirit shape,
Who was in flesh his country's star of hope,
When black Despair spread o'er the luckless land
Her fun'ral pall :—the fearless Patriot,
Who, 'midst the rage of violence, the clash
Of races, and the wreck of kindly virtues,—
When Vengeance held her bloody orgies wild,
And Reason's voice was drowned in passions' din—
Championed his country's cause in brave, wise words
That shook the fiend out of infuriate hosts.
The peasants' warmest friend, he cleared their fields
Of the deadly plant which their tyrants sowed
By force and fraud, and watered with their gore,—
The plant which furnished Commerce with her cake
Of blue,—to them, the wedding cake of Death !
Tho' fortune smiled not on his humble birth,
His lines tho' cast in rough and rugged ways,
He nobly won his country's grateful love
By glowing zeal that scorned all thought of self
And rare devotion to her sacred cause ;
Unchecked by penury, or frowns of power,
Or taunts of titled fools,—those finikin
Fops that, like summer insects, buzz and buzz
Their vain importance in the sunny hour,
But vanish fast before the darkening sky.
Alas ! the times do sadly need his aid !
Power leagued with an unholy Press attempts
To crush improvement in the bud, and germs

Of progress sown by kindly, fost'ring hands.
Oh ! for his polished wit and potent voice
To whelm with burning shame and infamy
The votaries blind of the Golden Calf—
The children of Beelzebub, who seek
To build their empire on the blasted hopes,
And ruined freedom of a clime, still bright
In her decline, and queenly in her bonds !¹²

And now I see another form advance,
In whose bright lineaments I recognise
The man of God, who served his God and Church
With all his heart, far in a foreign clime,
Where myriad death-forms hover in the air,
And a torrid sun spreads death with his beams.
But resolutely he held on his way,
The idol of warm young hearts that he led
Up to the light which never leads astray,—
Hearts that clave unto him right faithfully,
Thro' good report and evil, thro' all changes
Of fortune, 'midst disgrace and persecution.
For, oh ! too rashly for purification
Within his Church he strove at Duty's call,
And so a Martyr's fate was his reward.
His brethren in Christ in his sorest need
Abandoned him e'en like a castaway
To the wild breakers raging—surging round.
The evil-doers all were flushed with hope,
And banded faction, like a leash of hounds,
Sprang on their prey ; and man-made law robbed him
Of all, and last gave him a prison cell :—
Nay, an abode, forsooth, of luxury,

As 'twas called by his Pilate jestingly !
 Such were the trials of the Christian knight—
 The sturdy champion of his loved Church—
 The ardent soul intolerant of sin !
 But in his darkest hour, when friends fell fast
 Away, and foes relentless smote him sore,—
 Amid a world's scorn—pressed down by the weight
 Of his great wrongs—reviled—humiliated
 E'en in the very Sanctuary of Justice,—
 His faith in God and goodness bore him up,
 Victorious in defeat—triumphant o'er
 Despair—struggling but for his cherished prize,
 A high place at the right hand of the LAMB !¹³

All Nature brightened as the saints advanced,
 And thus a voice benign addressed the host :
 "Servants of God ! Your duty done and trust
 Right nobly filled, ascend to heaven, and be
 For ever ranked among Celestial Powers !"
 On angels' wings up-borne I saw them rise
 In air, like some bright exhalation sailing
 Upward, blaze on blaze, higher and still higher,
 When amid golden songs of morning stars
 And jubilee divine, they vanished out
 Of sight,—each spark in its own Parent Flame,
 Each wandering ray in the Fount of Light,
 Th' individual in Universal Soul !

II.

A wondrous spectacle next met my sight,
 That, from faint outlines shadowy, became
 All vivid with the semblance of the real.

Methought I saw a self-revolving globe
Hung, like Bellerophon's horse, pendulous
In mid-air, 'twixt this earth and cope of heaven.
Here never day arose nor sable night,
Crowned with her rich tiara of bright stars ;
But evermore a mistry grey instead
With melancholy pallor stamped the face
Of things ; while th' ambient air breath'd ceaselessly
A sigh as though of grief and penitence !
This middle region is the Kama Loca
Of Aryan seers, so named of them, because
All fruitless passions, unfulfilled desires,
Abortive lives and vanities, are here
Put to purgation in awakenings stern.

And now a multitudinous host came
In sight, unhappy souls check'd in their upward
Flight,—indifferent good, yet not enough
Daring to be damn'd : scoffers, fops, and flirts,
All that wooed bliss in vanities below,
All that sought heav'n in hell of worldly cares,—
Ambition's card-house, or Alnaschar's dreams ;
Hunters of titles sedulous to pass
As purest gold their worthless pinchbeck stamped
With the hall-mark of Power ; epicures
In miserable self-indulgence lost ;
Wits who pursued the lanthorn of the marsh,
Instead of sacred Truth's effulgent light ;
And holy priests by calling, not in heart—
Unblushing brokers 'tween high heaven and hell.
All these, a countless throng, were sternly doom'd
To Kama Loca by Heav'n's just decree,—

There, with sad penitential tears, to wash
Out the defilements of their tainted souls.

Among that miserable host I saw
A melancholy shade, who idly fumbled
With an old musty scroll, while big round drops
Of burning tears fast trickled down his face.
'Twas he ! the thirsty ghoul of lifeless tongues !
Hierophant of profitless Inane !
The Pundit and the Zany both in one !
Ay,—Learning's nameless, graceless beast of burden,
That sedulously shunned her flowery paths,
'And ranged instead her barren wastes, defiling
The precious nectar of her crystal springs.
With eager zeal the tree of Knowledge fair
He sought, but, mole-like, burrowed underneath,
Working assiduous at the tangled roots ;
Nor one glance upward cast, nor strove to pluck
The Amaranth that in rich clusters hangs
On the boughs, and with fragrance fills the air.
He viewed the gorgeous palaces of Art ;
Trod classic scenes of thrilling interest ;
Beheld majestic temples—sacred fanes—
Nay, entered the very Holy of Holies ;
But, all unmoved by beauty or by grandeur,—
Those silent influences subtly felt—
He but took casts of broken bricks and stones,
And measured mouldings hoar with countless years !
He sought the fount of light, but only drew
A way the fire-fly glow that shimmereth
Through the deep gloom archaic of the past !
Oh ! not for him the nectar stored within

The nut ! the outward husk was all his share !
 Vain life ! a worthless book of empty words,—
 A bladder of mere wind,—a poison bag,
 When self conflicted with another's cause,—
 A showy, fruitless *Sheëra**—nothing more !
 A moral squib that whizzed and whizzed a while,
 And then went out in endless, hopeless night !
 Vain life ! unredeemed by one noble thought—
 One gen'rous deed that lifts man from the world
 To the pure empyrean of the soul :
 'Twas Self throughout, from cradle to the grave—
 Self first, Self midst, Self last, Self void of end !¹⁴

Oh ! how unlike his purer, worthier, greater
 Compatriot who, risen from the ranks,
 By wealth of mind ennobled Poverty
 Itself ; who sowed in gloom and reaped in light ;
 Successful tiller of the richest fields
 Of Knowledge ; noble builder of the dome
 Whence Science spreads her living influence
 O'er his father-land ; kindly healer,—saviour
 Of suffering humanity by Art
 Instinct with heavenly mercy, love, and grace !¹⁵

I then saw one, who, in that congregation
 Of the unblest, kept from the rest aloof,
 Affecting still the loneliness he loved
 On earth. And he wore many Protean shapes,
 And, like Will with a wisp, dilated now,
 And now contracted, now clear and more clear

* The *Trophis Aspêta*—a plant remarkable for its growth, but bearing neither fruit nor flower.

Grew on the sight, and now as in a haze
Vanished away. Miserable shade !
Still playing at bopeep to startle fools,
As was his wont and constant trick in flesh.
For, then, his life was a ceaseless whirl
Of change, impelled by constant restlessness—
A fluttering thing ever on the wing—
An idle dream—a fruitless energy.
He courted Fortune, but when glittering heaps
Of gold she strewed around his path, he like
The beggar in the story closed his eyes,
And blindly passed them on. Philosophy
He fondly wooed, but it was Caliban
Suing for beautiful Miranda's hand,
And soon the comic interlude was o'er.
He dallied with the Muses, and, indeed,
Dallied long, but alas ! they drove the rude
Intruder forth from their enchanting bowers,
Offended at the harsh, discordant strains
His tuneless lyre in hideous bursts produced.
The stars, too, were his love, and much he strove
To con the lessons characterized in light
On the blue vault above, but great Orion
Frowned upon him ; red Mars but redder looked
At him ; the Rishis all upbraided him ;
And Lyra mocked him with a broken string !
But, undeterred by failure, still he sought
To pierce the shell of earth, and reach their spheres,
Till down he came all bleeding,—wounded sore—
Like to a caged bird that vainly strikes
Its little beak and flutt'ring wings against

Its prison bars, to find its eager way
To freedom and the open air of heaven.
And, last, he wooed Religion,—last resort
Of restless minds—but clapsed Despair instead,
Sad mistress of souls that repent too late.
For Brahma 'gainst him closed his golden egg ;
Vishnu kept him off with his whirling disc ;
Shiva's dread trident and his threefold flaming
Wrath scared him away ; Buddha—of this world
The life and light—to him denied his grace ;
Even the Cross had no balm, nor had Dhatri,
The Virgin Mother of the Universe—
"Clothed with the sun, and the moon at her feet"—
True solace for one, who ne'er understood
The loftiness sublime of lowliness,
The moral grandeur of stern self-repression !
Poor fribbler ! changeful as the fickle moon,
Yet ne'er, like her, attaining to his full
Of the Good and the Beautiful in life !
Thus, baffled in his cherished aims and hopes,
And far too proud to mingle with the herd,
Or court the hollow friendship of the great,
Studious he held aloof from all the world,
E'en as a solitary cliff that stands
Apart from all its kindred hills, exposed
To the rude winds of heav'n, and evermore
The sport of clouds that play around its breast.
Oh ! what a sad, abortive life was his !
The meanest thing hath still its use ; but he—
Charity ! o'er his failties spread thy veil !¹⁶

With heavy heart I next beheld among
 That melancholy host our who in flesh
 Had laboured ceaseless for the common weal,
 With earnest zeal unbought by wealth or power,
 A literary Quixote full of noble
 Thoughts mured with bile ! An Asian mystery !
 A dark horse to his friends and foes alike !
 A loving heart with an eternal pain !
 For, with rare gifts of mind by culture 'riched,
 Unsound he was, as all that knew him knew ;
 And the small nit within his magic lute,
 Put all its dulcet music out of tune
 A Hindu Moslem ! he but revelled oft
 In Epicurean dreams of hours fair
 On turbid Hugli's, or wild Megna's banks,
 A twice-born Aryan ! yet he shunned the light,
 Which is the soul's life and illumination ;
 And fondly loved to act the *mlech** unclean,
 Wearing with greater pride his Hindu Kush
 On his head than the sacred thread across
 His breast, and looking more a bandit fierce—
 A lawless robber of the desert wild—
 Than son of one of Bullal's Table Round !
 A loving brother and a patriot true,
 'Twas still his chief delight in flesh to scan
 The mores in the eyes of his fellowmen ;
 And from their niches in Fame's temple hurl

* A man of impure habits. The word would seem to be identical
 with Lamech, the sixth descendant of Cain, according to Genesis
 4 : 19. He is said to have "slain a man to his wounding and a young man
 to his hurt."

His country's dearest idols ruthless down.
Most amiable office fondly filled !
E'en Virtue shrank from his caresses warm,
The ursine hug and the envenomed kiss.
Alas ! Cynicism marked him for her own,
And thus he failed in all his loves and hates ;—
If *that* be failure where the end was same—
An answering antipathy from all !
And now what a sea-change has come o'er thee !
See ! thy large, lustrous eyes with tears are dim !
Thy chiselled features shrivelled up, alas,
Like air-bladders when all the air is gone !
Thy flowing locks which once, in masses soft,
Fell on thy shoulders, now erect they stand
Like to a Gorgon's snaky tresses dread !¹⁷

And then I saw another spirit there,
Encased in form too slender for his heavy
Load of grief, sending forth sigh after sigh
In deep repentance for a life mis-spent,—
For splendid means and chances thrown away
Of serving God and kind right loyally.
Ah ! he was Fortune's favorite child in flesh,
Dowered with wealth and ached to the lips ;
And men unheired themselves to swell his hoards,
That grew and grew in still augmenting piles
In answer to his wish for more and more.
And honors came to him from honor's fount
And, higher than ambition craved, he rose ;
But higher and still higher as he rose,
He grew but less and less in peoples' eyes.

For the plausible friend, who had his ear,
Still, like the Serpent old in Paradise,
From the Tree of Life kept his heart and hand,
And tempted him instead to pluck the golden
Apples that Mayah in her Eden grows,—
To utter ruin of his peace and bliss.
And this same honest friend oft carried tales
Against his kith and kin and truest friends,
And so made his home but a gilded woe—
A shining misery— a sun-lit iceberg—
A splendid isolation shared by none.
Yet what a beautiful night-piece was his mind !
How rich with fancy's coruscations bright !
How vivid with wit's sparkles exquisite !
The softness—liveliness of tint and touch
How delicate, how charmingly delicious !
But on a nearer view, by light of day,
The glows grew dim, the graces disappeared,
And the heart by a long-drawn sigh expressed
The deepest disappointment of the eye !
For not to him belonged the virtues that
Adorn the flesh—nay, give divinity
To perishable dust,—the iron will
To do and dare all perils for the right,
The fortitude that fearless bears the Cross .
For fellow-men, the sympathy that melts,
And charity that overflows, at sight
Of woe ; but soft, silken civilities,
Elaborate inanities, bright smiles,
And pretty turns of thought, and glittering play
On words bespeaking culture, taste, and perfect

Bringing-up. Thus the fascinating pose
And butterfly sheen of the world, were his,
And the parrotry of a tuneful mouth,
Which blew but bubbles in the empty air.
For, like the Maelstrom, was his inner self,
And drew each surging wish, each rising thought
In circling eddies back unto himself.
Alas ! his warmest kiss of amity
Was as the north wind's freezing osculation ;
And the rich pearls of speech he shed, the spurious
Offspring of other than the mother heart !
Alas ! amidst his boundless store, the fear
Of want enhanced the crave for more and more,
And closed his golden coffers 'gainst his kind,
And heaven's golden portals 'gainst himself !¹⁸

III.

The Angel then his Calendar produced
Of rank offenders 'gainst the King of Kings :
Endless the scroll, and black with guilty names !
Foul murderers, who shed their brethren's blood,
By fury urged, or bastard fame, or gold ;
All miscreants, whose power in their claw
And sinew lay, and who used it, alas !
As savage beasts may, to the infinite
Harm of mankind ; smooth-tongued diplomatists,
Who juggled artfully away the truth
From solemn pacts and treaties ; ministers
And placemen, who abused their public trust
For private ends ; adulterers ; chicaners ;
Nay, all—all violaters of divine

And moral law, in that black list were borne.
There stood they on Eternity's dread brink,
Bending beneath the load of conscious sin ;—
Despair in their looks, and their limbs all shaking
With fright, like aspen leaves before the gale.
And now as awful Justice cast His eyes
On the unholy record, presently
There shot forth dazzling flames of wrath Divine ;
And all aghast with fear, as lightning-struck,
The craven ranks of Crime fell prostrate down,
And wept hot, scalding tears of deep remorse.
Unutterable anguish rent their souls,
And loud they yelled for mercy unto Heav'n.

For mercy? vain unprofitable suit !
Ye tyrants ! who, in your mad hour of might,
On earth a heavy hand relentless laid,
Trampling your fellowmen as soulless worms—
Sue ye for mercy, that shewed it to none?
Ye law-makers ! who framed unequal laws—
All crude and irritating—from mere love
Of change, or from ambition of a name,
Or at the beck of Pow'r or Faction's call ;
And legislation made an engine dread
Of gross oppression, and a fruitful source
Of misery to the voiceless, helpless poor !
Ye judges ! who dealt one law to the weak,—
Another to the strong, and stained the ermine
Of justice with corruption's darkest hue,
Turning her balance into ill-poised scales,
Where private feelings, and seductive tales

Of interest outweighed the righteous cause !
Ye proud ! who walked the earth like little gods,
Great in your own conceit for wealth and rank
Inherited, or won by scurvy means ;
Who witnessed human woe with tearless eyes,
Nor fed your brethren when they starved, nor clothed
The naked shiv'ring in the wintry blast ;
But always spurned all honest sons of Toil,—
Less fortunate indeed, but nobler far
Than ye, because more rich in all the heart's
Affections and the virtues dear to God !
Ye hypocrites ! clad in religion's garb,
Who ministered in steepled church or mosque,
Tabernacle or temple fair—with God
On your lips, Satan in your souls—who, leagued
With sinners, still upheld th' unrighteous cause,
And crushed the good beneath your iron heels,
Sedulous to set man on man for sake
Of Faith to do the Devil's work on earth !
Ye hireling scribes ! of spite and malice full
And all uncharitableness, whose pens,
Steeped in venality and gross untruth,
In sland'rous falsities against your neighbours
Dealt, and fomented tribal hatred curst,
And discord dire, where harmony should rule ;
Who, to your base and servile instincts true—
Oblivious of the brotherhood of man—
In praise of despots loud hosannas sung,
Nor raised a single cry for suff'ring men !
Seize, Horror ! seize on these, thy lawful prey,
With iron grip and petrifying looks,

Nor free thy hold till their vile souls are seized
By hell's more frightful brood of Horrors dread!

Who comes now like a guilty creeping thing,
His limbs all tremulous with deep dismay,
And horror in his looks and black despair?
The Caledonian boar! who gored the East,
Trampling beneath his feet her ancient thrones,
Her jewelled crowns, and every sacred pact,
Till ravished faith in terror fled the land!
Ambition's haughty minion! whose earth-hunger
Ne'er knew its fill, though gorged with State on State
By force and fraud from weaker neighbours taken!
The ruthless robber! whose fell hands nor conscience
Nor the world's reprobation could restrain
From spoiling woman's trinkets, orphan's all!
The madman bold! who rashly built his power
On the awful marge of a thin-veil'd crater
Which, with explosion terrible, soon burst
Out, vomiting red ruin, redder death!
Where now, O tyrant! thy vile adulators
Who spurred thee on to thy infernal crimes?
Lo! forked lightnings flash across the skies!
Hark! crash on crash terrific thunders roll,
In wrathful token of thy final doom!¹⁹

Next I saw, towering above the rest,
A lean, lank form supreme in self-remorse
For golden opportunities misused,
And kingly trust betrayed for party ends.
For oft in flesh he cried Christ! Christ! and yet
Sneered at Christs' doctrines, laying down the rule

Of Christ-like life in thought, and word, and deed.
Those teachings, in his view, were beautiful
Theories by pure unworldliness conceived,—
Most excellent to preach from solemn pulpit,
With solemn countenance and surplice on—
But in real life with gravest dangers fraught ;
For statesmanship, that was stained with the bridal
White of the Sermon on the Mount, instead
Of the purpled hues of the working world,
Was, he held, policy run mad. It was
The fault of Jesus' precepts that they made
The feeling heart a powder Magazine,
Which the least spark of love might soon explode ;
And he, Sir Solomon, hence wisely set
Prudence to keep sentinel o'er his heart,
That no explosive burst of gen'rous passion
Or kindly sympathy, might e'er disturb
The rigid tone and balance of his mind.
Thus when gaunt Famine came upon the land,
And Floods and other mighty evils dread,—
That always come in train of godless rule—
He consulted his Delphic Oracle,
Philosophy, and all his Sybilline
Scriptures, and coldly told the sufferers—
The houseless, hungry, naked poor—to look
To the far future to redress the present.
As a bird, whose nest has been by a serpent
Robbed, maddened with deep grief and burning rage,
Hovers in circling flight the reptile o'er,
And, darting down with quiv'ring bill, assails
The hissing foe ; so hovered o'er his head

The Genius of the land he had misruled ;
So, darting down, she fiercely smote the wretch
With a wand sharp, as countless scorpion's stings !²⁰

And close to him another recreant shade,—
His evil counsellor and fatal friend—
In abject terror crouched, as though he fain
Would hide his guilty self in deepest bowels
Of the earth, dark—dark as the midnight gloom
Of his own mind,—away from the fierce blaze
Insufferable of the Tribunal
Divine, now flaming wrathful from the skies.
This was the daring, impious wretch who flaunted,
In words of swelling vanity, his faith
In the wily Dragon, that Serpent old,
And worshipped that Beast that had the lion's face
And came out of the sea, saying, "who is
Like to the Beast? who can make war with him?
Behold! the nations of the world obey
Him, and all tongues and peoples fear his claws ;
He leadeth them into captivity,
And killeth with the sword, and maketh the earth
His hunting ground. Who can withstand his rage,
When he is roused, and roars, and shakes his mane,
And whisks his tail?" In utter disregard
Of all the creeds and lessons of the ages,
And God's own Revelation to the just,
This miserable sinner formed a gang
Of miserable sinners like himself,
And boldly, vauntingly proclaimed brute force
As title absolute to special rights

And privileges in the social hive.
And he held Might to be the truest Right ;
The sword, expounder sole of moral law ;
And justice,—righteousness,—religion's self,
The idle dreams of mad philosophers
And madder saints, which only maudlin fools,
Not knowing better, to their bosom hugged.
E'en killing was no murder in his view,
If Cain were an Apostle of the Beast ;
And rapine, robbery, and rape were acts
Of grace, under this Dispensation new—
This new Apocalypse of modern John !
Thus drugged with opium, weighted false with stearn,
He dug his own pit, leading to the lake
Of molten sulphur, where the wicked bear
Th' unutterable torments of the damned !²¹

And who comes yonder from that Godless throng,
With downcast eyes and faltering steps reluctant,
And a dilapidated lyre in hand ?
'Tis he ! The jackal sprung from lion's loins—
The later Anubis of Aryansthan,
Who, perched on glorious Akbar's jewelled throne,
Misruled the nations to their grievous harm,
And king-craft trail'd thro' mire and mud and blood
Of countless hosts. Alas ! that power should
Ever be placed in such unworthy hands,
Steeped to their sockets in iniquity,
Paralytic for good, yet strong for evil !
For he could only bow and scrape, and twirl
His limbs with grace, and shine in splendid masks

And mummeries, and get drunk as a lord ;
 Nor less his skill in weaving jingles gay,
 Or using glozing words to cozen men.
 Light-headed trifler ! Coronetted clown !
 As like to Akbar as a tiny glow-worm
 To the full-orbed, effulgent queen of night
 Thersites wielding great Ulysses' bow,
 Or Sancho clothed in Kaiser's dignity,
 Or Abou Hassan dealing penal stripes,
 And lavishing gold from Al-Raschid's throne,—
 This were a noble spectacle, compared
 To this ignoble, tricky, frisky Puck's
 Hideous mockery of imperial rôle.
 His reign was but a nine day's madness wild !
 A deep intoxication of unreason !
 A carnival of passions unrestrained !
 And Virtue, shrieking, fled his impious court ;
 The angry skies refused their bounteous rain ;
 The flaming sun drank up the liquid life
 In streams, and wither'd up the young, green life
 In fields,—the life of life of man and beast.
 And he, the mad liberticide, the while
 Upon his neighbours waged most wanton war
 To rectify, forsooth, his butts and bounds
 And, nearer home, the ruthless Thug, on plea
 Of State Necessity,—the plea of tyrants,
 Whose coward consciences at their own shadows
 Start,—smothered liberty of thought and speech ;
 And robbed the people of their only means
 Of saving life and all from lawless men
 And beasts ferocious of their jungles wild,

And last, to crown his infamy supreme,
 Grand sh^ows he held, and gorgeous pageantries,
 Durbars of state, and fields of cloth of gold,—
 Mere pyrotechnics ending in a whiz—
 When Death, in Protean shapes of Plague and Famine,
 Was holding in the land his revel high,
 His masquerade of grim mortality !
 And now, alas, each moment was to him
 A crowded age of woe, each beat of heart,
 The light'ning stroke of Conscience rudely stirr'd !
 Ah, miserable sinner ! canst thou not
 Blot out thy past, or drown its sadly tragic
 Memory in Oblivion's darkling stream ?
 But none can with impunity infringe
 God's moral law ; and come it will, or soon
 Or late, Guilt's punishment in measure meet.
 For Now is but HEREAFTER'S seed, and when
 We've shed our fleshly case, life runs on still—
 E'en as the later birth of older being—
 Controlled by Karma,* which, like to a boa's
 Terrible folds, inexorably binds
 All finite beings to its stern effects,
 So that all surely reap as they have sown !²²

* * * * *

* *Action.* According to Aryan philosophy, the diversity of condition in human life is not a mere accident, but the inevitable result of Karma in a previous existence. The present is a natural development of the past, as the future will be of the present. It must, however, be remembered that the motive power of Karma is the Free-will with which we are endowed; and hence, though the present is as it were preordained by the past, it is in our power, by the exercise of Free-will, to regulate the future in the present.

With terror seized, and stricken with remorse
Thus waited they unutterably sad,
Those heirs of deep damnation, when a voice
From heaven thundered forth their penal doom :
"Go, recreant souls ! who from your God all fell
Away, and worshipped Self—vile Self instead,
Making your brutal lusts the rule of life ;
Who were a scourge and pestilence on earth,
False to your trust, and heedless of His law ;—
Go, recreant souls ! to your appointed home
In the dark pit's unfathomable deep !
Celestial ministers of Justice ! hurl
Them down into the fiery gulf of hell,—
There amongst horrid sights and sounds of woe,
Tortured by agonising memories,
To mourn, in deep despair, their cursed fate !"

I woke, and lo ! the phantoms of the brain
Fast disappeared like morning mists before
The rising sun ; but still my bounding pulse,
And throbbing brow, like ocean's swell, when storms
Are o'er, bespoke the agitation wild
Of mind and brain, caused by this wondrous dream.
Oh ! that the warnings and the lessons stern
Which, in these feeble strains, my lay conveys,
Were deeply graven on the minds of men,
Too apt, alas ! to drown all serious thoughts
Of life and death and interests eternal
In fleeting pleasures of this transient life !
Were those interests rightly understood,
Would Pow'r and Wealth and Learning úse their gifts

Save in promoting human happiness?
Oh! that we laid to heart those golden precepts
Of him, the lowly, holy, perfect Christ,
To love our neighbours even as ourselves,
To turn the left cheek when the right is smit,—
Casting off evil passions from our hearts,
And a New Jerusalem building there!
So might we shun the error of the worldly
Wise, that still blindly isolate His creatures
From the Creator, tho' He is in them,
And they in Him, and we are but parts
Divided of the Universal Whole!
So might we, by repression of the flesh,
Unmask the true divinity in us,
And like the sandalwood that grows most fragrant
By being crushed, become all living souls!*

* For Author's notes—see Appendix.

THE LAY OF THE DAGON OF WRAYS.

The Elders of Brinjal had met in their hall,
 To consider a question momentous to all,
 There were landholders, merchants and limbs of the law,
 With paunches well stuffed with moorghee* and pilaw ;
 There were gown-men and townsmen and countrymen too—
 From Sillit and Gazpur and, mayhap, the zoo ;
 There were Ghoze and Bhoze, Chuggerjy and Muggergy.

Sir Jaem Nagore, Pitranus and many more
 Of lesser renown, who came only to vote
 Ditto to some speaker or leader of note ;
 There were *gokhaduckst*† *soodkhaduckst*‡ *khaducks*
of Dhurm ;§—

Men not over-nice either in diet or *karam* ;||

While with banners in hand, an obstreperous band
 Of refractory boys, led by that father of noise
 Sir Anda, who spouted by night and by day,
 Came there, ready for frolic or fun or fray.

'Twas meeting so queer, and so motley their wear—
 Red, yellow and blue, of every pattern and hue,
 Both ancient and new, "from China to Peru,"—
 You'd fancy all clowndom was there !

Now the Brinjals, you know, their allegiance did owe
 To the Tritons who came from the West,—

A nation of traders, philanthropists and raiders
 With exuberance of virtue opprest.

* Fowl.

† Beef-eaters.

‡ Userers.

§ Evil-doers.

|| Act.

And these hated the Ursines, their foes from of old,
 For coveting, dear me! their lands and their gold;
 And the hatred grew deeper and stronger, I fear,
 When the enemy pushed on his frontier too near
 Their own (by which please understand me to mean,
 That only a country or two lay between.)
 Oh, the blood-thirsty brutes, to court wanton disputes
 With a nation, whose vocation
 Was, by civilised methods and cozening ways,
 To find markets for metals and shirtings and greys!
 Hence the Brinjals thinking the best of all charms
 To baffle the Ursines, were powder and arms
 Now met to consider in solemn debate
 If they shouldn't use arms in defence of the state.

Pitranus was chosen *nem con* for the chair,—
 An honor deserv'd by scholarship rare—
 Though I wonder what business old Nestor had there
 A *savant* and *subjanta**, I ween
 Of vinegar aspect and vinegar mien,
 He would evermore pore on legendary lore,
 To determine the length of Surpanakha's† nose
 Of Lord Buddha's grinders and Gadadhar's‡ toes.

* All-knowing.

† According to the story of the Ramayana, Surpanakha, the sister of Ravana, approached Rama during his exile in the Panchabati forest in the guise of a beautiful young woman and besought his favour. Rama avoided her on the plea of his wife's presence and referred her to his brother Lakshmana who was without such impediment. Lakshmana saw through the deception and punished her for her immoral proposal by cutting off her nose and ears. She was so called from the the flail-like nails of her fingers.

‡ The allusion is to the sacred stone at Gaya which bears the foot-prints of Vishnu (Gadadhar being one of his many names) on which the Hindus offer oblations to the manes of their departed ancestors.

Pitranus in taking the chair,
 Began with a jaunty, gay air :—

“I wish some one else had been asked to preside,
 Though the honour I own, fills and thrills me with pride
 I may claim this, however, as simply my due,
 That in love of my country I yield but to few.
 For her have I danced on both slack rope and tight,
 And gallantly ridden my hobbies to fight.

I also command a patriotic band,
 Who, if I desire, can set the Pooghly on fire ;
 With such heroes as these, we've no reason for fear,
 Ev'n if the foe in fair Brinjal appear ;
 At least I'm in hopes of convincing this meeting,
 That the danger at worst will prove to be fleeting.
 A wag at my elbow—(a mythical fellow,
 Whom the speaker would quote whene'er he spoke
or he wrote)
 Reminds me of a plan for confounding the foe,
 The wisdom of which you will doubtless allow.
 Many a tome have I written of ponderous size,—
 The pride of my heart and the joy of my eyes—
 Of themes interesting, as every one knows,
 On Lord Buddha's Grinders and Gadadhar's toes.
 What need, then, for armour and powder and shot,
 When my ponderous tomes with lead deadlier are fraught
 And now, by your leave, I would humbly propose
 Thus, if they invade us, to beat back our foes :
 I would send them my books which would send them
to sleep.

Or frighten away, in disordered array,
 Over mountains most rugged and steep,

Over dreary vale, over desolate plain,
Back, far back to their own homes again."

The Chairman sat down amidst deaf'ning applause,
Which lasted some minutes ; then followed a pause—
Then Sir Anda "who spouted by night and by day"
Sprang quick to his feet, and fired boldly away,
Volcano-like sending forth volumes of smoke,
To the horror of old, and the joy of, young folk,
"Friends! Compatriots! lend me your ears for a while!"
And he tossed up his head in true cockscombish style—
"I have listened" he glibly went on,
"To the speech of the eloquent don—

I need hardly say—with exceeding dismay,
But you know he is cranky and not overpure

And by means of this plan, the scheming old man,
Would sell you, if indeed, not his books I am sure.

Many a tome has he written, as every one knows,
On Lord Buddha's grinders and Gadadhar's toes,
By these I beseech him to let us alone,
To decipher old letters, their cube and their cone.
Not with books nor with pens, but with well-tempe'd sword,
Must we seek to repel the invading wild horde.

Our falchions must drink, not villanous ink

But the red blood that flows, thro' the veins of our foes.
Come rascally Ursines, come one and come all!
There are heroes, to welcome you, ready at call!
I care not for dungeon, I care not for pain,
Both late have I borne, and will do so again,
If my country but bids me, the country I love
E'en next to myself, as my actions may prove.

Let us go in for arms, I make bold to suggest,
 Yon brave host and myself will accomplish the rest.
 And Sir Anda now pointed with evident pride
 To his juvenile band, with banners in hand,
 Who lustily shouted and cursedly cried,
 As they saw him sit down, their mentor and guide.

Next young Ghoze (a smart lawyer, please note,)
 Made a neat little speech which, with pleasure I quote :

 "I belong, my good friends, to the Positive school,
 Humanity being my love and my rule.
 Guru* Comte is dead against quarrels and fights.
 These become only savages, vultures and kites.

 The Chairman's scheme, is a dyspeptical dream ;
 As for Sir Anda, Freedom's new Panda†
 Let him lead his *laundas*‡, with banners unfurled,
 Anywhere, anywhere, out o'th' world !
 The sword and the sabre wild' madness may draw,
 I'd appeal but to wise international law,—
 To Grotius and Puffendorf—Jurists renowned—
 By whose futhwahs§ all civilised nations are bound."

Sir Jaem now stood up and excitedly said :
 "What appeal to the law, and get caught in its claw !
 Better drown yourselves in the Poogly instead !
 Perhaps the last speaker meant business, I trow,
 Though I hope he doesn't hold any brief from the foe.
 We both know, we both know—the Doctor and I—
 The law is a sham and a snare and a lie !

* Spiritual preceptor.

† Champion.

‡ Boys.

§ Dicta.

They both know, they both know—poor Niller and Knight
 What a curse is the law, and a pest and a blight !
 He will know, he will know—*khakparah** too soon—
 The sweets of the law when fair thousands are gone !
 But away with your notions since no two we agree ;—
 To be candid, my friends, they seem silly to me.
 As opinibns so vary regarding our course,
 Let me be permitted to put in my oars.
 For late have I heard of a temple and shrine,
 Where the Dagon of Wrays gives responses divine ;
 The God is attended by Tal and Betalf,
 Whose devotion to him is notorious to all ;
 These constantly render him homage and poojah
 Singing "*Nath Niranjan, Aur nahin doojah !*"†
 I move that we go to this temple and shrine
 And seek from the oracle counsel divine.

The motion was put to the meeting and pass'd
 The "Doctor" opposing it up to the last.
 A procession they formed of the grave and the gay,
 And in orthodox style, along many a mile
 Of plain and of pile, they now wended their way,
 To the sound of the drum and the trumpet and flute,
 Of cymbals and bells and of guitar and lute.
 Pitranus performed a wild Sonthali dance ;
 Sir Anda went fencing with sword and with lance,
 While Sir Jaem Nagore, *con amore*
 Sang a song of most exquisite measure :

* Paikpara, a suburb of Calcutta

† Two attendants of Siva.

‡ O Lord of stainless purity, Thou art without a second.

*Kemāne ba sari, Bālāna Kisorī!****

A sweet thing—nay, a gem and a treasure !
 At length they arrived at the temple and shrine ;
 Where the Dagon of Wrays gave responses divine :
 A building antique with a *koond†* on one side ;
 And a gateway, I think, for a temple too wide.
 Antiquarians had failed to determine its age,—
 Some said it was built at the time of the sage
 Markandeya‡ or Noah just after the flood ;
 Others, that Ukkroor§ gentle, loyal and good,
 Returning from *Muttra*, erected that pile—
 Of non-descript order, and lachrymose style—
 Perchance to indite, in deep solitude there,
 An account of his mission from Radha the fair.
 Oh, could it but speak, what queer tales might it tell
 Of meetings of Gods and of devils from hell,
 How those met upstairs, and these darkly, below
 What bumpers of soma and sulphur did flow !

But surely, Miss Muse, i must flatly refuse
 To let you run on in this wandering vien,
 This rambling, shambling, Rajendary strain ;

* The scrap of a favourite song of Moharajah Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore composed by himself, which when completed runs :—"Kemane ba sari balana kishori parechi ruperi fande"—Tell me, O Kishori (Radha) how shall I move, I have been caught in the meshes of thy charms. It is Krishna's reply to another song in which Radha asks him to move aside from the way and let her pass on to fetch water from the Jumna.

† A large basin or reservoir of water in the ground consecrated to some holy purpose.

‡ A great sage.

§ He was the messenger sent by Kansa to fetch Krishna from Brindaban to Muttra to attend his invitation to the Feast of the Bow-offering.

You forget that our friends are all waiting e'en now,
For admission to Dagon to offer their vow.

Well then, at the gate, somewhat disconsolate,
Stood Tal and Betal for ill news from Dhopal ;
For Dhopal they sighed, for Abzul they cried ;—

That so brief a glory, should thus mock his story !
For, know ye by these presents that all sorts of men,
All sorts of lands, claimed the care of the twain.
On seeing the pilgrims they loudly broke out
"This gate opens to none but the true and devout !
Only such do we let in as bring us a store
Of gifts that are pleasing to him we adore."
Sir Jaem handed them some brown powder or black
And at once on their hinges the portals swung back.
The processionists hastily entered the shrine,—
The *Holy of Holies of Dagon* divine,
Who sate with his loved Hindoo Koosh* on his head,—
A puzzle, I fear, to some critics ill-read.

Now ding dong goes the gong; they sing in chorus song
To the music of drum and of trumpet and flute,
Of cymbals and bells and guitar and flute.

Sir Jaem Nagore then comes to the fore ;
He burns some incense, some Dhoopt† and frankincense,
And mutters a *mantra*‡ from the Dagonian *tantra*§
Om Dagon ! Om Dagon ! Om Dagon ! Om *phot* ||
Rhing Dagon || Rhing Dagon ! or something like that !

* Peaked turban.

† Incense.

‡ A verse or sacred formula.

§ The name of a particular branch of the Hindu scriptures.

|| Mystical formulas for the worship of the Deity.

Next, showers of flowers on the altar he strows,
 And loudly and deeply the *Shankha** he blows,
 And passes he makes with *Chirag*'s† bright glow,—
 Above and below—now rapid—now slow.

Then with reverent air, 'he breathes forth his pray'r
 "Great power by mortal men least understood,
 To whom good is evil and evil is good !
 Many a knight, many a dame on thy altar shall bleed !
 Many a reputation thy *dhoonie*‡ shall feed !

If thou deign but to tell how we may the foemen repel
 The Ursines who threaten our frontier just now,
 With insolent deeds and more insolent brow.

Will Pitranus' big tomes, or Sir Anda's keen sword,
 Or Grotius and Puffendorf, drive back the horde?"

"Despair not, Sir, Knight" said the Dagon of Wrays

"I am mightily pleased with thy vows and thy praise !
 Pitranus, Sir Anda, Ghoze, my bright boy !

Your faith and your *Bhakti*§ both fill me with joy !

But, believe me, my lads, your ridiculous fads

Are as likely to baffle or checkmate the foe,

As *Sursoos*|| into palm trees majestic to grow.

Still you need not despair ; for my *Täl* and *Betäl*

Will guard you from danger, your country and all.

Remember, however, that, in peace or in strife,

Self-help is the sheet-anchor—mainstay of life ;

* Conch-shells.

† Lamps.

‡ A sacrificial fire.

§ A feeling of mingled reverence and love.

Indian mustard.

And since this alone all the world may defy,
Go breed ye, my bhaktas* the "Cholera fly"
Which mixed unseen with one's Khana† and cups
More havoc doth work than your Sniders and Krupps !
Or, if you prefer, just lay in a supply
Of the horns of the moon when she waneth in sky ;
And with these—to use one of your old, vig'rous phrases
Blow your enemies *ek dam†* to blazes !
Your soldiering notions I sternly must scout,
For your duty in life's but to scribble and spout,
To blow bubbles in air, and to offer me poojah,§
Singing, *Nath Niranjan Aur Nahin Doojah !*"

/ . \

ODE ON THE MEETING OF THE CONGRESS AT
ALLAHABAD ON THE 26TH DECEMBER, 1888.

Wake, Harp of India, from thy slumber long !
Pour forth thy richest melodies once more,
In varied cadence, such as thrilled of yore
The Aryan soul, responsive to thy song !
Oh for the skill of earlier minstrel band
To fling thy harmonies around the land !
Venturous over-much,
The magic strings I touch
With feeble, falt'ring hand,
Hoping, perchance, these rugged numbers may
Call forth some nobler strain—some loftier lay,
In memory of this happy, blessed day !

For, Lo ! where ancient Pryag* proudly stands,
Laved by the waters of two sacred streams,
Realising the patriots fondest dreams
The Pilgrim Fathers meet from many lands !
Theirs is the forward spirit of the age,
That bids the nations onward all ;
And public zeal still ruled by counsel sage ;
And equal love to lord and thrall.
A confluence of creeds and races
The confluence of waters graces !
Bold hearts all loyal to Victoria's throne !
England's creation and her pride alone !
Rich harvest of the seed her loving care hath sown !

* Modern Allahabad.

They come ! they come ! Apostles true of Peace,
 Tied each to each by sympathy profound !
 Oh clear the mists that Ign'rance spreads around,
 And bid the lying tongue of Slander cease !
 Alas ! was one reform e'er wrought on earth,—
 One precious right or boon secured to man,
 When Malice did not spit her venom forth
 Upon the gallant souls that led the van ?
 See ! Bureaucracy, with a servile band
 Of placemen hoar, the nation's Movement thwart ;
 But Self's the only chord they understand
 Of the deep organ of the human heart.
 "Beware," they cry, "of these our foes, beware !
 Suppress them, crush them, sweep them all away !
 Come weal or woe, it must be still our care
 To hold uncheck'd our arbitrary sway !"
 Yes, perish India ! perish every man
 Who seeks the Indian polity to scan,
 And harmonize all interests on a loyal plan !
 They come ! they come ! from India's farthest ends
 They come, from north and south, from east and
 west,—
 The flower of the land—its wisest—best,
 The Crown's true liegemen, th' Empire's staunchest
 friends !
 Oh ! not in mid-night's gloomy hour,
 Like baleful ghosts, about they flit ;
 Or traitor-like in ruined tow'r,
 In secret conclave grim they sit !
 Ah, no ! in perfect blaze
 Of day, before the gaze

Of all the world, the land's own chosen meet,—
Ev'n in the shadow of Power's castled seat,—
To aid her, strength her with counsels wise and fit!

They come! they come! from sylvan bower and hall,
From bar and counter, temple, mosque, and mart—
Of diff'rent cults and creeds, but one in heart—
To celebrate New India's festival!
See! Moslem, Hindu, Parsi, Christian, Jain,
Walk hand in hand, linked in fraternal chain;
The Trident, Crescent and the Cross combine
To act harmonious on a common line:—

Our country's weal through England's grace,

And perfect loyalty to both

The ruling and the subject race,

To Crown and People, Man and Truth!

How sweetly blend red, white and blue,

The three creeds' sacred, mystic hue!

How meetly at this season when

Jesus was born to save all men!

Flow, Aryan Hearts, from Himachal to sea,

In streams of Joy, for Indian Unity

Sprung from th' ashes of tribal, creed-born Jealousy!

They come! they come! with music's blythest strain,

O brothers greet the Amphictyons of the land!

Greet them with loving heart and lavish hand!

Greet them from house and street, from field and fane!

Away! Away!

With flowers strew their way!

Crown them, crown them one and all,

With heart's own coronal!

They come ! they come !
While the reaper is reaping
The bounty of earth ;
And the rustic's heart leaping
With joy and with mirth,
As, bound in sheaves, the golden corn
Leaves the field for the peasant's barn ;
And the palm grove and mangoe tope
Ring with the song of joy and hope—
Harvest-home ! harvest-home !
Fitly the Congress meets 'mid scenes so bright !
May Heaven guide its counsels all aright,
And India shine once more with her pristine light !

'Twas said by Olney's bard and sage—
"We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?"
Is England's sceptre, then a tyrant's rod?
No ! we repel the charge with honest rage !
Still, England ! there are rivets in our chain,
Which, thou wilt own, had better not remain ;
Remove them ; and make it thy duteous care
To mete thy weaker Sister measure fair.
Give us a wider verge to frame our laws,
A fairer share in our domestic rule ;
And Oh ! with Roman loftiness of soul,
Fit us to guard the Empire and her cause !
Rule Britannia ! India rise !
By methods just, and measures wise !
Like yon united streams that nought can part,
Let us onward move—two nations, one in heart !
Breathes there the Briton, free from racial hate,

Who'll taunt the Congress still with Phæton's fate,
As seeking, not to help, but guide the car of State?

INDIA'S WELCOME—TO MR. BRADLAUGH AND
HER OTHER ENGLISH FRIENDS.

I greet thee with my heart and soul, O friend !
And deem thy visit to be passing kind !
For few, alas ! endued with gifted mind
And potent voice, their sympathy extend
To me and mine ; and fewer still will lend
Their pow'r and skill to loose the chains that bind
My aching limbs, and make me lag behind
With scarce a hope to see my sorrow's end.
Now Heaven hath raised for me a friend instead
Of courage rare, strong will and splendid head,
Oh ! how I wept of late—how bitterly—
When death had nearly snapped thy vital thread
Hail, Bradlaugh ! now restored to health and me !
Thrice hail, Apostle true of Liberty !

Hither led by a most propitious fate.
Much has she done to mitigate my grief,
And much to raise me from my fallen state.
Her rule benign hath given me peace and rest,
O Hume ! thy love proclaims her goodness best !

Behold ! my Sons in Congress meet to-day !
O Bradlaugh ! linked to Bright's and Fawcett's fame,
Nay to Ripon's more honor'd, dearer name
As champion of my cause ! help them, I pray,
To shape their pressing needs, and then to lay
Before the best of queens their rightful claim
To larger power ; for their end and aim
Is but to strengthen more her sceptred sway.
England hath need of thee : I have much more !

My sons have long their narrow sphere outgrown ;
Oh ! scan their wants, and close their hopes explore,
And make their Cause, so fair and just, thy own !
For led by thee, Hume, Wedderburn and Yule,
They can't but prouder cleave to Britain's rule !

OUR GREETINGS
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT VICTOR
OF WALES.

HAIL, Albert Victor ! to this sunny land—
In God's own time thy heritage to be !
From mount to cape, all round from sea to sea,
Have thy fill of the beautiful and grand.
For these are limned by Nature's loving hand
O'er India's beauteous face so skilfully,—
In hill and vale and wood-land scenery,
It seems that here her choicest works were planned !
The Himalaya with its crown of snow ;
And cities famed in classic song and story ;
And forests rich in sport and floral glow ;
And hoary ruins of a vanished glory ;—
All these thine eye and plastic mind invite,—
See them, mark them—regale thy soul and sight !

Thy advent, Prince ! recalls to memory
A wizard scene : It seems but yesterday,
Though fourteen winters since have rolled away,
That thy illustrious sire, midst mirth and glee,
Journey'd through Bharat's land right royally ;
And there were then such festal sights and gay,
Such burst of love as, in his proudest day,
Save Akbar's self, the Mogul ne'er did see !
A spendid crown is destined to be thine,
Of which dear India forms the brightest gem :
And thus her hopes all fondly round thee twine,
O Prince ! whose brow will wear that diadem !

But think who held of yore her pow'r in trust :
 'Twas Rama, Vikram,* Yudhistir the Just !

We greet thee, Albert Victor ! and in thee,
 Thy sire and her,—fair England's Sovereign dear,
 And idol of her countless subjects here.
 These, though in faith and hope apart, agree
 In faith and hope in her most perfectly,—
 In her, the Queen of queens, with scarce a peer—
 Both in her regal and her household sphere—
 Her sex's pride, and crown of royalty !
 The highest type of Woman true and pure—
 A soul of goodness—noble, spotless life,
 Victoria's name through ages will endure
 As paragon of Monarch—Mother—Wife :—
 All true to Truth like Sita, Rama's queen,
 Nay, Truth herself in human form unseen !

We greet thee, Prince ! with loyal hearts sincere !
 O royal Visitor ! O welcome Guest !
 We press thee fondly,—press thee breast to bre
 As we embrace our nearest—dearest here !
 These visits to our shore but more endear
 The Throne to us ; they're tokens manifest—
 Sweet flow and effluence supremely blest—
 Of Victoria's Imperial love and care.
 The pers'nal Majesty of England's power—
 The living grace of England's throne,
 Are, like the fabled *parijata* flower,
 To us a name—a thing to sight unknown :—

* Vikramaditya of Ujjain.

We only realize that pow'r and grace
 When Royalty's Own meet us face to face !

Once more we bid thee hail ! O hail once more !
 In thee, O Prince ! thy Mother-land we greet,
 Home of stern virtues as of graces sweet !
 Land of the Brave ! from Arthur's days of yore !
 Land of the Wise ! where Art and Science pour
 Their richest off'rings at its children's feet !
 Land of the Free ! where from her isled seat
 Liberty guards its sea-encircled shore !
 O England ! mightier than Imperial Rome,
 And destined still to act a nobler part,
 Thy loving care has lightened India's gloom,
 And breathed new life into her wither'd heart !
 Lo ! round thy Prince's brow we fondly twine
 Our gorgeous Lily with thy Rose divine !

THE SELFISHMAN'S LAMENT.*

O stranger ! poor stranger ! Why weepest thou so ?
 What ails thee, my man ? I am curious to know.
 Where's the land of thy birth ? What thy calling and name ?
 Cam'st thou here for pleasure, or lucre, or fame ?
 "I'm SELFISHMAN named, and I hail from the West :
 I came to the East for the good of my chest ;

* On the abolition of the Jury System by Sir Charles Elliot an influential meeting was held in the Town Hall by Indians and Europeans to protest against the same.

A Pindari by trade, I wield my keen blade,
Or, rather, my goose-quill, at Zubber's behest.

For Zubber, my chieftain, and Zulum, his love,
I boldly defy ev'n the heavens above ;
And sacrifice hecatombs, daily, of facts,
The Gospels and Paul, the Epistles and Acts.

I filch, for his sake, reputations away,
And my brass in amazing measure display.
I trample the weak, but I flatter the strong,
And Zubberdust's glory is the theme of my song.

Now up to the ceiling, now down to the ground,
At his bidding I caper, and go round and round ;
Like the sun-flower true, to my sun I still turn :
I glow in his light, with his fervour I burn !

But the Pi is now playing a dubious part,
And works not for Zubber with ardour of heart.
The News and the Friend have both enter'd the lists,
On behalf of the Blacks, th' oleaginous beasts !

There's Surly, again, a bold devil of a chap !—
(I wish he would add yet the bells to his CAP !)
His *gali* and gibes we can suffer no more ;
Would to God he were *notified* off from this shore

And lo ! from his lathe a smart Turner has turn'd
A Frankenstein out, that deserves to be spurn'd :
Oh ! save me, ye gods, from these maniacs, save,
Who'd treat as a brother the nigger and slave !

The Fussociation has caught 'em in its toils,—
The Python is wreathing around them its coils ;

And they met—nay, they blended together,—
All races and colours as birds of a feather.

The Mehtar of Chitral—no ! he of the Ditch,—
The Mayor, I mean, oped the hall with a speech
In excellent taste ; but he tripped, in the end,
By trying to trip my fond chieftain and friend.

Next erudite Hahnemann led the assault :—
' 'Twas Zubber's misfortune, and *not* Zubber's fault.'
Tho' he question'd the right of Small Dose to be there,
He himself decided his title was fair.

But one thing was clear, and I swear it by Kali !*

The parental act,

As proved by the fact,

In his case, was no deed of sheer folly

Then Saxon and Sadyk and Goosey and Pooh,
Proceeded my Zubber to hack and to hew ;
But Saxon the ruthless struck hardest of all,
To the joy of the idiots in Liberty Hall.

Oh, the blows that they gave, and the gashes they made,
With cudgel and bludgeon, the lance and the blade !
Send, Huggin ! good Huggin ! some anodyne send,—
Thy *own* balm of Gilead for Zubber, our friend !"

* The bloody consort of Shiva.

THE NEW DOUGLAS.

My name is Kaiser : on the Drizzling hills
I keep my summer court ; a watchful prince,
Whose constant cares are to increase the stores
Of Kāsūr, and to keep my people quiet.
For I had heard of Congresses and famines,
And much I longed to lord it over both :
And heaven soon granted what my soul desired.
This rod, true emblem of my model rule,
I scarce began to wield, when tidings came
That famine had within my realm appeared,
And ravaged many a homestead in the plains,
Sweeping the peasants and their herds. The poor
Sued to me for relief. Like errant knight,
With knitted brow, and bonnet full of bees,
I wandered o'er the land, and from a sibyl
Learnt the virtues of Kāsūr ; to my friends
I hasted then with my new famine bullets,
Dug from the earth. The pursuit I led,
With Saw-bones^o and a chosen band of scribes,
We fought and conquered. Ere a pice was drawn,
With Kāsūr low I laid the foe, who held
The flag that now adorns my Gothic pile.
Triumphant thus, I've ever since disdained
My predecessor's slothful life ! and hearing
My over-lord had challenged an old right
Of my lieges on Cis-Karmnasa side,
I snatched away the same, and reckoned most
On Rhadamanthus's potential voice,
Yon dastard, who has since forsaken me !
But firm of purpose, I have passed these orders,

And, by Olympian leave, have dared to do
The valiant deed that has inflamed the land.

BENGAL'S NIGHTMARE.

In the beginning when the earth was void,
And Nature bore the pail of endless night,
And on the waters Brahma mov'd alone ;
God said, Let there be light : and there was light.

But times are chang'd,—our mortal gods are grown
Severer, grimmer, if not wiser all ;
Lord Vilyet said, Let all be black ; and all
Was black,—*cutchery**—counter—durbar hall.

The Lord of heav'n is serv'd by saints in white,
But the old order giveth place to new ;
And men may murmur, men may fret and fume,
All must be black—that's English plain for you.

Lucifer's mask ! Saturnian badge of woe !
Of old despis'd in India's sun-bright shore !
O negro outcast of all hues divine !
Thou com'st with vulgar triumph to the fore !

But yesterday yon lordly mansion teem'd
With visitors of high and low degree ;
The scene, though festal, yet a grave-yard seem'd,
For all were clad in fun'ral drapery.

* Law-court.

Each at his neighbour look'd with eyes aghast,
 Common the colour,—common was the pain ;
 Save one old jester who enjoy'd the fun,
 All suffer'd from a black-oppresséd brain.

Black, black above—below ! black, black around !
 And not a bit of linen bright was there !
 A darkling stream of black flow'd in and out !
 Good Heavens ! save us from this black despair.

An *Apke-waste** with a tail I met—
 Perpetual *Omedwar*† for honor,—place ;
 O horror ! with his limbs encas'd in black,
 He look'd a very ghost in garb and face !

O *Apke-wasté* ! *Apke-wasté* ! poor
 Light-headed loon ! what is it ails thee, man ?
 With tear-drops streaming down his sunken cheeks,
 He pointed to his—*choga* and *chapcán*.

O *Apke-wasté* ! *Apke-wasté* ! poor
 Light-headed loon ! go, burn thy livery !
 "Alas ! I can't ; I wait upon the great,—
 Their smiles and spurns are meat and drink to me.

"Yet, sooth to say, I can endure no more
 This black, which sore offends my taste and pride ;
 It haunts my waking thoughts—my nightly dreams :
 My only hope now lies in suicide."

* A place-hunter.

† Candidate.

I ask'd a patriotic orator,
 An editor, and then a saintly *Bhai**
 What made *them* wear the regulation suit,
 Shocking alike to cultur'd taste and eye?

And the three with one voice made answer quick :
 "Place hath its charms,—and birth-day honors too ;
 'Tis something to have both—but chief a tail,
 To lend just weight to all we say and do !

"Yet sooth to say, we can endure no more
 This horrid black, which is Kal Bhairav's† own ;
 It haunts our waking thoughts—our nightly dreams,
 And soon, we fear, our callings will be gone !"

Is this a *choga* black I see before
 Me, with the sleeves all dangling tow'rd my hand?
 Come, let me wear thee. O Vishnu‡ ! Vishnu !
 That hid'ous nightmare maddens all the land !

City of Blacknesses ! farewell ! farewell !
 I go where no sartor'al censor dwells :
 Who knows but motley yet may be thy wear,
 With peakéd cap and little tinkling bells !

Q

* Lit. brother—a title of the Brahmo missionary corresponding to Reverend of the christian clergy.

† A variant of the god Mohadeo.

‡ The Hindus generally utter the names of their gods and to avert evil or the contamination thereof.

A TROJAN SONG.

O men of Troy ! will you still cry
Like children that are hurt ?
Danger ahead ! will you not ply
The oar, make a spurt
To save the bark ? will sighs and tears
And sorrow aught avail ?
Fling off unmanly doubts and fears,
Boldly face rock and gale.

Cowards will fail, but not the brave,
Who to themselves are true ;
Stout hearts will rule the wind and wave,
But ne'er a dastard crew.

The guerdon ever is the due—
Jove still the the labour crowns,—
Of earnest souls that dare and do,
Inspite of Fortune's frowns.

Ho warders, to the ramparts swift !
The foe is at the gate !
See, the Palladium's seized, the gift
Of pow'rs benign and great !
If ye are men, from ruthless hand
Oh ! strive the boon to save ;
Yet a bold front, a manly stand,
May rescue what they gave.

Treat not for truce, sue not for grace,—
The time for that is past ;
The honour, manhood of your race,
Now bids you dare the blast !

They be but traitors false to Troy,
Who counsel base delay :
The true will heart and hand employ,
To wrest the spoil away.

The honour of your mothers, wives,
And daughters is at stake !
Arise, and battle for your lives
For hearth and woman's sake.
Shoulder to shoulder move ye on,—
A phalanx close and bold ;
Flinch not, shrink not, till you have won !
Press on, both young and old !

Flinch not, shrink not, till you have won !
The gods your cause befriend ;
And all the world from Sun to Sun
Approves your noble end.
Fling down false Hope's Circean cup !
'Twere fatal to delay ;
Up, up, all resolutely up !
Speed to your posts away !

Within the fortress' well-marked round—
Before a strong-soul'd band,
No foeman's steps should be found,
Nor foeman's rifling hand.
Quick Trojan, to yon wall repair !
The foe a breach has made !
Gather your strength, O gallants, there !
Stay there yet, for your fatal raid.

One step backward Ilion's lost ;
 Relentless is the foe,
Defend your own at any cost ;
 No time for parley now !
Up, Trojans, up ! go man the wall,—
 A brave devoted train ;—
Victory, or the shroud and pall !
 But ne'er as slaves remain !

FAREWELL LINES.

Will the 'Strong' ruler go at last?
 Will he lay down the rod of sway?
And cause to bind our fetters fast,—
 To filch our cherish'd rights away?
Yes, let him go ; he greatly needs
 Repose of mind, and change of sphere !
Oh ! how the gen'rous bosom bleeds
 To see the blight on his career !
Shall he depart unsung,—unblest?
 Deep debt to him the Country owes
For this last act by far the best
 And wisest of his reign,—he goes !
Good heav'ns ! he goes ! and we must part,
 But not in sullen anger now ;
Trust me the tender Aryan heart
 Will speed at parting ev'n a foe.

He meant no ill,—this ruler strong ;
Boundless assurance proved his bane :—
He's always right,—the world all wrong.—
Oh ! the delusion monstrous vain !

His reign was one long row and ride,
Perpetual motion still his boast :
Haroun-Al-Rashidism allied
To festal cheer at others' cost !

Yet he's a rigid Bermicide—
Like him in fiction—born and bred ;
For, when for food the people cried,
He gave them *Késur** wild for bread.

He held the public purse-strings tight,
On *Késur* dwelt with learned pride ;
While men in thousands, in his sight,
By famine stricken—starved or died.

'Tis better than the Script'ral stone,
And grows perennial every where ;
And, surely, he might worse have done,
And bid the famished feed on air.

Then his Black-act—his law of dress—
Prescribing black for courtly vest ;—
Oh ! language can but ill express
The shock it gave to cultured taste.

* The edible root of *Scirpus Kysoor*.

The *Gunja**, was his sovereign cure
 For every blessed mortal ill ;
 Nurse of wild fancies, to be sure,—
 Indra's ambrosia, if you will.

Bum! bum!† *lagao dum!*‡ Phillips brave!
 Beyond the law,—without ado,
 Send Mymensing to Jail or grave ;—
 One puff of *ganja* pulls thee through!

Up! Bagbazar!§ up! go, entwine
Dhatura|| chaplets round his brow ;
 Who champion'd thus your drug divine,
 The drug so dear to Mohadeo!

Alas! for science in these days,
 That any of her votaries
 Should lend their potent voice to praise
 The view of theorists mad like these.

And these, O England, are the men,
 Oft charged to rule o'er millions here ;
 With heartless breast, and narrow brain,
 They cost poor India many a tear.

Little minds are the fruitful seed
 Of tyrants vile in every sphere ;
 Ocean-queen! with thy noble creed,
 Why suffer such to flourish here?

* The Indian hemp—*Cannabis Indica*.

† A mystic word peculiar to Sivaic worship.

‡ Take a deep pull.

§ On the northern outskirts of Calcutta, once notorious for its Ganja-smoking den.

|| The thorn-apple.

Westward ho ! in thy native clime,

 Rub shoulders with the good and wise
There see humanity in prime,
 And then thyself through other eyes.

With thine own littleness, I trust,

 Thou wilt be deeply there impress'd !
E'en Sancho's rule was wise and just—
 But thine,—alas ! a hideous jest.

To dare the Grand Mogul to play,

 When England's flag doth proudly wave,
Was madness wild : and for thy sway,
 Has dug, alas ! an earthly grave.

For man to man is brother still—

 One's footstool is n't a nation's neck ;
Pow'r was thine but to work our weal,—
 To lift the fall'n and help the weak.

Didst thou so rule this ancient land ?

 Heldst thou the balance e'en between
Class and mass with impartial hand,—
 All loyal to thy oath and Queen ?

Wert thou a keeper kind and true

 Of those committed to thy care ?
Didst thou give them their rightful due,—
 Ne'er blight their hopes, nor spurn their prayer ?

Oh ! how we pity thee ! thou wert

 Sweet Courtesy's self in social hour !
There shone thy English mind and heart,
 Untinged by shade of earthly pow'r !

Help me! help me! or else I starve and die—

On my small *tullub** of a lac a year!

Only the other day, my sweetest wife,

A necklace fancied worthy of her wear—

The price not very high,—yet, for my life,

I could not spare the sum to please my dear.

All this is due to silver's woful fall,

And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl!

SECOND BEGGAR.

O gen'rous souls! before you suppliant stand

A dignitary high of State, who sues—

For charitable succour at your hand,—

Or, rather, out of recent Import Dues

My change-strick'n wife and *babalogues*† at home,

Are in dolorous plight; as goodness knows;

While thro' the silver vaults of State I roam—

A wand'ring Jew that only downward goes

All this is due to silver's woful fall,

And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl!

THIRD BEGGAR.

I am a Chief Court Judge of sportive fame—

An ill-paid, famished servant of the Crown.

Oh hang me! if, to India when I came,

I knew that silver thus would dwindle down.

I'll join the Lilluah gang, who, void of fear,

Thro' Gr—rs—us' grace, are thriving more and more;—

* Pay.

† Children.

Break into Gov'nment House or Belvedere,
 Or the *Prāsad** of Sir J. M. Tagore !
 All this is due to silver's woful fall,
 And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl !

FOURTH BEGGAR.

I am a Commissioner, and Thingumbob
 My name, whose powers a district quake.
 But tho' I love to play the grand Nabob,
 I'm out at elbows—for my consort's sake.
 For fain would she the Vice-reine's self out-vie,
 (By the Lord Jesus ! that's a simple fact)
 So things have come to such a pass, that I
 May shortly seek the shelter of the Act
 All this is due to silver's woful fall,
 And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl !

FIFTH BEGGAR.

I am a College Don, as you may guess—
 From my exterior garb—my cap and gown.
 Ah me ! the scholar's life has lost its grace !
 My fairy castles all have toppled down !
 Farewell to my servants—my Khitmutgar,
 Khansamah, Baburchi† with turban'd head !
 Great Alfred now, with fell Exchange at war,
 Waits on himself, and bakes his own brown bread.
 All this is due to silver's woful fall,
 And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl !

* The name of the Calcutta residence of Sir J. M. Tagore.

† Menial servants in an Anglo-Indian household.

SIXTH BEGGAR.

To India's heav'n-born service I belong—

An acting deputy *Hazur** from Cam ;

But as the fashion is, I married young,

And here, you know, the women love *dhum dham*†
Besides, my wife is fruitful like sow—

She has borne six, and many more may bear ;
So soon I must to jail or work-house go,—

With jailbird's mess or McGuires' homely fare !
All this is due to silver's woful fall,
And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl !

SEVENTH BEGGAR.

A minister of Christ, I'm forced to teach—

"Gold ever Sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;"

And, weekly, on the Sabbath morn I preach—

"Peace on earth and to Brahmans white—good will !"

A golden calf for worship and for praise

I will set up in way of pastoral peace ;

And pray to Heav'n a Jason here to raise,

Who may procure my flock the golden fleece.

All this is due to silver's woful fall,

And men, who soar'd on high, now grov'l or crawl !

Chorus.

India's our milch cow, let us milk her well,

Her udder's rich like *Kam Dhenu*'s‡ in heav'n.

* A deferential title of address used to Judges and Magistrates in

Squeeze we her teats—fill we our merry pail,

While unto us her mastership is giv'n.

*Kuch parwa nai! Kuch parwa nai!**

Our meat and wine's secure!

In spite of every hostile cry,

Our compensation's sure!

For ours the clearest right divine

To thrive, tho' silver fall—

Tho' peasants starve, or tradesmen pine,

And taxes grind them all!

[EXEUNT.]

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET'S SON-IN-LAW.
 BABU SATYA KINKER SEN, GOVT. PLEADER,
 BURDWAN.

The suff'ring father could endure
 No more ! the weary spirit's fled !
 Leaving a little world to mourn
 His loss, with tears sincerely shed.

He's gone ! the lawyer—skilful—wise—
 Of kindest heart and soundest sense ;
 Who that once heard him could forget
 His sweet yet manly eloquence !

He's gone ! friend of the friendless poor
 How many such a shelter kind—
 A cheerful, happy home—beneath
 His hospitable roof did find !

He's gone ! the gentle, good and true,
 Who knew no ill, and ever strove
 To do his duty well by all
 And won of all esteem and love.

Peace to his gentle, stainless soul !
 If there's a heaven for the blest,
 That heaven is his, where with the gods
 He shares eternal bliss and rest.

But how my daughter, how shalt thou
 Endure thy crushing double loss ?
 Worn as thou art with long disease,
 How shalt thou bear thy heavy cross ?

The ties are rudely rent that held
 Thee fast to transient life below ;
 Poor Yogmaya ! dear Yogmaya !
 Henceforth Muktamaya* be thou !

Thou know'st thy scripture, break not then
 Thy heart with sorrow, but control
 Illusive *maya* in thy breast,
 And strive to be a living soul.

Adore Him then—in Whom we are,
 And think of Him by day and night,
 The Highest Self, the Nameless One,
 The only Satyam, † fount of light !

Cherish that sacred, mystic name—
 Eternal Truth, Supernal Love—
 Omnipotent, Omniscient,
 One Lord within and God above !

IN MEMORIAM: KALI KINKER SEN.

God's stronger love, prevailing o'er
Our own, hath, in life's vernal hour,
Unto His own bosom ta'en him up,
My heart's delight, its cherished flower.

How good, how loveable he was !
All nature seems yet full of him.
Who says he's gone ? there—there he smiles !
No phantom he, and this no dream.

I see his face ; I hear his voice—
Sweet as in life, and ringing clear
Lark-like in earth and air and sky ;—
The same—the same, oh, everywhere '

That vanished eye and silent voice,
Of my own being make a part ;
Like a fixed star his image shines
In the still ether of my heart.

O Kali ! Kali ! speak one word,
And give this idle rumour lie—
What sound was that ? Did Kali speak ?
Ah no, it was some mourner's cry.

Am I awake ? Alas ! too well
A choking in the throat I feel,
And in my heart a burning wound,
That nothing can allay or heal.

He is no more ! ere morning's close
His sun is set ! O boundless woe,
With shattered health, in feeble age,
How may I bear the crushing blow !

His childish sports, his winning ways,
His waxing mind, and goodness rare,
Come crowding on my memory,
And fill my soul with black despair.

There's gloom around—above—below !
The day is one with night I find :—
Is there a total sun-eclipse,
Or is this an eclipse of mind ?

All nature with my senses reels ;
Strange phantoms in the air I see,—
Embodied ghosts of vanished hopes
Mocking—still mocking—mocking me.

For twice ten years he tarried here,
For twice ten years graced home and hearth,
Into my inmost being wov'n
As vital fibre from his birth.

'Tis said, the lov'd of gods die young ;—
Mere echo of an idle breath !
The Rishis say with greater truth,—
God's love is life, and sin is death.

His was a white and stainless life,
Fragrant with love and simple faith ;
The gods themselves, I hoped, would save
So rich a flower from canker Death.

A Beauteous life and full of grace,—
It scarcely had a trace of clay :—
O maddening thought ! that it should prove
A lovely vision of a day !

Vain—vain our dearest plans and hopes—
Vain—vain our wisdom—vain our care :—
The finest bark may fast be wrecked
In seas serene, and weather fair.

The gift is to the Giver gone,
Floating away on Time's dark stream ;
A shadow now remains of him—
A memory—a tragic dream.

The idol of two houses, thou
With every human love wert blest ;
What didst thou lack of tender care,
To make thee elsewhere seek for rest
Thine was thy father's—mother's love ;
Love of a lovely, loving wife ;
Love of thy sisters and thy friends
Ay, love of all thou knew'st in life.

So blest wert thou with love of friends,—
So blest with love's radiant glow,
That if our wills were done, thy life
Had flourished ever green below.

Who ever dreamt a morn so rich
In youth's auroral shine and bloom,
So bright with roseate hues of Hope,
Would end so soon in ceaseless gloom !

Ah, cruel one, could not one thought
Of thy poor father's suffering
Restrain thy sudden flight? Lo, there
He lies an all but lifeless thing!

Through weary months, a bed of pain
Has been his couch of restless rest ;
Did it become his only son,
With scorpion's stings, to scourge his breast?

Usha,—Nagen !*—my darlings, come !
Pour balm into your father's heart,
Worn with disease, and bleeding fast
From sorrow's deeply piercing dart.

Upon one stem with him that's gone
Ye grew—one heart—one mind in three ;
There was a music in your lives,
That breathed the soul of harmony.

But thou hast ceased, and ceased with him—
The music's flown, ne'er to return ;—
But wake a nobler melody
Over our darling's mournful urn.

To filial duty tune your mind ;
Go, calm your parents' anguished brow
Speed to their side ; as Aryan daughters,
Be ye to them as mothers now.

* Two sisters of the deceased.

II.

That vanished eye and silent voice
A nameless feeling still impart ;
For, evermore, his image shines,
Serene and bright, within my heart.

Shine on, O image ever dear !
O eye and voice ! Still cheer and glow,
Till I join thee, in fields of bliss
Where *Parijatas* ever blow.

But wake no more the buried past,
When *Maya* held my will in thrall ;
And fancy raised a fairy world
With thee as sovereign lord of all.

To see thee happy, cheerful, gay,
Was highest happiness to me ;
And I, who strove to kill Desire,
Yet centred every wish in thee.

My Krishna would Fair Radha 'spouse—
My Rama lovely Sita find—
My Siva win bright Gouri's love—
My Vishnu be to Lakshmi join'd.

And as thy spring to summer wore,
A beauteous star shone at thy side,
Whose radiance filled the house with light,
And thine own soul with joy and pride.

It was the bridal of the earth
And sky, the God of Love would seem
To have himself conceived the match,
As in a happy, happy dream.

IN MEMORIAM: KALI KINKER SEN

Two butterflies just on the wing
They shone—my darling and his wife,—
All joyous, sportive, blithe and gay,
Drinking the lusciousness of life.

And as a child plays with its dolls,
E'en so with them I fondly played ;
Idols of my idolatry
A happy world for me they made.

What golden dreams I then did nurse !
How ardent grew the wish in me—
That bright-eyed children, sprung from thee,
Would dance and play around my knee?

With thee, alas, those dreams are fled ;
A rude awak'ning bears me down ;
Like oceans restless swell, the heart's
Wild agitation all my own.

How couldst thou tear thyself from her,
Who, like the tendrils of the vine,
Around thee twined? Whose tender heart,
And mind and soul were wholly thine?

Of parents reft in tender years,
Her wealth of heart she brought to thee,
As devotees bring offerings rich.
To shrined saint or deity.

The hearth which once thy presence cheered—
The home thy love supremely blest,
Beneath the shadow of thy loss,
To her is now a desert waste.

O weep for her—the love-lorn dove—
 The strick'n doe, widowed of her mate:—
 The lovely, golden *champac*, torn
 And flung relentless down by fate!

No more for her the joys of life,
 Ruthless her lute of love is riven ;
 And naught has she but black despair,
 Between this earth and yonder heaven.

The circling hours will round and round
 Revolve, and spring, returning, reign
 But O my child, as years roll by,
 Thy heart may know no spring again.

One day and night—the wings of time—
 The sable doth to thee belong ;
 Of fortnights, thine the darker side ;
 Thy life, the shadow of a song.

On the horizon of thy mind
 Joy, like the radiant moon, arose,
 Soon to be shrouded by dark cloud
 Of grief, that ever deep'ning grows

O short-lived joy, scarce felt when lost !
 O sunset glow ending in night !
 O lightning flash ! O falling star !
 No sooner seen than gone from sight !

Where is the eye that will not weep—
 The heart that will not feel ;—for thee
 The soul thy sorrows will not melt
 O Kohinur of misery !

Where now shalt thou thy solace find ?
On whose fond breast thy head repose ?
Arise, poor child ! at Hari's* feet
Pour forth thy griefs and all thy woes.

He's merciful ! Go seek in him
Thy father—mother—husband—all ;
He's merciful ! the fount of love
Flows forth in streams at *bhakti's* call.

Cease, mourners, cease your idle tears
There's mercy hidden in the blow.
Let's kneel and pray to Him for strength
And to the stroke submissive bow.

How terrible the parting when
The young before their fathers go
But Vasudev† our Saviour's sire,—
Nay, Krishna's self, once suffered so.

Remember, too, for all their might—
Their knightly virtues—moral grace,—
The course of nature was reversed,
In the renown'd Pandavas' case.

My children ! tenderly sustain
That golden creeper trailing low
In dust, that so in God she may
From pure to purer ever grow.

* One of the names of Krishna.

† Father of Krishna.

III.

O mourners ! cease your vain laments,
To God's decree submissive bow :
What lies behind the veil of Time
We neither see nor here may know.

This blindness, joined to the love of Self—
The living Self of mortal men—
Is still the fruitful, triple* source
Of human woe and human pain.

For life is His, and never ours ;
He gives, and often takes away,
To draw our hearts from earthly love
To love divine,—our only stay.

Yet parents, gazing on their babe,
Thus seem to say : "This flower of flowers—
This gem of gems—this folded bud
Of beauty must be ever ours."

Their doting eyes see promises
Bright in each feature of his face ;
While sweetly whispers Hope to them—
"This child will glorify your race.

"All gifts of fortune will be his,
"And rank and fame in manhood's prime ;
"With pious care he'll tend you then,
"And thus discharge the debt of time."

* The three kinds of misery of mundane existence of the *Sankhya*

Poor dreamers, to the future blind !

While hope does thus her iris spread,
Black-visaged, dread Karali* comes,
And sends their darling to the dead.

They err who say our wills are ours ;
This life is but a puppet-show :—
Fate guides the strings, and, as he lists,
Like puppets still we come and go.

Else why the third Napoleon's son—
The apple of Eugenie's eye
In bloom of youth, should meet his doom
From a fell Zulu's assegai.

From England's shore to Africa's sands
What led the prince ? not love or hate ;
Not his own, or his country's cause,
But a mere fancy waked by Fate !

Ah, poor Eugenie ! Lily pale
Of France ! Misfortune's matchless child !
Once cynosure of Europe's eyes,
But now a desolation wild !

Ye, who bewail your darling's loss,
And let wild grief destroy your peace—
Ought ye to mourn if God's pure love
Hath raised him up to bowers of bliss ?

Is earthly life, so full of pain,
Better than life beyond the skies ?
Is heaven less to be desired
Than this dark round of tears and sighs ?

* One of the terrible forms of the Goddess Durga.

Gossamer films are all our ties.—

Fate tears them rudely when he wills,
Destroying *Maya's* magic web,

With all her tangled skeins and reels.

And then one's dearest, closest friends—

Then father—mother—children—wife,
Vanish like pictures in the clouds,

From eyes that looked all love in life.

As clouds no impress leave on hills,

As dews the lotus-leaves ne'er stain.
So man's affection, woman's love,

Touch not the immortal souls of men.

Alone we come—alone we go—

The soul no friend or foeman knows ;
Our acts alone may stain our lives,—

Our acts alone our friends and foes.

The rose may fall, its fragrance still

Remains, perfuming all the air,

The body thus may perish, yet

One's virtues live on sweet and fair.

As *Falgu's* stream, unseen above,

Runs in clear current underneath,

So runs the stream of vanished life.

In loving memory after death.

Cease—cease your tears, nor break your hearts
For him in vain. Flee to the Lord
For comfort, peace, and soothing balm,
Promised in His eternal Word.

"I am the life, and I am death ;

"Silence am I, and speech again,

"I am the Path, thro' which alone

"Sorrow can perfect peace obtain.

"Come unto me with lowly hearts,

"In me repose your hope and faith,

"I am th' abode—the resting place,

"Where end all pangs of birth and death.

"Come unto me for refuge sure,

"Come with minds fixed on Me alone ;

"With trustful *bhakti* serve My will,

"And I will make ye all Mine own".

O worship Krishna, live to Krishna,

And think of Krishna day and night,

Sri Krishna, Jesus Krishna, Krishna

Chaitanya, fount of love and light !

Cherish that sacred, mystic name—

The holiest Trinity of love—

To life eternal th' only Key—

Our Lord below, and God above.

With loving hands I place this wreath

Upon my darling's mournful bier,

He loved my rhymes ; his spirit may

Like this sad tribute of a tear.

IN MEMORIAM : MICHÆL MADHUSUDAN DUTT.

(B—1827. D—1873)

Mourn, poor Bengala, mourn thy hapless state !
Thy swan, thy warbler's snatched by ruthless fate !
Oh ! snatched in prime of life, thy darling child,—
Datta who sang in magic numbers wild,
Great Meghnad—India's haughty conqu'ring foe
Hurled by brave Lukshman to the shades below !
Hushed is the tuneful voice that thrilled the soul,
Silent the lyre whose swelling notes did roll
In streams of music sweet that did impart
A life—a soul ev'n to the dullest heart !
Ah, poor unhappy land ! how sad thy doom,
Thy noblest sons are lost in vigor's bloom !
O Death ! how stern—implacable thou art
To single them out for thy cruel dart !
Ye children of Bengala, on his bier
Pour forth your sorrows, shed the grateful tear
To wit and talents due, and genius rare,
Now lost beyond the reach of hope and care !
What though no pageant grand, no funeral show
Followed his hearse in sable garb of woe !
What though no column high, no living bust
Should mark the spot where lies his honoured dust ;
He needs not these, though prized by little men ;—
His works his noblest monuments remain !
Oh crown your poet's grave with flowery wreaths,
The flesh is dead, the immortal spirit breathes.

IN MEMORIAM : BABU RAJENDRA DUTT—THE
BENGALEE PATRIOT & PHILANTHROPIST.

The kindest heart that throbbed in human breast,
Beneath Death's icy hand is stilled for aye !
And from its mortal tenement of clay
A noble soul, with varied knowledge blest—
Culled from the gathered stores of East and West—
In sunset glory now has passed away !
And young and old, with heartfelt sorrow, say—
"He was one of our truest friends and best !"
Philanthropy's own darling ! far and near
To countless homes, his presence, like a ray
Of sunshine gleaming through the darkest day,
Brought life and light and new-born hope and cheer.
Alas ! 'twill be long ere we see again
A life devoted thus to weal of men !

IN MEMORIAM : ROBERT KNIGHT.

Sudden the Indian sky is overcast,
And all the land is shrouded deep in gloom ;
A wail goes forth from many an Indian home,
And tears from old and young are streaming fast.

For where is he, our fearless champion bold,
India's unflinching advocate and friend,
Whose lofty purpose and whose cherish'd end,
Were—Justice, Truth, and Righteousness t' uphold ?

Alas, the gen'rous soul is now no more !

Hush'd the large heart, whose love our hearts had won !

O noble Knight, thy mortal warfare o'er,

O weary pilgrim, thy long journey done.

Rest from thy loving toil and labour rest,

Repose in peace in thy Redeemer's breast !

IN MEMORIAM: RAJAH RAJENDRALALA MITRA,
LL.D. & PANDIT ISWARA CHANDRA
VYDYASAGARA.

Two radiant spirits, bursting earthly ties,

Have disappear'd into th' Unknown ;

We miss their light, for long they shone

With genial brightness on our loving eyes.

Two gifted souls all but together here

Their mortal pilgrimage began ;

And having filled their destin'd span,

Have passed in glory to a brighter sphere.

Amid bleak winds, in stony soil they grew ;

Their native strength sustained them still,—

Rare courage and all-conq'ring will,

Bespeaking real worth and greatness true.

One was a type of intellectual Man ;

With varied lore he stored his mind,

And held his own amongst his kind—

The bravest captain of his clime and clan.

To spread the light was still his heart's desire ;
 Not less in manhood than in youth
 He scaled the Alpine heights of Truth,
 And, Prometheus-like, brought away her fire.

The dull stupidities he routed fast ;
 And his clear brain and skilful hand,
 Laboring for his native land,
 Unravell'd many tangles of its Past.

As some tall palm, defying storm and flame,
 Lifts up in air its leafy crown,
 So, scorning Fortune's with'ring frown,
 The sturdy Scholar rose to rank and fame.

He was a power in Thought's wide domain,
 And East and West alike combined
 To render homage to the mind
 Of this new Agamemnon, prince of men.

The other also toiled at Learning's mine,
 Whence rarest gems his labours drew,—
 High thoughts to Man and Maker true,
 Conceptions just, and selflessness divine.

A keen, clear intellect and ample heart
 Lifted him far above his peers ;
 While highest Faith, that knew no fears,
 Kept him from worldly vanities apart.

The poor and helpless found in him a kind
 And never-failing friend sincere ;
 And his great love supplied with care
 The vital fervour to young Aryan mind.

And man was brother, woman sister dear
 To him ; and thus at Mercy's call
 In cot or field, in bow'r or hall,
 He gave his heart and purse and ready tear.

What gen'rous feelings warm his bosom graced !
 Day after day, hour after hour,
 Like Grecian Jove in golden show'r,
 He clasp'd Humanity unto his breast.

And art thou gone to thy eternal rest ?
 As on thy bier this wreath I lay,
 A voice aerial bids me say—
 "He never dies who loves his brethren best !"

Two lives—two noble lives are ended now—
 Emblems of self-reliance rare ;
 Of iron will to do and dare ;
 Of manly virtues crowning manly brow.

O Mother India ! mourn thy loved dead !
 Let thy sons keep their mem'ry green,
 And strive to be what they have been,—
 Self-helping—earnest—sound of heart and head !

IN MEMORIAM: DR. SAMBHU CHANDRA
MUKERJEE.

I had a dream at night—a troubled sleep,
Where rest but made me restless more and more ;
For many a friend, whose loss I yet deplore,
Came trooping from beyond the Stygian deep.
What could it mean—this vision of the dead ?
For me, alas ! sad tears—a drooping head !

Day dawned at last—O, melancholy day !
A message came to say—"Our friend is gone !
From his frail pris'n the gifted soul is flown !
Dear Sambhu Chandra has been ta'en away !
O baleful news ! that ere its proper hour,
Death should cut down so rich—so bright a flower !

Weep on, my Country ! for the loved dead—
The Scholar—Critic—Moralist severe—
The truth-teller, who scorn'd all coward fear—
The foe of cant, and ranting babblers' dread.
O, toll for, him, the gifted and the brave !
For unto thee his gifts—his life he gave !

That voice so eloquent—is hushed in death !
Gone is the light from those bright, beaming eyes !
That cunning hand all stiff and pulseless lies !
The clay remains without the vital breath !
Thy journey done, rést, weary pilgrim ! rest !
In peace eternal in thy Maker's breast !

I fondly hoped that thou, whose loss I mourn,
 My requiem wouldst in feeling language sing ;
 That hope is fled with thee ; and now I bring
 This humble wreath to deck thy sacred urn.
 Poor flowers be these, but thou wilt hold them dear,
 For earth is dewed with the heart's holiest tear !

ALAS, MY POOR CHANDI !

One even, ere the sun was down, in spring,
 When song and fragrance filled the balmy air,
 An old man, and a little bright-eyed boy,
 Strolled forth like Hope attended by Despair.

"Oh, you are old, grand-pa, Oh you are old !"
 With ringing laughter said the little one ;
 "Without your staff a step you may not stir,—
 But see, how well I skip and frisk and run."

With that he skipped and frisked and nimbly ran ;
 Now plucked a jasmin here, a red rose there ;
 Now mimicked grand-pa's solemn gait and mien ;
 And spoke sweet speeches, laughing light at care.

And now he chased a butterfly on wing ;
 And now a squirrel with its glancing tail ;
 And acted still, for grand-pa's benefit,
 Extemporaneous falls, that did not fail.

"Oh, you are old," he said, "Oh you are old,
 And speed and vigour, grand-pa ! have you none !
 Come, fling away your staff, and grasp my hand,
 That so together may we walk or run."

When, lo ! a jackal started from a bush,—

The pretty prattler paused as if in fear ;—

Then homeward hastened, crying as he sped—

Ho, tiger ! tiger ! seize my grand-pa there !”

Days came and went,—at last the tiger came—

But where, Oh where that playful prattler’s gone ?

Alas, the old man, lagging still behind,

In silent sorrow mourns the little one !



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IN MEMORIAM : PANDIT KALI PRASANNO
KABYA-BISHARAD.

(An adaptation of Moore.)

It is not the tear at this moment shed,

When the cold sea-wave just has closed o’er him,

That can tell how beloved was the soul that’s fled,

Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

’Tis the tear by many a patriot wept,

Thro’ a life, by his loss all shaded,

’Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,

How a flower so bright has faded !



IN MEMORIAM: W. E. GLADSTONE.

A prince of men from earth has disappeared !
The greatest Commoner of England's gone !
Her mighty 'organ-voice'—her noblest son,
Whom the world's tyrants and oppressors feared !
Gladstone has joined his Master dear above !
Ah, he was Freedom's warmest, truest friend !
He made the good of men his aim and end,
And married Politics to human love !
Power he made handmaid of Humanity :—
A blessed influence felt near and far,
That banished from its sphere the demon War,
And spread the joys of Peace o'er land and sea !
O weep, my country ! o'er his mournful bier,—
His ashes claim from thee a grateful tear !

Gladstone is England's,—yet not hers alone !
He lived, as he was meant, for all mankind ;
Indeed, he passed the love of common mind,
And clasped Humanity as all his own.
His life—a pencil of light till the close—
The dying century had nearly spanned ;
God-fearing—righteous—pure of heart and hand.
He gave the Empire Progress—Peace—Repose.
His death's a loss to every land and race,
Where'er is known his matchless moral worth !
His virtues are the very dower of earth—
They knew no narrow boundaries of space.
O bless his memory ! The world in vain
For years may look for Gladstone's like again !

IN MEMORIAM: MAHARSHI DEBENDRA NATH
TAGORE.

Fire, light, day time, the bright fortnight, the six months of the northern path—then, going forth, the men who know Brahman go to Brahman.

—*Mrs. Besant's Translation of the Geeta.*

A living soul, Devendra Nath, is gone !
How calmly, peacefully he passed away
Into the endless blaze of perfect day !
How bright the skies at his ascension shone !
He rose like Vishma from a painful bed,
When on its northern path the sun appeared,—
Rose, like that hero, by all men revered,
While tears fell fast by loving eyelids shed.
'Twas the thirteenth of the moon's splendid side,
And Jupiter's auspicious day withal,
Then, in bright sunlight, at his Maker's call,
Vanished from earth our country's love and pride !
Toll for the truest ! for the purest toll !
Sing his Nirvan in That, the Highest Soul !

ON THE IMPENDING FAMINE IN BENGAL.

O God ! restrain thy wrath, recall thy fears !
Lo ! droops the land beneath a stifling sky !
Lo ! parched and drear the fields around us lie !
Moistened but by the weeping peasants' tears !
All nature now a dismal aspect wears ;

On every side pale faces meet the eye,
 And the ear assailed with misery's shrieking cry;
 For lo! Grim Famine yon his head uprears!
 Amidst th' impending woe, all eyes are set
 On thee, thou Viceroy of our noble Queen!
 Amidst the thickening gloom, and gathering fate,
 Thou shinest, our star of hope with light serene.
 Oh may kind Heaven on thee His Grace bestow,
 That so thy care in saving streams may flow.

NABIN'S ADDRESS FROM PRISON.*

'Tis done ;—these hands are dyed with blood that once
 Was pure, and dearer far than e'en my own.
 The dream was o'er—I woke from a trance
 To find sweet innocence by gold o'erthrown.
 The tragic sequel to the world is known.
 Could I do less! 'twas not in flesh and blood
 The madness of the soul to have withstood!
 I only did what many must have done.
 Is it a crime to despatch her life,—
 To have freed her soul from polluted dust!
 Rome vindicated brave Virginius' knife,
 That saved his daughter from a tyrant's lust!
 But times are changed: divorced from Mercy, see
 Justice has but a felon's bonds for me.

ON WOMAN.

'Tis Woman rules the World! as Mother first—
 Revered—adored, we own her genial sway
 From Reason's twilight to a brighter day,
 When lustier grown, her bonds we gently burst.
 Next, warm in youth—our soul in love immersed,—
 We wear the silken chains of some fair fay :
 Then melts Self in a better Self away,
 And Truth grows truer by Devotion nurst.
 And when age comes, and ebon locks turn gray,
 The Daughter steps in,—image of the Wife,
 And strews our weary path with blooms of May ;—
 Or saves perchance a parent's forfeit life,
 Like the famed Grecian damsel young and brave,
 Who freed her sire from dungeon and the grave.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE HON'BLE JUSTICE
 DWARKANATH MITTER.

Still must she weep? Will her tears never cease?
 Relentless Death, what havoc hast thou made!
 Shall India never know one hour of bliss?
 Still must her darlings by thy shaft be sped?
 Alas! unhappy land, how fast they fall—
 The fairest flowers that thou lovest well!
 And now,—the best and sweetest of them all—
 Thy Dwarkanath gleaned by the Reaper fell!
 Why cherish hopes that thus are ever blighted—
 That wither fast and perish as they spring?

Weep,—weep my country! still by Fortune slighted.

There is no balm for thee, poor—bleeding thing!

O Fate, in mercy let her cease to be,

Ay, sink her into her own dark-blue sea!

TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. ..

The moon now breaks—oh such a moon! The sky
Hangs like a gloomy, fun'ral pall o'erhead.

Fright'ning the heart with all its bleak, dismal shade;
While all around grim horrors meet the eye.

When lo! the Sun ascends his throne on high
And through his cloud-veil sheds a cheering ray,
Which promises a brighter, happier day.

And asks a suff'ring world to cease to sigh—
Salisbury! Thou art the Sun, whose light
All India hails from Himalaya to Sea!

The Sun-flower of Hope now springs at thy sight,
Expands her face, and fondly turns to thee.

Oh scatter fast Misrule's dark clouds away,
Usher in glory Justice's bright day!

IN MEMORIAM: BABU KESHAB CHANDRA SEN.*

(Born—1838, Nov. 19th. Died—1884, Jany. 8th.)

He's gone! The soul magnificently bright
Hath left its mortal tenement of clay;
The radiant star hath vanished far away
From eastern skies that gleam'd on human sight!
And all the land is wrapt in gloom of night;
The gorgeous flower that made the orient gay
With glow and scent so rich,—at noon of day—
Hath dropp'd too soon beneath a with'ring blight!
We scarce can realise a loss so deep!
For Keshab's magic eloquence yet rings
In our ears: but he's gone,—and nations weep,—
As ne'er they wept for princes or kings—
With heart-felt sorrow; for the untimely end,
Of genius rare, Religion's warmest friend!

IN MEMORIAM: KRISTODAS PAL.

Alas! we have lost him, the Patriot bold
Whom poor, ill-fated India ill could spare
In these too evil times, when few may dare,
Beneath the stifling, with'ring shade and cold
Of foreign rule, like him now to uphold
Her dearest rights and all that's good and fair
In her and hers, with independence rare,—

* This was reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and was widely circulated and copied even in the papers of remotest America.

Heedless of frown of power and lure of gold !
 He was a very prince of men, indeed !

Above the adventitious aid of birth
 And rank and wealth—unstained through life by greed
 Of power—ennobled but by manly worth !
 O Kristo Das ! Thy country's boast and pride !
 In spirit ever in our midst abide !

He was one by himself—one of those rare
 Beings whom Nature in her happy mood
 Raiseth up for humanity's sole good ;
 Bright stars of Hope to nations in despair !
 Effulgent lights shining severely clear !
 Large hearts with noblest sentiments imbued,—
 Giants tow'ring above the multitude,
 Studious to break the chains their brothers wear !
 Born for his country, for her did he live,
 For her employ his gifts of tongue and pen.
 Rich gifts which will in any clime achieve
 Distinction high among one's fellow-men !
 And yet how meek his honours did he wear !
 There lay his greatness—charm of his career.

TO THE REV. W. HASTIE

Brave Soldier of the Cross ! Undaunted Knight
 Of Scotland's Church ! whom not the fiercest hate
 Of Antichrist, with victory elate,
 Nor banded faction's persecuting spite,

* This appeared under the nom de-plume of I. C. Singh.

ON RECEIVING A SPLENDID ALBOLA FROM LALA BANBEHARI 219

Could turn from what thou deem'st the cause of right,

Though heavy trials and afflictions great

Still on the high-soul'd Christian hero wait,

Flinch not, for thine's the cause of truth and light !

And so were persecuted they—in sooth,

The prophets, and so Jesus had his share

Of sufferings, crowned upon the cross at close !

Is not the martyr's blood the seed of truth ?

With patience, then, thy tribulation bear

E'en till thy crown of thorns to glory grows.



ON RECEIVING A SPLENDID ALBOLA* FROM LALA
(NOW RAJA BAHADUR) BUNBEHARI
KAPUR OF BURDWAN.

I thank thee, friend ! with all my heart admired

For this choice gift, which e'en a prince, I guess

Might well accept with grateful eagerness,

So finely wrought it is, so well designed !

And as I view it o'er and o'er, I find

It is an emblem of that gracefulness,

That polished man, and winsome lovingness,

Which claim for thee the love of kin and kind !

But see the snakes in couple rising high !

* An eastern tobacco-pipe in which the smoke passes through water before reaching the lips, the water being contained in a receptacle of glass, porcelain or metal. The stem is a long flexible tube with a silver or amber mouth-piece, often called a snake.

They point a moral which I'd fain expound :-
That in the household sphere a man is bound
To find his legal mate and such a tie
Is strongest bond of happiness below,
And gives to life its magic sheen and glow !

INDIA TO BRITAIN.

Britons ! to your professions now be true !
If selflessly ye seek my lasting good,
Stand fast to me ! for rightly understood,
My cause and yours, in sooth are same though few
Seem willing yet to realise this view
In deeds, bespeaking that calm mental mood,
Which sees in mine and England's sisterhood,
My right to claim from a sister's due.
Blest heirs of Freedom ! act as freemen should !
Some of her blessings on my sons bestow ;
And thus secure my endless gratitude.
And one more wreath of glory for your brow !
Oh spread those blessings through this Empire wide,
And let my sons march onward by your side !

Many there be, of back-bone void and brain,—
 The long-eared members of our Civic Zoo ;—
 Ah ! these are blindly led by craftier men,—
 To naught save self or kindred interest true.
 The World thus sees the vision of a Mac
 Leading the poll on "brither" Sandy's back !

INDIA'S GREETINGS TO THE EARL OF ELGIN AND
 KENCARDINE, VICEROY AND GOVERNOR
 GENERAL OF INDIA.

O Son of him, whose righteous rule benign
 Hath made good Elgin's name to us most dear !
 O Scion of a truly noble line,
 With joy unfeigned we bid thee welcome here !
 Still do we weep over thy father's urn,—
 For well he played a high-souled ruler's part ;
 Oh ! wield thy power like him, and, in thy turn,
 Win ev'n a larger space in India's heart.
 Be thine the golden victories of peace !
 Be India's weal thy constant end and aim !
 So may her misery and suff'ring cease,
 And happy millions praise and bless thy name
 Thy advent fills our hearts with joy profuse,—
 A Bruce ! a Bruce ! all India for our Bruce !

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET'S MOTHER.

My sainted mother and unerring guide—
My living deity while here on earth,
Has lately vanished from my home and hearth ;
And in this world so ample and so wide,
Though full of other friends and near ones dear,
Whose kindly faces still my heart enthrall,
I miss the dearest, kindest of all
With all the bitterness of black despair.
And while this darkness wraps my soul and mind,
Me memory doth reproachfully reprove
For slightest lack of filial care and love,
Shown by a heedless word or look unkind.
If penitence may for the past atone,
Accept these tears, my mother, from thy son.

INDIA'S TEARS.

Well-tried and found most true, Her Master kind
Hath taken up Victoria to His Breast ;
The greatest, noblest queen enjoys Her rest,
And all the joys of heaven, there enshrined !
Of stainless soul, and finely balanced mind,
Adored as Woman, and as sovereign bless'd
An Angel hath departed from the West,
Amid the tears and sorrows of mankind.
In Her all India's love hath passed from earth,—
Our fondest hopes seem blighted by Her death ;—

And every home is shrouded here in gloom,
And weepeth o'er Her virtues and Her worth.
I've twined, 'mid pain and suff'ring, this poor wreath,
And place it, wet with tears, upon Her tomb!

INDIA'S GREETINGS.

But Hope, returning, whispers soft—"Despair
Not ye! The Sceptre now will go to One,
Whom India in the Past hath seen and known,
When His long-cherished dream He realized here."
That whisper soothes our grief:—we dry our tear,
And silent haste to greet the rising Sun,
Who loves the East like Her whose race is run—
"Long live the Kaiser Edward ever dear!"
But not a bed of roses is the Throne,
Nor is the Crown a showy, glitt'ring thing,
Nor this a piping time of ease and bliss.
Arise, and make Thy subjects' weal Thine own,
O Emperor of Ind and England's king,
And to a warring world restore its Peace!

TO THE REV. W. HASTIE, D.D.

On receiving a copy of his Sonnet Chain.

Thy Sonnet Chain is something more to me,—

It is my friend, a chain of pearls, that glows

With lustre all its own, and clearly shows

Thy gifted soul is steeped in harmony.

They say that at the churning of the sea

First poison flowed, and *amrit** then arose :

So hadst thou once thy venom cup from foes,

And now God's love is *amrit* drink to thee.

Thanks to the pressure of thy poet friend

A durable form hath thy sonnet chain ;

O wide and wider yet its links extend

And give us more in this melodious strain.

Still sing, like song-birds,—sing as sweet and free,

Of Triune God and man's high destiny !

IN MEMORIAM: REV. K. S. MACDONALD, D.D.

A light is gone from earth we long shall miss ;

A noble soul has homeward winged its flight ;

A soldier of the Cross with record bright,

Has now been summoned to the realms of bliss.

There dwell, in perfect joy, that will not cease,

Among the saints, Macdonald ! robed in white,

The sapphire throne all blazing in thy sight,

* Nectar.

And face to face with Him, the God of Peace !
 Here, in this land, thy name will long endure,
 As of a truest friend and trusted guide,
 Whose precepts wise, and life devout and pure,
 Won countless youthful hearts to virtue's side :
 Let's cherish, then, the mem'ry of his worth,—
 His saintly nature free from taint of earth.

IN MEMORIAM: W. HASTIE, M.A., D.D.,
 PROFESSOR, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

O mourn for him, the pure, the true and brave !
 The many-gifted spirit, rich and rare
 Who did his duty scorning dastard fear,
 And looked for his reward beyond the grave !
 O toll for him, the preacher, teacher, sage !
 He like his Master lust and sin abhor'd,
 And brought not peace with him here, but a sword !
 Toll for a Master-spirit of the age !
 How warmly did his pupils him adore,
 He swayed their minds as with a potent spell !
 For like the cocoanut's hard husky shell
 His bosom held sweet nectar in its core.
 Alas, the christian hero's gone ! O when
 Shall we meet sainted Hastie's like again !

TO "LOC TEN".

O kindly voice from o'er the western main,
 Breathing approval of my humble lays,
 If my poor artless Muse has won thy praise,
 'Tis, due to thine own gen'rous heart and brain!
 But where's the other voice we held so dear—
 The noble soul, that glowed with Prophet's fire,
 That poured the vials of his burning ire,
 On immorality and lust when here?
 That voice, alas, is silent in the grave,
 That fervid soul doth, in his Maker's breast,
 Repose in perfect and eternal rest,
 Leaving us all to mourn the pure and brave!
 Be it now graved on his memorial stone:—
 "He truly lived to God, and God alone."

IN MEMORY OF SWAMÍ VIVEKANANDA.

In flow'r of life, when full of fragrance sweet,
 Vivekanand, Bengala's gifted son,
 Vivekanand, all India's pride, is gone
 His Guru in a higher sphere to meet!
 The Truth he learnt at Rama Krishna's feet
 With burning zeal he preach'd. His soul was one
 Of rarest grace, and like a star it shone,
 Whose splendour East and West did warmly greet.
 Tho' brief his life on earth, 'twas yet replete

With noble work. His Master says—"Well done !
Here in Elysium realize, my son,
Thy vision of the glorious Infinite !"
Blest be the mem'ry of the bright and brave !
Weep on, my country, o'er thy Vivek's grave !

SONNET.

Friends, lovers, noble souls ! Give us your hand !
Deep—deep into our hearts your words have gone,—
So kind—so generous ! you have fairly won
The loving thankfulness of all the land.
Let our revilers paint us as they may,
With all their cunning skill and black'ning art ;
We pray to God to mend Thersites' heart,
And let our slanderers find the better way.
No evil tongues disturb our tranquil mood :
The race, that lives to highest self alone,
And claims Chaitanya, Ram, Krishna its own,—
That sees in evil but some form of good,—
Knows slaves and freemen in God's world are none,—
Nay, all are free before Heav'n's sapphire throne !

TO BABU KISORI MOHAN GANGULY.

*On hearing of the completion of his English version
of the Mahābhārata.*

'Tis an Herculean task most nobly done,
My Kisori! No heroism of Knight,
Fighting for country, truth, or trampled right,
A higher praise e'er merited or won
Than you may claim; for, like your sires of old,
By wordly cares and trials undepress'd
You've led, by lightsome ways, the wond'ring West
To matchless Vyasa's mine of Epic gold.
But where's the voice that breathes forth wealth and fame,
The hand that crowns with bays the scholar's brow?
Oh! will no Vikram, will no Akbar now
Reward your labours, dignify your name?
Yes, England's noble, generous and just;
Bengala's scholar son! put there your trust.

TO BABU HEM CHANDRA BANERJEE.

I keenly, deeply feel, O friend, for thee!
The light within thee gloweth as of yore,
The soul within thee floweth as before
In lucent stream of luscious melody.
Though dim the orbs through which thy soul may see,
Sun-light and moon-light cheering thee no more.
Thy only light that in thy bosom's core,
Yet thou singest mindless of all agony.
But where is the guerdon of thy minstrelsy,

Thou who hast kindled here the patriot flame
 With noble burst of song beyond all meed !
 Alas ! 'tis cold neglect and penury !
 Bengala's Sons ! remove this burning shame,
 Speed to the poet's rescue—swiftly speed.

ODE ON THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY
 VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF INDIA, JUNE 1897.

Where'er the flag of England waves to-day,
 Where'er extends her influence and sway ;
 One name by countless lips is bless'd,—
 One loved name, that for full sixty years,
 Has been, thro' every change of smiles and tears,
 The purest—truest—and the best.
 That name is Thine, O dear to human kind,
 O dear to Virtue and to Peace, Kaiser-i-Hind !

Oh the omnipotence of woman's heart !
 All races, tongues and creeds take willing part
 In this, Thy Diamond Jubilee,
 The loveliest rose of the living west.
 Great princes, nobles, knights in gorgeous vest
 Lend brilliance to the pageantry !
 From zone to zone, with one according mind,
 Their homage nations pay to Thee, Kaiser-i-Hind !

Hark ! cannon's laughter, mirth of musketry,
 And thund'ring bursts of joy by land and sea,

Proclaim this happy, happy day !
Hoar Himalaya, with festal blaze, is bright !
The sleepless sun beholds on earth a sight,
Beyond example gorgous—gay !
The world—the world, with one according mind,
Honours thy matchless worth, rever'd Kaiser-i-Hind !

• 'Tis Woman rules the world : She ruleth best ;
For all her thoughts are still to Peace address'd—
To Peace below, and Peace above !
Redress'd the balance of the Sex has been
By one true Woman—England's noble Queen,
Supreme in men's regard and love !
Yes, lov'd and honor'd most of all Thy kind,
Thy empire based on loving hearts, Kaiser-i-Hind !

The hand of Fate on us now heavy lies ,
Still checking all our sorrows and our sighs,
To Thee we raise this festive strain.
Tho' aliens differing in creed and race,
We reverence the purity and grace,
Bright'ning Thy social life and reign.
With chasten'd spirit, yet with grateful mind,
We celebrate Thy Jubilee, Kaiser-i-Hind !

E'en like the reign of Egypt's primal Queen,
Fruitful of good, Thy rule benign has been
To India, in her fallen state.
The Titan brood of Anarchy are fled,
And Peace her blessings round the land has spread, •
Secure from Tartar lust and hate
Another Isis ris'n in Thee we find,
O Mother of Thy people, lov'd Kaiser-i-Hind !

But veil'd! The Throne is all beyond our sight—
The crown a mere abstraction—myst'ry bright!

Were once the gracious presence seen,
Three hundred million souls would kneel to Thee,
With glowing zeal, as to a deity.

From Himalaya to Comorin!
Across the main we waft our greetings kind—
Long life and victory to Thee, Kaiser-i-Hind!

Up, loyal hearts! from snowy height and plain,
With cordial fervour bless Victoria's reign!

In temple, masjid, church, and shrine,
With sacred text or measur'd choral strain,
Let prayers for Her be said by holy men—

For Her, and all the Royal line.
Flow joy thro' all the empire unconfined!
And ever bless'd be Thy name, Kaiser-i-Hind!

Celestial Powers! bless her home and throne!
In every sphere of life she well has done,
Ensample to all royalty!

Duty in action, power in repose,
Like the eternal hills, her story shews,
Claiming our warmest loyalty!
Thine—ever Thine the homage of mankind,
The crown of womanhood, august Kaiser-i-Hind!

May Heaven's grace reward such life as Thine!
Long may its sunset splendour o'er us shine,

From war's dark clouds and horrors free:—
A light to princes which can never fail—
A light to women in this gloomy vale—
Our pole star in a stormy sea!

All love and joy be Thine and peace of mind,
Till Thy lov'd Master calls Thee up, Kaiser-i-Hind !

THE RAPE OF THE GOWN.

The Vakils of the High Court, all sick to a man,
Of their ugly broad-brim, and their button'd *chapkan*,
Have petition'd the Judges to let them appear
Before them begown'd, and without a head-gear.

Their 'varsity hood, and their 'varsity gown,
May distinguish their status from th' ignorant clown ;
At *Ijlash*,* in the hues of the rainbow array'd,
Their motley but mocks their profession and trade.

Then their *Shamla*†,—a hideous bad *Mamla*‡—
(They wish it were packed off to Novaya Zembla.)
Is an engine of torture to mind and to brain,
When the Dogstar flames fiercely in yon azure plain.

The Barristers are in a mighty *sád* flutter,
As tho' threaten'd with loss of their bread and their butter ;
From Sir Charles to Abdullah just wedded to Law,
All speak of the change with a pish and a pshaw !

And lately they met—both the brief—ful and less—
A medley of colour, of creed, and of race—
All birds of a feather, and pulling together,
To thwart the Vakils in their quest of a dress.

* The Bench.

† The peculiar broad-brim head-dress of the Indian lawyer.

‡ Affair.

"We got from the Benchers our gowns," thy declare,
"With Pleaders the honour decline we to share ;"
The stuff-rings of G—th, and stout A—l—n's rich brogue,
Arrant imposters the Pleaders berogue.

'Tis whisper'd St. Paul gave the Gentiles advice,
To fight for their robe, in their wrath to arise ;
And ended with singing a song to the air
Of King Steph'n and his breeches that cost him so dear.

Sir Charles, like King Cole, is a merry old soul ;
He fiddles like Orpheus, and lo ! every thing—
From man to the brute, whirls away in a ring :
His the tune and the song, they in chorus prolong !

An apple of yore,—prize of beauty and grace—
Brought Venus and Co to Young Paris's place ;
The Goddess of Discord, the row did inspire ;—
Sir Orpheus ! Oh hang up your sweet suasive lyre !

Here is much Ado about Nothing, 'tis flat—
A storm in a tea-pot will drown not a rat ;
For the Court, before whom the Vakils may appear,
Can prescribe academical gowns for their wear.

Sir Comer, so kindly, so good, and so fair,
Is disposed to accede to their reas'nable pray'r ;
With a head on his shoulders, a heart in his breast,
He's safe on the question of change of their vest.

Will his colleagues, distinguish'd for culture and light,
Let clamorous self-love throw dust in their sight,
No, fair Themis will motley expel from her hall,
Begown the Vakils, and do justice to all !

A PRAYER.

O Thou, Who art both Life and Death
 In two-fold Mystery!
 Eternal Self! prolong her breath,
 Who liveth but to Thee!

The light that from the highest height
 Its blessings sheds below,
 Making earth's darkest places bright—
 Long may its splendour glow!

Glow like the star of Bethlehem,
 A wilder'd world to guide ;—
 Glow like the *Koustav**—Vishnu's Gem—
 An empire's joy and pride!

The world hath need of Her :—the Cain
 In men is bolder grown ;
 And 'tis her influence serene
 May put the evil down.

But India needs her most, for she
 All through her reign has been
 Our *Dhruba†* on life's troubled sea—
 Our own ideal Queen!

A miracle of womanhood—
 As four score years attest—
 Long may she reign—the true—the good—
 Thrown in her people's breast!

* Name of the jewel on the breast of Vishnu.

† The Pole-star.

A WELCOME TO LORD CURZON.

Oh flash a gladsome message home,
Such as the Roman sent to Rome :

I came—I saw I conquer'd all !
Victory in Victoria's name
Attends thee as Her royal claim
Her love thou spakest and thine own,
And lo ! loyal to the throne,
Is echoed back from cot and hall !

How reason reels to contemplate
The height to which propitious Fate
Has raised thee in thy manhood's prime !
Thou hast thy seat on Akbar's throne,
And wield'st the sceptre here for One,
Loving and lov'd in every sphere,
A *Sāvitrī** for ever dear,
Royalty's model for all time !

* The heroine of an episode of the Mahabharata. She was the daughter of Ashvapati, King of Madra and beautiful as Lakshmi. She chose for her husband, in accordance with the custom of the *swayamvara*, Satyavan, the son of the blind, and exiled King Dyumatsena, who dwelt with his wife and son in the forest. The divine seer Narada warns against the choice as Satyavan had only a year to live. Savitri remains firm, weds Satyavan, and lives in joy with him until the approach of the fatal day. On that day Satyavan and Savitri go together into the forest. Satyavana sinks to the ground in mortal illness ; and while Savitri supports his head on her bosom, Yama, the god of death appears and takes out Satyavana's soul. As Yama turns to go, Savitri follows him, asking her husband's life. Yama urges her to return, offering her other gifts but not Satyavan's life. She obtains the restoration of Dyumatsena's sight and kingdom, for father a hundred sons, and a hundred sons for herself and son, but still insists on bringing Satyavan into the realm of

From fair Cathay to far Peru .
This globe has roll'd before thy view,
E'en as a panorama clear.
And men and manners thou hast seen,
Ulysses-like, with eyes as keen.
Thou know'st, a scornful loneliness
Bessems not power meant to bless ;—
That love may win more hearts than fear.

Thy people sprung from self-same race
With ours ; but needs of time and place
Parted our sires in days of old.
Thy love of Ind and kindly mood
Are kinship's motion in the blood,
That wakes in us a wish to press
Thine heart to heart in close embrace,
O chief of finest Aryan mould !

To love is to be lov'd again,—
A blessed interchange 'mong men,
When one's love that of millions draws.
And God is love, let sceptics say,
With blind presumption, what they may.
A healing hand and feeling heart
Better become a kingly part
Than show of force and forceful laws.

O'er shadow'd late by deepest gloom—
With England's aid just sav'd from doom—

death. Yama asks her to go back, but Savitri points out the infructuousness of his boon of hundred sons for her without Satyavan. Yama finds out his mistake and restores Satyavan to her. Savitri is synonymous with chastity.

A WELCOME TO LORD CURZON

India's still drooping woe-begone.
 May it be thine to give her rest,
 To soothe her weary, troubled breast !
 May Peace and Progress onward be
 The watchword of thy policy,
 To Britain's glory and thine own !

Thou'lt find a pillar of thy reign
 In him, the newest noblest gain
 To *Bhārat's** spiritual force.
 When Church and State will both combine
 To work our weal with will benign,
 Some glimpses of the golden age
 Of Rama and Vasistha sage,
 Must bless again these ancient shores.

Intrepid, wise, accomplish'd peer !
 Regent of Her we love—revere !
 Thee India greets from shore to shore !
 She bids thee, Nature's King of men—
 Ennobled both by birth and brain—
 And her, thy rosé of roses bright—
 A vision of embodied light—
 All hail ! thrice hail ! and hail once more !

GOD SAVE VICTORIA !

God save Victoria ! who's supremely blest
 With woman's virtues rarest and the best !

For all thy people's weal laborious—

O'er all thine enemies victorious—

England's Queen ! India's Empress ! Victory,
 Ever and ever, Mother, unto Thee !

Placed on Ambition's loftiest height—

Dower'd with countless blessings bright—

With the three joys, most prized beneath the Sun,—
 Wealth, Children, Fortune present round thy throne,
 O stainless Soul ! may length of years be Thine,
 And may Thy glory fadeless ever shine !

'Tis an old saying, handed down

Here in this land, from sire to son :—

“The Lord of Delhi's Lord of earth”

But now Fame's clarion flareth forth

From hill and dale in deepest tone :—

“The World's Mistress is Bhārat's own” !

But where in the poor world below

Does happiness all perfect grow ?

There's worm in flower, and thorn on lotus stem ;
 And dross in gold, and shade in glowing flame,
 Wane in the moon, and day's decline in night ;
 The Dragon swallows up the God of light.

Ah ! who can Fate's decree withstand,
 Avert his heavy, smiting hand ?

O evil day ! Death from Her arms removed
 Her dearest Consort, and some children loved,

GOD SAVE VICTORIA

Leaving 'the Royal Mourner broken-hearted—
With joy's bright sunshine from Her life departed.

Then from Her people burst the cry
Of such deep, kindly sympathy,
That, in Her sorrows and Her widowed grief
Their tears have been Her solace and relief.
Britons to whom is Freedom dear,
Who, yet unconquered, knows no fear,
For might and valour matchless known
And perseverance, all their own ;
Humbly revere Victoria's name,
For Loyalty's wov'n with their fame.

The Indian, formed of Nature's softest mould,
Shall he alone remain unfeeling—cold ?
No ! gratitude informs his vital part,
He pays his moral dues with eager heart ;
And then his loyalty's a heritage,
All blended with his creed from age to age !

A sovereign, so benign and royal,
Must find Her people deeply loyal.
Thus sympathy the heart of both entwines,
And mutual glory thus reflected shines !

O Royal, loyal love reciprocal !
How mirrored well in England's Capital !
Lo ! London glitters as the world's bright crown
O'er-shadowing our own palatial town.

st in progress see the English stand,
ly esteemed, and honoured in this land.

The Aryan blood, thro' our own veins, that runs
 Circulates, too, thro' those of England's sons.
 One model Throne we all obey ; we share
 Alike one mother's love and tender care ;
 Let's then, through weal and woe, as brothers should,
 All earnestly promote our common good !

Beneath Her rule benign and wise—
 Bound each to each by lasting ties—
 May we together stronger, mightier grow,
 Her great example still our beacon glow !

England and Ind ! with swelling choral ring,
 The National Anthem harmonious sing !
 And shunning difference, in rain or shine,
 Link heart to heart, and soul with soul entwine !

THE FOUR AVATARS.

In the beginning was the Word ;
 From Heaven He came to save our race
 As Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Christ,
 Four Avatars of love and grace.

The conqueror of Ravana—
 Of the ten senses symbol true—
 Great Rama freed the troubled world
 From him and all his hated crew.

His life's a lesson most sublime
To kings and men in every sphere ;
How true, how selfless, and how just !
A very god incarnate here.

Him followed Krishna, Bhakti's Lord,
Our loving guide to living faith :
He showed the light that never failed,
And taught the spell that conquers death.

Human-divine, He danced and played
With cowherd boys and milkmaids gay,
And crowned his love by giving men
Their grandest song, Salvation's Lay.

Then Amitabha* came, to teach
The Law of Mercy to mankind ;
The meanest life had his regard—
Such deep compassion filled his mind.

Forsaking home, He pondered o'er
Our woes in forest, cave and den,
Till the Enlightened woke, and showed
Nirvana's path to erring men.

Then Christ, the Man of Sorrows came,
From gloom to light the world to lead ;
And preaching peace, the Prince of Peace
Built upon love His noble creed.

*Buddha.

What miracles the man-God worked !
His greatest was—when, sorely tried,
He prayed for those by whom He was
Mocked, spat on, scourged, and crucified !

Alas ! for these most godless times,
The Master's teachings few obey !
And urged by passions wild, that worm,
Called man, on brother worm doth prey.

For sake of pow'r, for sake of gold—
Satan's transmuted brimstone vile—
This green bright earth is thickly heaped
With dead and dying, pile on pile !

And lo ! the wrath of Heaven breaks forth
In plague and war and famine dread ;
And countless hosts are falling fast,
And countless homes in ruin laid !

SHIVA RATRI

OR

A GLIMPSE OF MAYA FAIR.

SHIVA-RATRI OR SHIVA'S NIGHT.

The feast of Shiva-ratri falls on the 14th day of the moon in the month of Falgoon (March). On that day no one must eat or drink or sleep. Every three hours during the day and night *pujah* is offered to Shiva. This is what we read about the origin of the festival in the Skanda-purāna :—

In Jambu-Dwipa, (India) there is a large town known as Vārānashi, where dwelt a man of the hunts-man caste, who was short of stature, very dark in complexion, and of a most violent temper. One day when out hunting in the woods, as was his wont he killed such an enormous quantity of birds that he was hardly able to carry them, and was obliged to sit down and rest at almost every step. The shades of evening were falling fast while he was yet in the middle of a thick forest, and anxious not to lose the spoil of the day's hunting or to become a prey to the wild beasts which infested the place, he climbed up a *bael* tree, intending to spend the night there. Now that night happened to be the night of the new moon of the month of Falgoon (March), a time of year when dew falls heavily and the nights are chilly. Benumbed with cold, tormented by hunger, for he had been fasting the whole day—and half dead with terror, he passed a miserable night. At the foot of the tree was a *linga* (the phallic symbol of Shiva) and it proved his salvation. The discomforts he was enduring obliged him to change his position frequently, and the shaking of the branches of the *bael* tree caused some drops of dew, together with some leaves, flowers and fruit, to fall on the *linga*. This fortunate accident was sufficient to win Shiva's favour and obtain for him absolution for all his sins. For Shiva, to whose worship this night was specially consecrated, was much gratified at the offering thus made to his adored symbol; and he ordained that he who had made it, involuntary though his offering was, should be rewarded, and that his long fast and attendant anxieties should be reckoned in his favour. He regained his house the following morning, and died in a few days afterwards. Yama, King of Hell, on hearing of his death, immediately his emissaries to secure him and bring him away. But Shiva on of this, also sent his own emissaries to oppose those of Yama.

and claim the dead man. Yama's messengers declined to yield and a violent quarrel ensued between them and the emissaries of Shiva. From insults they quickly proceeded to blows. Shiva's party being the stronger put the agents of Hell to flight, after severely punishing them. The latter in shame and bitterness went and told their story to their master and to excite his wrath showed him the wounds that they had received in the combat. Yama beside himself with indignation, went at once to Kailasha (the abode of Shiva) to make complaint to Shiva in person. At the gate of the deity's palace, he found Nandi, the prime minister, to whom he explained the object of his visit, at the same time expressing his surprise that Shiva should thus declare himself the protector of a common hunts-man, a hardened sinner, whose trade necessitated the slaughter of many living creatures.

"King of Hell", replied Nandi, "it is true that this man has been a great sinner and that he has not scrupled to shed blood but before he died he, fortunately for himself, fasted, watched and offered a sacrifice to the *linga* during the night consecrated to Shiva. This meritorious action has obtained for him the remission of all his sins, the protection of Shiva, and an honourable place in *Kailasha*."

When Yama heard Nandi's words he became thoughtful and withdrew without uttering another word.

In commemoration of the event the devotees of Shiva spend the night and preceding day in fasting and without sleep, entirely absorbed in worshipping the god and in offering sacrifices.

On Shiva's night, preceding the new moon
In *Falgun*,* when the Hindu devotee,
With fasts and vigils and with solemn rites,
Worships the god, Dharmji, devoutly bent,
Untainted with forbidden food or drink,
Prepared to pass the night in prayer, and close
Observance of the mystic ritual
Of service. So, the god in phallic form
He bathed with water, drawn from Ganga's stream,
With milk and curd and butter clarified,

* February-March.

And golden store of bees. He offered next
 Such fruits and flowers as the god loves best—
 Aprajita,* dhutura,† and akand,‡
 Bel leaf and plantain, rice and fruit of bel,§
 And sweets not all unworthy of the gods,
 Ringing his Garud-mounted bell from time
 To time, and muttering low bom—bom—bom.
 Three watches of the night he thus had passed,
 But at the fourth and last into a trance
 He fell, and then as in a vision saw
 Old Nandi, chief attendant of the god—
 The Trishul-armed|| lord of Parvati¶—
 Standing before him, with a pole in hand—
 The same, indeed, wherewith his lusty arms
 Grind Shiva's sambita,** and quell the wild,
 Refract'ry imps of Shiva's goblin host.
 "Dharmji", said he, "my lord has heard your pra
 And charged me instantly to bear you up
 Into the regions of the crystal air,
 Where glimpses ye may have of things unseen
 As yet by mortal eye. Here, take ye hold
 Of this my pole, and fearless follow me."

Dharmji obeyed. And instantly he rose,
 Light as a feather, up—up—up in air,

* Clitoria Ternatea. *n.*

† The Stramonium flower.

‡ The swallow-wart.

§ The wood-apple or marmelos.

|| Trident-armed.

¶ The consort of Siva.

Intoxicating hemp leaves.

Higher and higher till he burst the case
 Of dædal Earth, and with old Nandy sprang
 Into the awful Void immense of space.
 And there he saw what seemed to him but swarms
 Of glow-worms, sparkling—flying round and round,
 Myriads on myriads, brightening the blue.
 "Is heaven paved with glow-worms, friend?" he asked
 His kindly guide, who answer'd with a smile:—
 "Those are revolving orbs, and each of them
 The centre of a solar system like
 Your own. And yonder is the Milky-way,
 Th' immeasurable womb of life and light!
 There, look ye, are the mighty *Saptarshis*,*
 To whom all Being its existence owes.
 Those stars before you, spinning round their rings,
 Are planets of your world. See, how they dance
 To the sweet piping of the golden sun!"
 And here he paused, as suddenly from out
 The blue appeared a radiant form before
 The twain. He held a vina in his hand;
 As snow-wreaths stream'd his beard; a very god
 The phantom look'd; yet more than any god,
 Narad† compelled deep awe and reverence.
 "What, Nandi, is it you", said he, "what make
 You here far from your master's home amid
 The snows?" Then, looking at Dharmji, he added,—
 "And wherefore have ye brought this mortal here?"

* The seven Rishis or holy saints, viz., Marichi, Attri, Angiras, Pulastya, Pulaha, Kratu and Vashistha. They were said to have been changed into the constellation *Ursa Major*.

† A divine saint or sage.

" 'Tis by my lord's command", the other said,
 "I came to lead him thro' the starry spheres."
 "That's like himself," rejoin'd the sage divine,
 "That's like the too oblivious Bholanath.*

But 'tis not given to human eye to see
 These things. Back, Nandy, back with him below !
 His time's not yet. He must yet work his work
 In life, and work his way up if he can.
 The wisdom of the spirit is at war
 With wisdom of the flesh. To gain the first,
 He must eschew the last—eschew the longings
 And passionate desires that serve to rob
 The fulness of the soul. Repair with him
 To Maya Fair† where, with his inner eye
 New oped, he may see things not as they seem,
 But as they are, and lose the love of vain
 And fleeting shadows in the loftier love
 Of what is True." With rapid fingers then
 He swept his *vinā†* strings, and wove such strains
 Of glorious music that the conscious spheres
 Thrill'd with the soul-entrancing harmony,
 Amid whose quivering vibrations sweet,
 He disappear'd as sudden as he came.

The scene changed swiftly. On a rocky height
 With deodars crown'd, Dharmji now stood alone.
 Before him lay an undulating plain,
 Glitt'ring with gorgeous palaces and sheds.

* One of the names of Siva.

† The empirical world regarded as a Fair of Illusion.

A stringed instrument resembling Cithara or harp of the Jew

With hill beyond hill—wooded to the top—
 Standing like blue-clad sentinels around.
 A crystal lake, by crystal streamlets fed,
 Gleam'd on the west beneath the evening glow.
 How beautiful, how charming was the view !
 Green meadows, gay with foliage and flowers,
 Alternated with fields on fields of corn,
 Whose golden ears, swaying before the wind,
 Seem'd like soft chowries waved by Nature's hand,
 In worship of the Highest Self Supreme.
 Here were rich thickets of sweet sandalwood,
 And cinnamon, and cardamum, and clove,
 And avenues of bokula and palm
 And pine, with vistas length'ning to the sky.
 There, groves of *kadamb*,* *champac*,† and *tamal*‡
 Mangoe and orange, and of many a flower
 And luscious fruit-tree, on whose leafy boughs
 The stately peacock spread his starry tail,
 And song-birds of mellifluous notes—the *kōil*,§
Papya,|| *shama*,¶ *doel*,** and *bahu*,††
 Pour'd out their throats in rivalry of song.
 And all around were bow'rs of *malati*‡‡
 And jessamine, so lovely and so sweet,
 That Kama well might drop his flow'ry bow

* *Nuclea Kadamba*.

† *Michelia Champaca*.

‡ *Xanthocymus Pictorius*.

§ An Indian song-bird.

|| The Brain-fever bird.

¶ The Brown Rock-chat.

** The Magpie Robin.

†† A kind of Indian song-bird.

‡‡ The great-flowered jasmine.

And quiver there, and lay him down to rest,
 Lull'd by the music of the warbling grove,
 And murmur of the brooks that babbled by.
 A gentle breeze was blowing then, and as
 It kissed the sleeping buds, they quickly woke,
 Quiv'ring with fragrant ecstasies of joy.

But hark! a spirit voice invites his ear:—

“See, Dharmji, see, how Maya Fair
 With busy throngs is gleaming there!
 How iridescent human life
 Displays the tameless passions' strife!
 All opaline to outward view,
 It looks like sun-kiss'd morning dew.
 There demons tell and yoginis,*
 'Who take up any shape they please,
 And with foul arts their victims change
 To beasts and birds and creatures strange,
 Have open'd tempting shows to lure
 Unthinking souls to ruin sure.
 Few, few, alas! escape their snare,
 Save those who Virtue's armour wear!”

Forewarn'd thus, Dharmji hasten'd down the height,
 And swiftly gain'd the plain, when Maya Fair
 Burst on his dazzled sight, with its gay sheds,
 And gorgeous palaces, and massive gates.
 Thither he went, and passing thro' the portal,
 Beheld a hundred-gated marble pile,
 With a tall tow'r, surmounted by a figure

Of Duryodhana,* proudest of the proud
 Kauravs, in centre. Entering the dome,
 He found that titles there were given and rank
 And honors by a mighty Vidyadhar,†—
 Often on principle of more to those
 Who had in right of office or of birth ;
 Rarely, to merit rare or moral worth.
 How many waded thro' red gore within
 The dome ! how many more obtained access
 By unctuous gifts to those who kept the gates,
 And honor thro' dishonor meanly won !
 Like others of his race, this Vidyadhar
 Had his caprices and fantastic whims :
 For he allow'd the claims of kindred—full
 Or half, nay, less than calculably least—
 To sway him more than Righteousness approv'd
 Though Policy gave him her casting vote.
 Besides, he lov'd to see bright-crested donkeys,
 And decorated rams with golden fleece,
 Range up and down his marble corridor ;
 And his pet popinjays, with plumed pride
 And insolence, jauntily ride them round.
 Then, in the court-yard, was a limpid pool,
 Where tiny tadpoles sported saucy tails,
 And small goldfishes gave them airs as whales ;
 While, on its margin, sparkling greenchafers
 Dragged to their holes enormous cockroaches,
 That mov'd like slaves obsequious to their lords !

* Eldest son of Dhritarashtra and leader of the Kaurava princes in the great war of the *Mahabharata*.

† One of a class of semi-divine beings.

Dharmji now bent his steps towards a cave,
 Where dwelt a mighty wizard, who was call'd
 Marich. He had a smooth and hony'd tongue,
 And spell-bound held his hearers as he spake.
 Much had he travelled ; people said he had
 Bestrid the Arctic Pole, had hunted there
 The walrus and the Polar bear, and dipt
 His magic wand into the Auroral flame.
 In mystic lore he had no peer, or if
 He had, 'twas Merlin, and his namesake dread,*
 Immortalised in Valmik's epic lay.
 From time to time he changed his shape and form
 But, through all changes, changeless was his love
 Of pageantry, wherein he liv'd and mov'd.
 On entering the cavern; Dharmji found
 A narrow passage, long and dark, which led
 To an imposing pile, the wizard's home.
 And here did Marich play the Caliph, play
 Pendragon and Mogul, with noble necks
 For footstool, 'mid the deaf'ning roar of cannon,
 The roll of drum, and trumpet's shrilling blare ;
 Conjuring up, by power of his art,
 Glittering cavalcades and plumed troops,
 With blazing gonfalons and banners gay,
 And elephants and horses richly deckt,
 To swell the pomp and grandeur of his shows.

* Ravana, determined on revenge for the insult offered to his sister
 Surpanakha by Rama and Lakshmana, sent the demon Marich, who
 turned himself into a golden deer and appeared before Sita. While
 and Lakshmana were engaged at her request in pursuit of it,
 carried her off in the guise of an ascetic.

Nor if the heav'ns fell, did the wizard put
 Off his displays : nay, he enliven'd them
 With cracking fire-works rare, and juggling feats
 O'er-mastering the dazed beholder's brain.
 He wav'd his wand, and fairy fabrics rose ;
 He touched his coffers, and they swell'd with gold ;
 He stamp'd the ground, and armed hosts sprang up ;
 He blew his bugle, and in throngs there came,
 From o'er the seas, spirits of fell and flood ;
 And still the cry was—lo, they come ! they come !
 Like locust swarms o'ershadowing the land !
 But far more marvellous, you well might deem,
 Was the magnetic power of his eye
 And voice, which drew away unto himself
 The gold and precious things of all, who came
 Under his subtle and resistless spell.
 A strange tumultuous movement of some coin,
 In Dharmji's pockets, warn'd him to beware,
 And he precipitately left the cave,
 At once, a sadder and a wiser man !

Close to the wizard's cavern, was another,
 Where one of Demogorgon's evil sprites
 Exhibited a ghastly dance of Death.
 The chief performers were Plague, Cholera,
 Famine, Malarial Fever, and that demon
 Fell Penury, that kills the very soul.
 They rattled in their hands their victims' bones ;
 They sang in concert with their victims' cries ;
 And merrily they danced o'er skeletons
 Of men, women, and babes, that strow'd the floor ;
 While a vast multitude of on-lookers

Beat time in measure with the deadly dance !
 Dharmji, who saw and heard all this, exclaimed ;
 O World ! O Life ! are these your fancied joys !²
 Pomp cheek by jowl with Misery and Death !
 O Vanity ! how baseless are thy dreams !
 Furl up thy flag, thou food for noisome worms !

Dharmji next stood before a booth, adorn'd
 With banners gay, where drink was made and sold.
 A pompous little sprite, costumed awry,
 Whose brow was lightly bound with wreaths of vine
 And *mohua** flowers, held this flashy stall.
 And merrily he plied his trade, and all
 Merrily sang, with chuckling mirth and glee :—

“Come ye, who are heavy-laden,
 Here be drink your hearts will gladden !
 Weak the liquor, cheap the pleasure,
 Drink your fill in fullest measure !
 Sweeter than soma, is the aroma
 Of this my sparkling brew !
 For a few sips, if but to wet the lips,
 Indra's self may leave the sky :
 Come, lads, fill your tankards high,
 And give the D—his due !”

Alas ! what myriads did this villanous
 Imp ruin, both in body and in soul,
 By his diluted drink in pauper haunts !
 On, on they came, and down on one another
 They went, or fought and yell'd like madmen wild !
 Still merrily he plied his trade, and all

* The flower of the *Bassia Latifolia*.

Merrily sang as fast his poison sold.
 Wide spread the bane ; Dharmji beheld a child
 Of seven, reeling drunk beside his father.
 Oh Heav'ns ! how the sight sickened, saddened him !
 What mournful memories of the Past it roused
 Within his mind, reminding him how drink,
 And drink alone, ev'n like a tempest fierce,
 Swept swift away, in pride of light and might,
 The warlike Yadav* race, into the wide,
 Ravening jaws of Death !

And then he went

Into a brightly decorated shed,
 Where blazing heaps of gems and gold were piled.
 Here was a lovely, winsome damosel—
 Angel in face, but serpent all below—
 Seated on spiral folds, and singing thus :—
 "Here are heaps of gems and gold,—
 Produce these of mine and sea ;
 Would ye have this wealth untold ?
 Yield up, then, your souls to me !"
 What madding crowds her song drew round the place !
 What frantic struggles for the glitt'ring piles
 They made ! But as they grasped the tempting bait,
 A dreadful phantom, with a dragon's head,
 Seizing them, chang'd them fast to savage beasts,
 Who flew at one another's throats, until
 Mutual annihilation closed the strife !

And next a mansion, bright with festal blaze,
 Met Dharmji's eyes. On nearing it, he saw

* The race in which Krishna was born. The race came to an end in a drunken quarrel in which they slayed one another.

The gambler Sakuni,*—condemn'd of old
 To expiate his crime, in this dark age,
 By plying still his hellish art and skill,
 In congregated haunts of Rank and Wealth—
 Hold up to view crisp shares and cards and dice,
 And lure his victims with this tempting song:—

“Come one, come all, from cot and hall,
 Gentle and humble, lord and thrall!
 Quick! quick! brave hearts, that wish to rise!
 Here win, who list, an empire's prize!”

The dice he rattled with a jaunty air;
 Smiling, the cards he shuffled o'er and o'er;
 The shares, he said, were drafts on Kuver's† store:
 When lo! a swelling tide of human life
 Rush'd wildly in! proud lords and ladies gay,
 Statesmen and heroes of a hundred fights,
 Brush'd shoulders with the vile in gambling there,
 Only to come away with fortunes wrecked
 And tarnish'd namé, the scorn of all the world!

A spectral structure greeted next his eyes,
 With a large sign-board on its front, inscribed
 “Th' Almighty Press.” On getting in, he learnt
 That Lucifer, Father of Lies, was there,
 Directing his infernal satellites—
 Some fat, some lean, some swarthy, and some white.
 With hat or cap on, labell'd all—‘To let.’
 Dharmji now made for the chief's inner room;
 He knock'd and knock'd at the well-bolted door

* The maternal uncle of Duryodhana, a skilful gamester, with whose aid he ruined his cousins the Pandavas.

† Kuver is the Hindu Plutus.

Till, like a muffled drum, a voice cried out—
"This door opes not save to a golden key!"
And th' imps in chorus called for gold! gold! gold!
The spectral structure echoed gold! gold! gold!
So Dharmji, who had not much gold to spare,
Quitted the place, in sorrow more than rage,
Remembering full well the dear old days,
When Knights, in aid of weaker fellow-men,
'Gainst despots and intriguers, wielded pen,
Which, like Ithuriel's spear, effective smote.

A furnace huge next drew him soon away,
Where padlocks for the mouth and chains for hands
And feet were made, and shears for shearing fleece.
Some Titans, aided by a supple crew
Of artisans, here plied their trade. Their chief
Cried, Presto! and, behold! chains—padlocks—shears,—
All, doubtless, for the good of all concerned!
Leapt forth, as tho' with vital force endued
From the huge forge, amid the volumed smoke
It vomitted, and the harsh clang of hammers,
That swiftly smote the half-wroughts into shape.
But Dharmji could not long enjoy the show,
A voice cried out:—"A stranger here! a stranger!
Ho, turn him out! he hath no business here!
A jeerer unforgiving of our craft."

Leaving the place with hurried steps, he now
Began to thread the mazes of the Fair,
And soon beheld a lofty temple, walled
Securely round, and inaccessible

Save by a single gate, the "Lion!" named.
 Here throngs of pilgrims entered in, devout
 And true, in holy meditation rapt ;
 While many, thief-like, scaled the circling wall,
 But ingress finding none, they wildly strove
 To capture shooting stars as down they fell !

Dharmji now stepp'd into a gorgeous hall,
 To see a merry Masque of Justice played.
 Here an old warlock, aided by a band
 Of bearded witches, some on rams astride,
 But most on broomsticks, wielded rule supreme.
 'Twas whisper'd that his judgments were inspired
 By spirits of the air, whom he obeyed
 As if in bondage past redemption bound.
 And beasts of prey from every land and clime,
 Attracted by the sav'ry scent of spoil,
 Composed the multi-colored model bar,
 Whom all-devouring jackals fed with briefs.
 How o'er their spoil they fiercely fought ! how bled
 To death their hapless victims poor, whose blood
 The very lizards of the hall sucked dry !
 Here many a noble mastiff fell, alas !
 Striving in vain to save their tim'rous flock,
 Fallen upon by wolves and tigers fell ;
 While their good shepherd piped and dallied soft
 With sylvan nymphs, in merry greenwood shade !
 But hark ! a wail of pity rends the air !
 "Where, alas ! is Justice fled !
 Can it be that Mercy's dead !
 Dear God ! help thy helpless poor,
 Smite the ruthless smiters sore !

Still be thou the shelt'ring rock
Of thy meek, defenceless flock ! .

Save them still in peril's hour,

With thine arm of matchless power !''

In mournful mood Dharmji retraced his steps,

And in sore bitterness of heart exclaimed :—

“O Sattyam ! Sattyam ! Sattyam* ; when shall man

Cease to be fool'd by wily Maya's art,

And Wisdom clear the scales, that blind his eyes !''

Scarce was this said, when the enchanted Fair

Melted away like clouds before the sun !

* * * *

✓ A burst of song from Dharmji's garden grove

Here roused him from his dismal trance. He saw

Fair Usha† with the lovely Morning Star

Upon her blushing brow, tinging the East

Of heav'n with roseate hues, as if to lure

The infant sun out of his ocean bed ;

While a vast throng of pilgrim bathers,—men

And women, some with children in their arms,

Or pet starlings or parrakeets in hand—

Were moving towards Bhagirathi's stream,

To wash them clean of earthly stain and sin.

* Truth.

† Dawn.

Save by a single gate, ŚHAGABATI GITA
 Here throngs of pilgrims
 And true, in holy meditation
 While many, this-like, seek SAKTI WORSHIP.
 But ingress find, the
 To capture the lighted chamber all
 on a Dewali* night I sat,
 meditated on the mystic Pow'r,
 whose honor the feast of light is held,
 † tongue of flame between my eye-brows shone, †
 Changing the dimness to a perfect blaze.
 I heeded not that striking glow of light,
 But mused on still, when lo! a radiant child,
 Whose head was circled with a crown of glory,
 Appeared before me, brighter than the sun,
 Yet of a radiance milder than the moon.
 Then in a voice as sweet and musical
 As Śaraswati's ‡ lute, she said to me :—
 "Poor mortal! She whom thou hast striven to find
 Thro' weary years of anxious quest and toil,—
 The Virgin—Mother—Single Wife in one—
 Before thee stands. Art thou, my son, content?"
 I gazed and gazed on that Phenomenon
 With greedy eyes, and bated breath and pow'r
 Of utterance in utter wonder lost.
 I gazed and gazed as tho' for ever I
 Could gaze, unsated, on that radiant child,

* The Feast of Lamps, a festival of illumination held on the night of the new moon in the month of Kartik (November).

† The Yogis claim to have inward vision of an internal light between the eye-brows.

‡ The Goddess of Speech.

Whereat the Vision smiled and spake again :—
 "Too daring thou hast sought to lift the veil,
 That screens the Mother of the Universe,
 From eye of *devas*,* *asuras*,† and men ;
 Yet art thou speechless at the sight of this
 Light virgin form of mine. How, then, shalt thou
 Endure my varied Self in terror clad?
 Cease, therefore, thy vain, profitless pursuit,
 And work thy work in life and work it well.
 If there's a boon thou cravest, ask it now."
 By this, I had recovered from my trance,
 And humbly made reply, with clasped hands :
 "Entranced, O Mother, have I been, but where
 Is he in heaven or earth can see, unmoved,
 Thy loveliness supernal? All the more
 I'll cleave to my resolve, since it has led
 A gracious Power, out of her grace benign
 To offer unto me a boon unasked.
 But oh! forgive the doubt that fills my mind,—
 The doubt that thou, a seeming little child,
 Art ought else than a false, illusive fay ;
 And if, in sooth, thou art the Virgin blest,
 Then deign to show thyself to me in some
 Familiar shape, that I may well believe.—
 This is the boon I crave."

Scarce was this said,

When the fair Vision vanished suddenly,
 Followed by storms, and lightnings, and loud claps
 Of thunder, and repeated earthquake shocks.

* Gods

† Demons.

Amid this rage of elements, I found
 Myself—I know not how—away from home—
 In a vast plain, triangular in shape,
 Where stood an awful figure, darkly blue,
 With beauteous, many-breasted Mother Earth,
 In act of adoration seated near.
 'Twas Kali, but not Markandeyo's she*
 Terribly beautiful—nay, lovelily
 Terrible ; loose upon her shoulders fell
 Her glossy tresses ; ruby-red her lips ;
 What a perfection of just symmetry
 Her figure ! round and tapering each limb,
 And every part the painter's sad despair !
 And then her eyes—how eloquent were they
 Of tenderest, un-utterable love,
 As down she looked on the calm, snow-white form
 Beneath her feet, and bit, as in surprise,
 Her tongue at her own ruthless revelry !
 Four-arm'd was she ; in her left upper hand
 She grasp'd a formidable, shining blade,
 Besmear'd with gore ; the lower bore a head—
 The bleeding head of some asura bold.
 A necklace round her neck of demons' heads
 Suggestive hid her full round, swelling breasts ;
 A girdle round her waist of demons' hands
 Her nakedness draped. Terribly beautiful,
 Lovelily terrible she looked in her
 Adornments ! Yet, oh contrast wondrous strange !

* The goddess Durga, wife of Siva and daughter of Himavat. As shakti or female energy of Siva, she has two characters, the one mild and the other fierce. She has various names, referring to her various
 In one of her terrible forms she is Durga.

With her right arms she offered grace divine
 And hope to all, thus showing that the right
 Is right and good ;—the left, of foulness full.
 'Twas *Amavas*,* a moonless gloomy night ;
 Yet in the splendour of the halo round
 Her head, all things were as in daylight seen.
 There was blood—blood—blood everywhere, and heaps
 Of slaughter'd beings cover'd all the plain.
 Grim-visaged sprites, with hideous merriment,
 Were lapping up the blood, and vultures fierce,
 Jackals and creatures, that on carrion live,
 Were gorging full their fill, with horrid yells
 And piercing screams, that seemed to rend the skies.
 My blood was curdled, and mine eyes grew dim
 Tumultuous beat my heart for awe and fear.
 But not for long the horrid clamour raged :
 As by a wizard's spell the din was still'd,
 When many-breasted Earth, on bended knees,
 And in a mournful voice, thus told her tale :—

"I faint—I sink—O mother dear !

Quick to my rescue speed !

The crimes of men I cannot bear,—

Thy vengeful arm I need !

As round and round I roll in space,

Linkt to the sun in sky,

My strength grows daily less and less,—

'I faint—I sink—I die !

From greed of gold, and greed of land,

Man from no crime doth shrink :

With brother's blood is stained his hand

* The night moon:

And brother's blood his drink.
 The Virtues, frightened, all are fled
 To caves amid the snows ;
 Faith is no more ! Religion's dead,
 Killed by her daitya foes !
 Oh, save me, save me, mother dear !
 See, bored and gored I languish here !"

Gently the All-destroying Power replied :—
 "My time's not yet, O darling of the skies !
 But grieve not thou,—with patience still endure.
 Old Vasuki*, the thousand-headed, who,
 Coiled round the Zodiac, bears thee on his head,
 And every thousand years, shifts thee from hood
 To hood, hath lately, as thou knowest well,
 Given thee a newer, surer seat, amid
 The clash and strife of elements, fierce wars,
 Plague, Famine, tribal hatred, thro' which all
 The nations yet shall feel my smiting hand.
 For I am Justice, and my sword and scales
 In Libra gleam in yonder azure sky !"
 She ceased ; and many-breasted Mother Earth
 Vanished.

Thereafter, looking full at me,
 † And in a piteous tone, the Goddess said :—
 "Why tarriest thou in this ensanguined plain?
 Away with thee, poor dreamer ! hie thee hence !
 Thou canst not know th' Unknowable at all.
 Nor comprehend the Infinite Supreme,
 With finite faculties in darkness sheath'd.
 Oh, soaring aspiration of a worm

* The king of the serpent race.

To reach the Empyrean from the mire !
 Go, grasp the rainbow with thy hands, and chase
 The false mirage amid the desert sands,
 And thus foreknow the issue of thy toil.
 These peerings into Nature's Mysteries,
 Be business of the sluggard and the sot ;
 And verily they have their just reward !
 Behold ! how he, my Consort, fareth now !
 Shiva had grown too old ; would drink large draughts
 Of *bhang*,* and fleeing oft from home, escape
 To lonely wilds. And here is his reward—
 Trampled to dust by one he once adored !
 If thou wilt yet avoid the sluggard's fate,
 Go, work thy work in life and work it well."
 I listened to her words with rev'rent awe ;
 But there was something in her tone and look,
 So kindly, so ineffably benign,
 That heedless of her threat, I humbly said :—
 "Do as thou wilt with me, and if thou wilt,
 Now trample me beneath thy feet, where lies,
 In likeness of the dead, Death's mighty Victor,
 Mrityunjay†—highest lord of Yoga‡—calm,
 And passionless, in self-absorption lost.
 But if I have found favor in thy sight,
 Great Goddess ! tell me of my duty more,
 That evermore while life and light are mine,
 I'll sing *Jai Kali*,§ Victory to Thee !"

* Intoxicating hemp leaves.

† Lit, the conquerer of Death, one of the many names of Siva.

‡ Yoga or "yoking" the mind, is mental concentration on a particular object. It later on developed into a system for the practice of mental asceticism.

§ Victory to Kali.

I paused. Without vouchasafing a reply,
 The Goddess disappeared. And now, as if
 By magic wrought, a striking change came o'er
 The scene: the plain incarnadine with gore,
 Vanished with all its hideous sights and sounds ;
 And a deep valley, hid among bleak hills
 And beetling crags, thro' which a mountain stream
 Its waters darkling rolled, appear'd in sight.
 And there trampling upon a couple linkt
 In close embrace, a headless female stood,
 Holding in her left hand her shapely head,
 And wielding with her right a flaming sword.
 From her red body, splendid as the sun
 At eventide, in a clear autumn sky,
 Sprang up three streams of blood in ruddy jets :
 The two on either side two phantoms fed ;
 The third—the middle stream—she drank herself.
 This was Chhinnamasta*, misprized, alas !
 By thoughtless zealots now but whom the wise
 Adore as Energy grandly sublime !
 In the cerulean vault of heav'n above,
 Seated on glitt'ring thrones of emerald
 And sapphire, were Mahendra† and his host
 Of devas ; the Saptarshis ; and the Saints.
 There, too, were seen the mind-born wise Kumars, ‡—
 Great Sanat‡ and his peers, summ'd up in one—

* Lit. the headless she, one of the ten forms of the goddess Du

† Indra.

‡ Bachelor.

§ One of the mind-born sons of Bramha, the Creator, a great :
 of the ten progenitors of mankind.

The mighty Kartikeya*—God of War—
 Lord of the seasons, whom the Aryan world,
 Seeking t' avert the baneful influence
 Of shooting stars, worship, with festive rites
 And lighted lamps suspended high in air,
 On the last day of Kartic†, when in showers
 Those shining meteorolites fall from heav'n.

With tranquil joy, the bright immortals saw
 The Devi's‡ awe-inspiring, tragic form
 In that 'sequester'd, rock-embosm'd vale.
 In front of her, a band of Siddhas§ stood,
 Whom all-wise Yanak|| led. They knelt before
 The Pow'r, and in a deep and solemn voice,
 Whose melody yet ringeth in my ear,
 With swelling choral bursts, they sang this hymn:—

Mysterious Pow'r! in selflessness Supreme!
 The Siddha's vision, and the Sadhak's¶ dream!
 With awe and reverence Thy form we see;
 The highest mystery unveil'd in Thee!

With Thine own blood Thou dost all life maintain,—
 The least and noblest, linkt in Being's chain—
 And all alike,—the evil and the good—
 Thy care supports with truest Motherhood!

* A life-bachelor, one of the sons of Siva and Parvati (Durga).

† About the middle of November.

‡ The goddess Durga's.

§ Emancipated spirits.

|| King of Videha and father of Sita. He was remarkable for his knowledge and sanctity. By his righteous life he became a Rajarshi.

¶ Devotees.

The threefold jets of blood that spring from Thee,
Are but Truth—Passion—Foulness,—Gunas* three :—
Foulness on left, and Passion on thy right,
And Truth in centre,—fount of life and light !

Those jets the holy Trisul-figure† make,
For Thou wert first to bleed for Mercy's sake ;
With Thine own hand Thou struckest off Thy head,
To save Thy creatures with Thy blood so shed.

Those crimson streams well symbolise the fine,
All-potent nerves, ensheathed within the spine :—
Ida, Pingala, Sushumna‡ divine.—

The last, the golden path to Brahmo's§ shrine !

And Thou hast quench'd all-conquering Desire,
That Kama's shafts in ardent breasts inspire ;
Mithun,|| the Twins, are crush'd beneath Thy tread,
And Bi-corporeal Love lies all but dead !

* According to the Shankhya system of philosophy primæval matter consists of three Gunas or constituents. By the combination of these in varying proportions the material products were supposed to have arisen. That called *Sattwa*, distinguished by qualities of luminousness and lightness in the object and by virtue, benevolence and other pleasing attributes in the subject, is associated with the feeling of joy ; *Rajas*—distinguished by activity and various hurtful qualities is associated with pain and *Tamas*—distinguished by heaviness, rigidity and darkness on the one hand, and fear, unconsciousness and so forth on the other, is associated with apathy.

† Trishul is trident.

‡ The three principle channels of the vital spirit, either veins or nerves passing through the left, right and middle respectively of the heart to the brain and supposed to vibrate in unison with certain notes of the gamut

§ The Supreme Being.

|| The Goddess has been described as trampling upon a couple united on the ground in a posture of procreation

Fair, beauteous Earth hath sorest need of Thee,—
 Her sons are steep'd in black iniquity.
 O curb their rav'ning passions now that Peace
 May reign below, and ruthless conflicts cease !

The Siddhas, then, like exhalations bright,
 Floated away in air, and mingled fast
 Their radiance with the living blaze on high.
 With beating heart and quiv'ring limbs, I now
 Approach'd the Goddess, unto whom I said :—

“O Mother, deign to tell a sinner vile
 Man's highest, noblest duty here on earth,
 That I, so taught, may yet redeem the Past—
 May yet insure the Future, by Thy grace.”
 And quick as thought, and ev'n as lightning bright,
 In characters of flame in upper air,
 Emblazon'd was this answer :—

“Selflessness—

Self-sacrifice, that seeketh no reward,
 And fond regard for every thing that lives,—
 This is man's highest, noblest duty here.”

And there was joy in heaven at that response,
 And the celestials rained down fragrant flow'rs,
 In high approval of the golden law.
 What mingled hopes and fears alternate swayed
 My bosom, as I saw and heard these things—
 Marvels of vision, marvels, too, of sound !
 Like ocean's mighty swell, when tempest-shaken,
 Was th' agitation wild within my breast ;
 And as I asked myself the question—Have

I done my duty well? the answer still
 That Conscience made was, No! Then dark Despair,
 Like to a black'ning cloud, enwrapped my mind ;
 But Hope, returning, cheer'd my drooping spirits,
 And gently whisper'd : "Wait, thou may'st yet find
 Acceptance of the gods by penance stern,
 And love, and kindness unto thy kind."

The rock-embosom'd valley disappear'd,
 And now I stood before a crystal lake,
 By crystal streamlets fed, beneath whose wave
 The day-god, like a warrior spent with toil,
 Was sinking down to rest, with a last kiss
 To blushing earth. Here troops of snow-white swan
 Were merry-making,—dipping their long necks
 Into the lake, to whisper tales of love
 To Naiads of the flood ; or blowing loud
 Their clarions shrill ; or floating silently
 Among the lilies and the lotuses,
 Which looked, with *bhramars** clinging to their face,
 Like Aryan beauties, deck'd with lovely dots†
 Of black on lovelier brows. The diver birds
 Now plung'd into the water, now rush'd out
 On lightning wings, like well-born epicures
 Enjoying transient life as best they might ;
 While other water-fowl of various length
 Of beak and bill, swell'd high the swan's loud blare.
 When, lo ! seated upon her lotus-throne,

* Bumble bees.

† Little round dots usually black, placed between the eye-brows
 of Hindu women to enhance the beauty of the face

Lakshmi* alighted on the flow'ry bank
Of the clear lake, not far from where I stood.
Oh, who can paint Beauty unspeakable
In colors true ! Each lovely grace and charm,
Imagination can conceive in her
Rapt mood inspir'd, adorn'd the form and face
Of her, who reigns supreme in Vishnu's heart.
Bright Hesper gleam'd upon her glorious brow ;
A gauze of light her wondrous figure draped :
A starry belt her slender waist enclosed ;
A twelve-starr'd crown refulgent graced her head.†
The trees and neighb'ring hills are all ablaze
With light reflected from the lamps and fires,
Kindled afar to celebrate her night.
See, conscious Nature at her advent smiles,
With all the glows and glories of the seas'n !
See, Shivani‡ and other goddesses,
Who rule with Shri§ the primal elements,
Are tracing, with white paint of powder'd rice.||
Mazes of seventeen concentric rounds,
And happy harvest scenes and rural joys.—
Garner and barns, well stor'd with golden corn.

Each guarded by its sentinel white owl*.
 See, how a bevy of fair Apsaras,†
 Celestial choristers, are dancing, now
 Swift, and now slow, in sprightly measure gay,
 Filling the air with *jhumur jhumur*‡
 Of anklets, and the *runu jhunu*‡ tinkling
 Of arm-pendants! But hark! how sweet they sing:—

“From heaven came our minstrel band
 To India’s shining coral strand.
 With song and lively dance to greet
 Lakshmi, in this her lov’d retreat.

For this the night, and this the hour,
 She leaves her gay Elysian bow’r,
 With store of blisses in her hand,
 To bless this long-afflicted land.

Behold, the radiant Pow’r is come!
 E’en as she rose from ocean foam!
 Behold her on her lotus-throne,
 With charms divinest all her own!

Ye mortals, and immortals, raise
 Your joyous voices in her praise,
 As round and round we lightly go,
 In merry ring, on airy toe!”

A troop of bright-eyed nymphs, matrons and maids
 From nearest hermitage—wives, daughters they

* The charger of the goddess Lakshmi.

† Celestial nymphs, courtisans of Indra’s heaven, endowed with all the seductive charms of female beauty.

‡ An onomatopœic word.

Of sages, who had long renounc'd the world—
 Came gently on, to honor and adore
 The Goddess. Osier-baskets in their hands
 They bore of fragrant flowers that she loves—
 Lily and bela, rose and champac bright—
 Nor failed to bring her fav'rite spices, which
 Their loving hands in sylvan grove had culled
 And incense odorous and golden fruit. '
 These offer'd they to her, and cereals ripe,
 Amid the peal of bells and sound of conch ;
 And o'er her mystic passes made from foot
 To face and back again, with lighted lamps ;
 Then pray'd to her to bless this holy land,
 With needed gifts of plenty, health, and peace,
 In thrilling words that well'd up from the heart.

"Hail, bounteous Goddess ! hail to Thee !
 With lowly, loving hearts sincere,
 We greet Thy radiant presence here,
 Bright daughter of the sapphire sea !
 Whoe'er but names thy name with love,
 Obtains the Kalpa* tree that grows,
 The glorious Parijat† that blows,
 In Indra's Nandan‡ bower above ;
 And his the Kamdhenu§, that fills

* The tree of life of the Hindus, corresponding to the *arbor vitæ* of the Genesis. It grows to a height of ten yojanas (a yojana being equivalent to about $8\frac{1}{2}$ English miles) and has the power of satisfying all the desires of men who put their trust in it.

† The flower-tree of Indra's heaven produced at the churning of the ocean.

‡ The pleasure-garden of Indra.

§ The fabulous wonder-cow that gratifies all desires; also called *kama-dhuk*, wish-milking. She is extremely prodigal of her bounties, grants milk and butter in abundance to anybody who invokes her with sincere faith and devotion.

Desire, and every want supplies,
 Making his home a paradise,
 Exempt from care and fleshly ills.
 With plenty bless this land and Peace ;
 The sweets of life around it fling ;
 And let the circling hours still bring
 All social joys and house-hold bliss !"

'leas'd with their prayer, thus the Goddess said :—
 'All golden joys around my pathway lie,
 And happiness springs up beneath my tread.
 But I am not where Faith has ceased to be,
 Where the sweet charities of life are rare,
 And brutal selfishness is all supreme.
 Blest is the land, my fond peculiar care,
 Where every home's a shrine, and every man
 And woman priest and priestess, who adores
 Me with free offerings of truest love.
 Of cleanest heart, and purest life and thought."

A strange transfiguration now took place.
 The night, with all its shades is nearly sped,
 Tho' Usha lingers yet behind the hills ,
 When lo ! Lakshmi's become the peerless Queen
 Of Love, all lovely Saraswati, whose
 Coming is greeted with a glorious burst
 Of song by warblers of the neighb'ring groves.
 Her fay'rite doves and pigeons round her flock'd,
 Cooing and billing with fond, am'rous joy :
 The graceful Malay* wind, with fragrance laden,
 Before the Goddess fan-like wav'd his wings ;

* A soft, delicate wind, which blows from the Malaya mountains
 western Ghats during spring and summer.

The lilies of the lake and forest flowers,
 As in her worship, op'd their incense cups ;
 The crystal lake, by crystal streamlets fed—
 Its glassy face enwreath'd in rippling smiles—
 With its cool wavelets lav'd her lotus feet ;
 While the trees shed, as votive offerings,
 Diamonds and pearls on grass and leaf around.
 A Jubilee of adoration this,
 By Nature's self, of Nature's matchless Queen !
 Now in this *Amrit** hour, when sluggards sleep,
 Devotion views her god and goddess clear,
 In the nerve-centres of the spinal cord,
 Whereof the door doth Saraswati guard.
 That cord's her Vina, and the Anahath†
 Music—the Music of the heart—her own !

The scene is chang'd again. A snowy peak
 Of lofty Himalaya, on whose top
 A mass of splendour blaz'd, before me rose.
 I hasten'd up the height, and there I saw
 Himadribala‡ or Katyayani‡
 Or Durga—for she's variously nam'd—
 Surrounded by her band of Yoginis,§
 Spirits of earth and flood, of fire and air.
 And these, prepar'd with lightning speed to fly
 Where'er she will'd, were singing joyously

* The peep of dawn is called the *Amrit* hour as the time best suited for prayer and devotion.

† The yogis claim to hear musical sounds supposed to emanate from the twelve-petalled mystic lotus in the heart.

‡ A name of Durga.

§ A class of inferior deities 64 in number.

In full-voic'd quire, around her Lion-throne* ;
 While from below came up the hum of praise
 From holy Brahmans, hoar with snows of age,
 Who chanted, in melodious tone, this hymn :—

“Hail ! mighty Goddess ! Universal Soul !
 Puissance or Love, Fate or Illusion sweet,
 Whate'er Thy name, O Mother, whose control
 All nature quickens,—Thee we humbly greet !
 Hail ! ten-arm'd Goddess of the Lion-throne,
 Whose power Time and Space and Being own !
 The seed of things was in Thy mighty womb,
 Their source prolific and their final doom !

“From Thee the mystic Trinal Unity—
 Virinchi,† Vishnu, Shiva—one in three—
 All sprang, Thou primal dread Divinity,
 Thou great First Cause and End to be !
 The wond'rous glories of yon azure sky,
 The nameless beauties that around us lie,
 The whirlwind's blast, and lightning's dazzling flame,
 All—all Thy pow'r and providence proclaim.
 The Aryan world prepares for social mirth,
 By acts of lovingness to kin and kind ;
 May Universal Love pervade the earth,
 And Charity fill every heart and mind !
 May brother brother clasp in close embrace,
 And pleasure beam in each familiar face,
 As friend meets friend around the festive board,
 And tells of pangs endur'd or triumphs scor'd !

* The lion is the charger of the goddess Durga

† A name of Brahma.

Descend, great Deity, from Thy cloud-girt seat
 Amidst the changeless, everlasting snows
 Of lofty Himala*, where at Thy feet
 Time's self doth rest like Passion in repose.

And Kartikeya† on his star-eyed bird,
 As fits the War-God, bravely keeps his guard ;
 And Ganesha,‡ in sober vesture drest,
 Woos Philosophy to his loving breast.

O come with Lakshmi of the sea-wave born,—
 Radiant as when she rose from ocean-foam,
 With her lap full of golden ears of corn,
 T'emparadise our humble hearth and home.

And bring Bharati,§ lovely as the morn,
 Whose brow the Star of Morning doth adorn,
 With her ethereal lute and song to cheer
 The drooping hearts of Thine adorers here !
 Come, Mother, come, all cloth'd in holy light,
 The sun and moon both shining at Thy feet !
 O bless our mind with wisdom,— bless our sight
 With visions of the glorious Infinite !

* The Himalayas.

† The commander of the heavenly forces. Siva was his father. He is said to have been born without a mother, having been fostered by the Krittikas or the Pleiades. He is represented as riding on a peacock, and holding a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other.

‡ The god of Wisdom and remover of obstacles. He was the son of Siva and Parvati. He is represented under an ungainly form, with an elephant's head, an enormous stomach and disproportioned limbs, with a rat at his feet.

§ A name of the goddess Saraswati. According to one legend Ganesh, Kartikeya and Lakshmi and Saraswati are the two sons and two daughters of Siva and Parvati.

In varied names we worship only Thee ;
 In vain the creeds veil Thee in mystery :
 For God or Goddess, Thou art all the same—
 In every form we but adore Thy name !
 "Come, Goddess bright, O come, supernal Pow'r,
 In beaming smiles and loveliness array'd,—
 Our only hope in dark misfortune's hour,
 Our sole support, and never-failing aid !
 O bless the land with Peace and tranquil Joy !
 May no distressing ills our homes annoy !
 O come with all Thy radiant progeny,
*Durga ! Durga ! Durgati nashini !**

A band of Rishis, led by Markandeya,
 Whose song of Chandi† breathes the mighty roll
 And music of the spheres, now forward stepp'd
 , To render to the Goddess homage due.
 (But ere they spake a word, she disappear'd.
 A female form—vast—infinite as Space—
 That multiplied itself on every side—
 Above—below—around, in earth and air
 And sky, and blaz'd with the collected glow
 Of all the stars and constellations bright,
 Greeted mine eyes. Her countless breasts gave suck
 To countless Brahmas, Vishnus, Mahadeos ;
 And in her body saw I worlds on worlds,
 Fleeting as falling stars, arise and sink.

of misery.

in seven hundred verses forming an episode of
 ana, celebrating Durga's victories over the Asuras.

There devas,* rakshasas,† asuras,‡ men,
 All grades of beings, were in order held ;
 And in the whirling rounds of varied life,
 In what succession, and how rapidly,
 Both great and small, changed places in her form !
 There Ramas, Krishnas, Budhas, Christs, were seen,
 Inspired by love, incarnating themselves
 To save demon-oppressed, sin-ridden worlds ;
 And Kalis, Kausikis, and Chandis§ fierce,
 Licking up daitya|| hosts with lolling tongues,
 And grinding, crushing them with horrid glee.
 I was appall'd ; my hair now stood on end ;
 I quaked for fear, and would have fallen down,
 But that some pow'r sustained my trembling limbs ;
 And on I gazed, the distant seeming near—
 The Present blending strangely with the Past.
 Amazed the Rishis saw that awful form ;
 Speechless, like lifeless statues, long they stood ;
 Till Markandeya, full of thoughts profound,
 Ancient of days, thus meekly silence brake :—
 "O Mother, deign to tell us who Thou art ;
 Explain the mystery of life and death,
 And all the wondrous things we view in Thee.
 I have seen Yugas¶ come and Yugas go,

* Gods.

† Goblins.

‡ Demons.

§ Different names of Durga.

|| Demon.

¶ The Hindus recognise four ages of the world to which they give the name of Yuga.

What time within Narayan's* boundless self
 I dwelt, when, in the figure of a child
 Sucking his toe, he, in his tiny bark
 Of banyan leaf, mov'd o'er the mighty Deep.
 And all around was void ; but ne'er saw I
 A sight so fearfully sublime as thine.
 Reveal thyself in some familiar shape
 That, knowing thee, we may thy feet adore,
 With undisturb'd serenity of soul."

And now as in a mist the mighty form
 Faded away, and Durga reappeared ;
 And to th' assembled Rishis thus she spake :—
 "In various forms, by still more various names.
 My votaries adore me. In their view
 Virgo's my Sign, and Leo my heav'nly throne ;
 I'm Vidya,† Wealth, Prosperity, and Fame ;
 Health of the whole, and vigor of the strong ;
 Kuvera‡ is my steward, and Vaidya
 Dhannantari§ my loyal liegeman true.
 I love the twilights twain ; the sentient heart's
 My fav'rite haunt ; and bright my glory shines
 On the high watch-towers of light and life
 In the calm face of love, of knowledge born.

* The personified Purusha or primeval living-spirit, described as moving on the waters on a banyan-leaf.

† Knowledge.

‡ The god of Riches and the regent of the northern quarter. His city is Alaka in the Himalayas and his garden Chitra-ratha on Mount Mandara. He was half-brother of Ravana and once possessed the city of Lanka in Ceylon. He is represented as white and deformed having three legs and only eight teeth.

§ The physician of the gods.

Yet those, who know my higher nature, know,
 That I'm Adyasakti—Primeval Force.
 From me have Time and Space and Being sprung,
 Of all existences myself the womb.
 The, Mahavidyas* Kali, Tara, fair
 Shorashi and the rest, from me arise,
 To mock the sadhak, saintly in his own
 Conceit ; to bless the godly, good, and true.
 The Zodiac, set with constellations bright,
 My little finger like a ring adorns ;
 And all the stars, as in the Void they roll,
 Make music but to entertain my ear.
 The *tatwas*†—primal elements—are mine :
 Earth is my nose-gay ; water, Amṛita‡
 Dropt from my tongue ; the sparkle of mine eye
 Is fire below, and fire in air and heav'n ;
 Pavan's§ my breath, which fills the ambient space,
 And is the vital air of living things ;
 While ether holds the secret bower, whence
 I send forth orbs on orbs to be the sport
 And play-things of my infant Trinities.

* Ten forms of the goddess Durga—Kali, Tara, Shodashi, Bhubaneswari, Bhairavi, Chinnamasta, Dhumavati, Bagala, Matangi and Kamala.

† The Sāṅkhya philosophy starts from an original primordial *Tattwa* or "eternally existing essence" called Prakṛiti, a word meaning in philosophy that which produces or evolves everything else. Beginning with this original, eternal germ it reckons up 23 other *Tattwas* or entities, all productions of the first, and evolving themselves spontaneously out of it.

‡ Nectar.

§ The wind.

Before the triple worlds were manifest,
 Coeval with myself was only *Sat**—
 The Highest Self—All Consciousness Supreme—
 Subtle—beyond all thought—Unspeakable.
 And He, Beginningless, was passionless,
 Alike of motion and emotion void ;
 Bereft of quality—bereft, methought,
 Of pow'r of love in answer to mine own.
 He breathed not, moved not, spake not word to me,
 His co-mate for all time inseparable.
 This must not be, I thought within myself,
 And straight upon his eyelids lighted I
 As Yogamaya,† lulling him to sleep.
 As the All-Conscious all unconscious lay,
 I smiled, and lo ! light filled the empty Void,
 And all the regions all at once arose !
 I drop the germ, which Dharma or the Law
 Of Evolution warms to life and growth,
 From smallest atom up to highest soul.
 For Evolution's but the casting off
 The vicious skin of Evil, that impedes
 The onward march of beings to their goal.

* Existence.

† According to the Tantric doctrine of Creation, Bramhan or Shiva represents the formless, changeless consciousness in a static state, and Shakti. His formative active principle in His kinetic aspect. Before creation Shakti throws a veil of unconsciousness (Yogamaya) over Shiva. The function of Shakti is to negate, i.e. to negate consciousness and to make it appear to Itself as unconscious, because the formless cannot assume form unless formlessness is negated. It is only by negating consciousness to itself that consciousness becomes its own object in the form of the universe. Yogamaya corresponds to *Prakriti* of the Sankhya and *Maya* of the Vedanta.

Under this law, the silk-worm self instinctive
 Weaves its cocoon of Death, whence it bursts forth
 A many-color'd butterfly, again
 And yet again t'assume still higher forms
 Of Being till the highest is attained,
 When it becomes a portion of mine own."

All heaven rang with joy at Durga's words,
 And thus the gods in chorus hymn'd her praise —

Victory to Thee, Almighty Goddess, Pow'r Supreme !
 Humbly, Mother, do we raise to Thee this grateful hymn !
 For Thy hands deliver'd us, in peril's fearful hour,
 From the rule of Rakshasas and ruthless demons' power !
 From Mahishasúra, Sumbha, and Nisumbha* dread,
 Who had ravag'd earth and unto heav'n their terrors spread,
 From these scourges still Thou keepest all the regions free,
 Salutation, Salutation, ever unto Thee !

Victory to Theé, Adyaśakti, Primeval Force !
 Of all things and beings Thou art Mother-Sire and source !
 Energy eternal ! Thou art life and Thou art death,
 Which are but the rythmic variations of Thy breath !
 Countless Brahmas, Vishnus, Shivas at Thy breast are fed,
 Countless orbs of light Thy beams, O mighty
 Goddess, shed !

Thine this universe, Thy law its full string'd harmony !
 Salutation, Salutation, ever unto Thee !

Absolute Perfection ! Fulness Thou beyond all thought !
 Self-existent, Omnipotent, Everlasting Sat !
 Praise be to Thee, Thou, and Sat since Yugas first began,

killed by Durga .

Sat art Thou, and *Sat* eternal Thou wilt still remain !
 All Thy works proclaim Thy gracious providence aloud,
 Thou full moon of Amavas ! Thou sun behind a cloud !
 Changeless thro' all changes, Devi, all to all Thou art,
 Red or white or dark as seen in each adorer's heart !
 Multifold tho' one, Durga, Chandi, Katyayani* !
 Salutation, Salutation, ever unto Thee !

MUSIC AND VISION OF THE ANAHATH CHAKRAM.†

Is't a bell ringing from within,
 Or song-bird singing cling ! cling ! cling !
 Or the Onkar,‡ Shrinkar of lute,
 Or warblings soft of reed or flute !
 Whate'er it be, I feel—I know,
 To this sweet music of the heart—
 Beyond the reach of human art—
 A perfect calm of mind I owe,
 A very sabbath of the Soul,
 Resting in Brahma's boundless whole !
 Sometimes the sound of conch I hear,

* Names of the Goddess Durga.

† The Tantras divide the central spinal system into six regions called *Chakras* commencing from the lowest, the *Mulādhāra* or Sacrococcygeal plexus, to the *Sahasrara* or upper cerebrum, all bearing a resemblance to the lotus flower. The fourth commencing from the lowest, called the *Anahat Chakram* or the Cardiac plexus is said to consist of twelve petals.

‡ A mystic word meaning the triune god.

THE PAPIA

Of song and gong and cymbals clear,
 As from a distant fane or shrine
 Of some benignant Pow'r divine.
 And this, too, cometh from within,
 Where soul adores the Self unseen,
 And in the twelve-leav'd lotus there—
 Blown into bloom by vital air—
 Beholds Krishna and Kisari*

Piping and dancing,
 The soul entrancing
 With flowings of the *bansari* ;†
 As in Brindavan's Kadamb grove,
 Each happy in the other's love ;
 His blue commingled with her white,
 Like a cloud lit by lightning bright ;
 While Triveni's‡ united wave,
 With murmurs soft their feet doth lave !

THE PAPIA.

The Brain-fever bird. This is a species of cuckoo, whose cry resembles the sound *Pew Kahan* which, in Hindi, means where is my beloved? According to an ancient Indian legend, a certain woman, having killed her daughter-in-law in a fit of passion, became so deeply affected with remorse, that she lost her reason, and wandered about the country, crying *Pew Kahan*. Her cry betrayed such agony of mind, that the gods moved to pity, transformed her into a Papia.

O Papia, solitary bird,
 Sweet songster, sadly musical !

* Another name of Radha.

† Flute.

‡ The confluence of three rivers.

Who, that thy mournful song has heard,
Can e'er forget its swell and fall?

Minstrel of sorrow! with thy cry—
Pew kahan! Pew kahan!
Thou flingest show'rs of melody,
Thrilling the feeling heart of man.

And near or far—in shade or light—
Thou fleest unseen from tree to tree.
A joyless spirit restless quite,
As from some secret misery.

I watch thee close, but see thee not,
O haunter of my summer grove!
I love thy song with sadness fraught,
Lamenting lone thy vanish'd love.

That passionate outburst, wherein
Thou pourest out thy very soul,
Might break another heart, I ween,
And yet thou seemest sound and whole.

The cuckoo loudly chants his lay,
The world deceiving by his art;
The spring is come! he seems to say,—
But does it come to every heart?

Away, thou false and fickle thing,
Intent on pleasures of the hour!
Vain prodigal! minion of spring!
Base run-away from Winter's pow'r!

But hail, sweet Papiā, hail to thee!
Thy spotted grey to me appears

Sad Wisdom's sober livery,—
Thyself a thing baptised in tears.

What mournful thoughts and memories
Thy song awakes! It calleth forth
The father's, mother's, lover's sighs
For blighted heart and ruin'd hearth.

For where is he, who never said—
Pew kahan! Pew kahan!
For absent love, or dear ones dead,
Since this creation fair began?

Thy voice reminds me how of yore,
With Sati's relic on his back,
Great Shiva roved from hill to shore,*
Repeating thy sad coronach.

How lovely Rati long bewailed
Her lord, consumed by Rudra's eye,†

* King Daksha held a great *yagna* in which he invited all and sundry with the exception of his son-in-law Shiva. Sati, Shiva's wife attended the *yagna* uninvited. Daksha heaped abuses on Shiva in the presence of his daughter Sati, who felt the insult to her husband so keenly that she expired on the spot. Shiva, coming to know of this, went there and flinging her lifeless body across his shoulder roamed about the world in a wild ecstasy of grief. The earth, groaning and trembling under the tread of his feet appealed to Vishnu for relief, who scattered the dead body of Sati with his Sudarshana Chakra. The scattered remains became holy relics and consecrated the spots on which they fell.

† Kama, the god of love, in one of his mischievous moods became desirous of trying the effect of his flowery arrow on Shiva who then sat in his meditations. Feeling a slight perturbation he opened his eyes and found before him the smiling god. His ire was incensed and he consumed him with a fire which emanated from his third eye i.e. the eye between the two eye-brows.

INDIA TO BRITAIN.

Britons ! to your professions now be true !
If selflessly ye seek my lasting good,
Stand fast to me ! for rightly understood,
My cause and yours, in sooth are same though few
Seem willing yet to realize this view
In deeds, bespeaking that calm mental mood,
Which sees in mine and England's sisterhood,
My right to claim from her a sister's due.
Blest heirs of Freedom ! Act as freemen should !
Some of her blessings on my sons bestow ;
And thus secure my endless gratitude,
And one more wreath of glory for your brow !
Oh spread those blessings through this Empire wide,
And let my sons march onward by your side !

A CHANGE AND PANIC.

See ! how the merry-go-round of old Time
Brings down the mightiest amain,
Exalting others to their place and state,
To be whirled quickly down again !
Hark ! hark ! the mingled cry of grief and joy !
The king is dead ! long live the king !
Alas ! the knell and merry bell alike
Proclaim that power's an empty thing.
The knell and merry bell ! the smiles and tears !
All pass away like th' idle air,

Or like the changeful tints of autumn skies,—
Now black with clouds, now bright and fair.

Farewell and welcome are on courtiers' lips ;
The people's honest heart the while
Nor heaves nor thrills, in answering sympathy
With their feigned sigh or artful smile.

The people? who are they? O silent voice !
Because so silent, little known ;
Your labour feeds the land,—sustains the State,
Tho' penury is all your own !

Are yonder parasites, who press round Power,
With cozening speech—not all untaught—
Are they the men to voice the nation's thoughts?
Avaunt ! the people know ye not.

Like Nessus' tunic is a purple robe,
Nay,—for wide mischief this is worse ;
For regal power, in unworthy hands,
Doth prove to all the world a curse.

They come and go ! they leave no trace behind—
Most of the rulers of the land !
They come and go ! their annals tell no more,—
They build their name and fame on sand.

A few alone escape the general doom,
Whom Conscience crowns and Justice leads ;
Who put love's golden girdle round the land,
And win men's love by loving deeds.

Such were our Bentinck, Elphinstone, and Grant,
And Canning—a'more glorious name :

Tho' dead, they live enthroned in Indian hearts,—
Heirs of an ever-broadening fame.

O golden lives all full of golden deeds,
That flowed in humanising stream,—
Strong with the strength of Justice, Mercy, Grace,
And human Sympathy supreme !

Say, thou, whom Fortune now has raised to power :
'Tween selfish faction's loud huzzas,
And that true fame, which grateful nations give
For generous measures, liberal laws—

Which wilt thou choose? Art thou for sword
and bonds—

For government by threat and frown,
Or for a human-hearted reign benign,
The people's weal thy brightest crown?

The last must be the wiser, manlier choice
Of a far-seeing, noble mind ;
So be it thine, that so in bonds of love
Thou mayst all classes strongly bind !

Spread-eagleism hath charms for thoughtless souls,—
May it have none—oh none for thine !
Talons have terrors like all evil things,—
To rule with love is held divine.

Plague, famine, earthquake, flood and war have each
Its work of fell destruction done ;
And these, with man's offences rank, have made
This land most piteous 'neath the sun.

A CHANGE AND PANIC

Harsh thoughts, unworthy of great England's sons.

And stern repression, favor find ;

Alas ! that Freedom's heirs would fetters forge

For India's limbs, and India's mind !

Ah me ! areJ——s's grinning levities

The cream of English thought in Ind ?

Then perish Progress ! England ! cast its seeds

Thou here hast sown to sea and wind !

Mistrust is sowing seeds of future ills,

And human-heartedness seems gone ;

The patriot—friend—philanthropist must grieve

To see old faith hurled from its throne.

What melancholy sights we late have seen—

The flight from Plague, in frantic fear,

Of old and young—of women too, O God !

Just brought to bed—oh where ! oh where !

From fear to frenzy's ever but a step—

Hark ! angry voices rend the air !

The passions of the mob are high inflamed

Under inoculation-scare.

What madness fierce hath seized the multitude ?

Ah ! that which maketh fiends of men ;

Which made the cartridge set all Ind ablaze :

Fear of taint searing mind and brain.

The Plague-preventive measures, more than Plague,

Have caused this flutter, all this dread ;

And this may tempt the brutal ruffianism

Of towns to raise its baleful head.

A truce to such thoughts ! Brighter days must dawn,
And things be as they were before ;
Lo ! Hope's bright Iris yonder gleams on high,
And all our fears will soon be o'er !

Oh, never was a city's mighty heart
So agitated—deeply stirred
By panic, as was India's capital
Until thou gav'st thy saving word !

There spake the sympathetic Ruler wise,
True to the land's and people's cause !
There spake the Statesman, who'll not trample down
Our cherished customs, social laws !

Heart speaks to heart with touches such as this,
And love is won as by a spell ;
Where vig'rous modes and methods fruitless prove,
There Sympathy will seldom fail.

The boast of Power's but a whiz and fizz—
A moment's noise—if sounding high ;
All great achievers silent work their work,
Ev'n like the silent stars in sky !

Glory and fame are in thine own right hand !
May Kindness all thy measures move,
And frame the ladder-rungs whereby thou mayst
Draw Wisdom down from Heaven above !

Light—light—more light the masses sadly need
Their minds t'illuminate, their homes to cheer ;
Ignorant—half-starved, is it strange they yield
To dire disease or sudden fear ?

TO ENGLAND

'Tis not Achilles so much, as his fierce
Myrmidons that the people dread,
As likely, in their over-zeal, to make
Fair cities—cities of the dead.

Shame on the wretch, unmoved by India's woes,
Who'd still her sufferings augment !
Eternal shame on those, who, false to God
And man, race-hatred may foment !

Forward, my friends ! my dear, dear countrymen !
Your loyal spirit now display :—
Stand by your rulers ! and, with heart and soul,
Help them to drive the foe away !

TO ENGLAND.

Misjudge not India for this sad unrest !
Her heart is loyal to the very core—
Devoutly loyal as it was before—
To thee, her Island Mistress in the West.
Ev'n as a child, amid its sobs and frets,
All fondly clingeth to its mother's breast ;
So India clings to thee,—her haven of rest,
'Mid all her troubles, all her deep regrets.
Remember all that she has bravely borne,—
Her matchless sorrows—agonising state ;
Oh, treat her not in anger or in hate,
But kindly, for her heart is rudely torn !
Lo ! crushed—all-bleeding—prostrate there she lies !
Oh, gently raise her—dry her weeping eyes !

TO THE MEN OF INDIA

This land, which once was Heav'n's peculiar care,
 Where customs, rituals hoar with age have grown—
 Will she them change for others strange—unknown,
 Ev'n for the sake of life, thro' transient fear?
 Why let her be the theorist's hunting-ground?
 Will panic patents drive the Plague away?
 Remember, Science, like a flirt, one day
 Claspeth facts, which the next may see disown'd!
 Ind fears not death, come in what shape it may,
 O England! she but asks this boon of thee:—
 In thy attempts to mend her destiny,
 Let kindly sympathy have fullest play.
 Respect her ancient creeds, her *Parda* spare,
 And cheerfully thy yoke will India bear!

TO THE MEN OF INDIA.

Where are old manners, kindly feelings gone?
 Those charities, which graced the cot and hall,—
 That simple faith, which saw but God in all,
 And led to light and love—where are they flown?
 Where are the pure in heart that Ind has known,
 Whose shadow blest the spot their feet had trod,
 Where are they gone?—the lov'd of man and God—
 The father-saints who lived to Him alone?
 India's become a scene of sinners' strife:
 Here falsehood—fraud—unfaith their revels hold,
 And people sell their very souls for gold;
 For wealth, not worth, is deemed the crown of life!
 Is this the land, of ancient lands the pride,
 Where Rama, Krishna, Buddha lived and died?

A PRAYER

Vishnu dead? why sounds his conch no more?

Where are his discus, club, and *padam*'s* glow?

Spirits of ill are piling woe on woe,

And bearing blight from India's shore to shore.

Vishnu dead? else why this demon band,

Who breathe forth death around, beneath whose tread

The earth quakes, and the graves give up their dead,
Have suffered thus to desolate the land?

Vishnu's not dead! He visits sins of men,—

THE MORTAL SIN OF BLACK INGRATITUDE—

Deceit, irrev'ence, vile lusts unwithstood—

With mighty ills to vindicate his reign.

Repent, ye sinners! see, dread Rudra's come,

To hurl ye all unpitied to your doom!

A PRAYER.

My God! my Father! bid Thy terrors cease!

Thine awful visitations, that appal

The bravest heart, in mercy now recall;

And so restore our ruined hopes and peace.

My God! my Father! stay thy chastening hand!

Ill-fated India can endure no more!

Her cup of misery is brimming o'er!

Despair and Death have saddened all the land!

My God! my Father! oh! incline Thine ear

To India's fervent prayer to Thee to save

Her children from a universal grave.

Gaping wide-mouthed—terrific—everywhere.

* *Padam* is the lotus which Vishnu holds in one of his four hands.

STANZAS

Oh, let Thy mercy now assert its power,
And rescue her in this, her darkest hour !

My God ! my Father ! 'tis Thy will, not ours,
Orders all things ; this universe is Thine—

The execution and the grand design ;
And Time is Thine—the seasons and the hours.

My God ! my Father ! save—oh ! save this land,
Once Thine own ! Here Thy Avatars arose,

Subdued the *daityas*, lesson'd human woes,
And o'er Thy worshippers stretch'd forth their hand !

My God ! my Father ! bid the Plague depart,
Allay the people's fears, and soon restore

The mutual confidence, which filled before
The loyal Indian's, gen'rous Briton's heart !

Bless both with light that will not lead astray,
That both may live in love as brothers may !

STANZAS.

(Composed on the occasion of Babu Bhobanath
Sen's going to Simultala in search of health.)

Farewell, dear brother, fare ye, fare ye well !
What if we meet not now ? Your health demands,

Your sojourn soon in more propitious lands,
Where purer streams and balmier winds prevail.

For me, my life is ebbing fast away,—

Perchance we may not meet in flesh again ;
And ling'ring longer would but lengthen pain,
And strengthen more and more great *Maya's* sway.

Too daring I have striv'n to lift the veil,
 That shrouds the mighty Goddess from our sight,
 To get one glimpse of Her Supernal light
 Wherein the Highest Self delights to dwell.

Is she a Virgin or a single Wife?

Why veil'd? to know it all my soul doth burn ;
 Much have I borne with self-repression stern,
 And now for Her would fain lay down my life.

Oh think of me when I am gone as one,

Who, rough in manner, and of sharpest tongue
 Yet own'd a heart that felt most warm and strong
 For ev'n the meanest life beneath the sun.

TO INDIAN PATRIOTS.

On, on, ye men of India, fearless on !

Your cause is just : your ways and methods right ;
 Press on ! Nor heed the deep'ning shades of night—
 Which shall disperse before the rosy dawn !
 Rely on your own efforts, firmly, now !

With vision clear, and vain illusions gone—
 Still true and loyal to Britannia's throne—
 Work for the common weal with lifted brow !
 Foster home industries with jealous care !

Your vast resources far and wide expand,
 And make an Eden of this glorious land,
 Whose golden fruitage all alike shall share !
 Now, put, ye friends, your shoulders to the wheel,

And serve your Motherland with ceaseless zeal !
Yes, self-reliance is a pow'r, indeed—

Alladin's wond'rous lamp and magic ring,
Whose genii most readily would bring
Their happy owner all that he might need !
Cherish it, then, with loving heart and hand :

'Twill soon revive your drooping energies—
Enable you to brave inclement skies—
And drive grim Famine from your native land.

On, on, ye friends, avoiding feud and strife !
Hindu and Moslem, by your actions prove,
That ye are brethren, knit in bonds of love,
Striving, with Moral strength for light and life !

O God ! when will arise that glorious morn,
Which shall redress the wrongs that Ind has borne !
Brush Politics aside, if but, to please

The lordlings here ! Eschew all signs and shows
Which rudely interfere with their repose,
And meekly yield to Kismet's stern decrees !
Begone ! servile thoughts, offspring of dastard Fear !

Swadeshi, still Swadeshi things produce !
Swadeshi goods still largely, widely use !
And go on prospering more and more each year !

Let Opulence her ample hoards employ
To save the land from drought, disease, and flood,
With roads and drains, canals and stores of food,
Filling the peasant's home with mirth and joy.
The gen'rous flame will more and more inspire
Your dauntless breasts with quenchless patriot fire !

WELCOME TO T. R. H. THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES 301

Give mirth and pleasure free'st vent ;
Toast both the Andrews, Sir, and Saint,
And our new Viceroy, heartily,
'Mid bagpipe's strains, and thund'ring cheers
Waking the rooks in Eden's bower,
And echoes wild in High Court tower !

WELCOME TO T. R. H. THE PRINCE
AND PRINCESS OF WALES.*

Hail, Prince and Princess, hail to you !
All welcome to this capital !
Where peals of joy from cot and hall
Are ringing now our homage due !

All classes, sects, and creeds, and men
In nations, greet your advent here ;
Your love for us will more endear
To us our lovéd Emp'ror's reign.

This empire, Prince, will be thine own,
From Himalaya to the sea ;
Henceforth thy Consort fair and thee
We in our bosom shall enthrone.

Princess, thy presence here to-day,
Is theme of praise in mead and mart ;
May has brought May in every heart.
And Winter smiles like spring-tide gay !

* Presented to T. R. H. by the Moharaja of Cossimbazar.

With many million ardent throats
Singing thy praise with swelling notes
With many million sturdy hands,
Ready to smite thy foes with sharpen'd bands ;
How art thou weak, when these are thine,
Mother mine !

Yes, might immense is thine !
From throngs on throngs of ruthless foes,
From perils dire and whelming woes,
Defender and deliverer thou !
To thee I bow !

Mother mine !

Wisdom and Righteousness thou art !
Thou sovereign spirit of the heart !
And vital Air within !

Thou givest vigour to the arm,
And to the breast devotion warm ;
In every home, in every shrine,
The image all adore is thine,

Mother mine !

Thou ten-armed Durga, whom fell demons fear !
Thou lotus-ranging Lakshmi ever dear !
Goddess of arts, bright Saraswati thou !
To thee I bow !

To thee I bow !
O Fortune's Pow'r divine !

Faultlessly fair,
Beyond compare,
Rich with fine streams and fruits art thou
Mother mine !

Mother to thee I bow !
 With robe of green, devoid of guile,
 With grace adorn'd and lovely smile.
 Earth ever bounteous, thou !
 Nourisher, Cherisher benign,
 Mother mine !

AN INDIAN SONG.

(IMITATION.)

The plains of Ind ! the plains of Ind !
 Where Rama reign'd and Valmik sung
 Where grew in glory soul and mind,
 Where arts arose and Vedas sprung !
 The glows of Nature gild them yet,
 But soul and mind in gloom are set !
 The harp of Valmik, bard and sage,
 The lyre of Vyas, and Krishna's flute,
 That thrill'd the heart of youth and age,
 Cheer us no more their music's mute,
 The land is filled with wild dismay
 By brutal acts of lawless sway.
 The mountains look on Hindusthan,
 And she on her own azure main,
 With bitter thoughts, that ceaseless run
 On *Kismet*, and her clanking chain.
 Is this the land that heroes bore
 Of God-like might in days of yore ?

IO PŒAN

But where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy classic shore,
 The patriot's voice is stifled now,
 And Justice rudely shewn the door.

IO PŒAN.

'T was said by prophet seers in days of old,
 Who read the future as an open scroll,
 That in this age would dawn an age of gold,
 When love should knit mankind from pole to pole.

Lo! China, trodden down by Manchus long,
 And fleec'd by buccaneers and foemen fell,
 Now hears the knell, while Freedom's thrilling song
 Rings clear in flow'ry grove and plain and dell.

Her new Republic, organised with care,
 Is now a wonder of this wondrous land,
 Where equal civic rights her freemen share,
 And arts of peace and war move hand in hand.

She owes these blessings to her patriot sons,
 Yuan-si-Kai, and his adherents true,
 Who have arous'd her from her death-like trance,
 And now she stands a Pallas ris'n anew.

'Tis clear that, in a country's darkest hour,
 When rav'ning wolves prowl round in human form,
 Heaven sends forth men of resistless pow'r,
 To slay the monsters, and quell the raging storm.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Oh, see! Hope's rainbow spans the eastern skies!
Bengal, rejoice! thy troubles soon shall cease;
Carmichael's come, with Gourlay kind and wise,
To give thee light and life and golden peace.

Accept our cordial greetings, gen'rous peer!
And homage to the Viceroy and the Throne!
May grace divine thy spirit ever cheer,
And radiant glory clasp thee as her own!

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Like a tree crown'd with scarlets all glowing and bright,
Thy fair form once in beauty and loveliness shone;
But as looks the same tree when 'tis wither'd by blight,
So sad dost thou look with thy glories now gone.

Neglected thy garment, dishevell'd thy hair,
Thy jewels all scatter'd and strown on the floor;—
Thou sittest like Grief fondly nursing her care,—
The dead hopes of the past that will waken no more

Like the springs on thy mountains thy tears ever flow,
But the hearts which they water still bloom not again
For thy sighs like hot winds in thy low-lands that blow,
Blast the feelings that sprout into verdure in vain.

Thy sons, so distinguished in science and art,
So famed for their valour, in days that are gone,
Now live but inglorious in anguish of heart
Amid scenes where their sires their proud triumph
had w

Arise, my fair Ind ! my 'lov'd country, arise !
Too long hast thou wept o'er thy sad, fallen state ;
The moment invites, cease thy tears and thy sighs,—
Yea, wrest back with stout heart thy lost glories
from fate.

Let Briton be just, to her Mission be true,
Let thy masters in kindness once loosen thy chain ;
Soon the fire, which now slumbers all hidden from view,
Will break out from thee in bright sparkles again !

ODE TO USHA OR THE DAWN.

O lovely Usha ever blest
Whose glorious work art thou ?
Who that fresh vermil tinge has placed
Upon thy radiant brow ?
Thy charming smile makes all things wear
A joyous look the while,
Who taught thee thus the world to cheer,
And who awakes thy smile ?
Enchanting all in greenwood lone
Unto whom singest thou ?
To whom those flowers freshly blown
Thy fervour offers now ?
On whom thy lotus-eyes all open
Their glances fondly cast ?
For whom thy tears—love's dewy token
In crystal drops fall fast ?

THE SWAYAMVAR OF PRINCESS LILA

All life lay dead, but at thy sight
Regains its vital power,
Lead me to Him, O Rose of light,
Source of thy quick'ning pow'r

THE SWAYAMVAR* OF PRINCESS LILA.

Ujjain's princess Lila made
A solemn vow, that she would wed
Him only, who should answer best
Her questions at an oral test.
Unlike the fair in days of old,
Who gave their hands to warriors bold,
Not bow nor blade, but gifts of mind,
In Lila's eyes did favor find.
That vow her royal sire made known
Thro' minstrels loyal to his throne,
Who travers'd regions near and far,
Announcing Lila's *swayamvar*.
At princes' court and nobles' seat,
They prais'd her charms in numbers sweet,
And urg'd the best and foremost there,
To come and win a gem so rare,—
A paragon of Vikram's line,
Supremely blest by gods benign.
The King now built of beauty rare,
A mansion for the *swayamvar*,

* The public choice by a girl of her husband from amongst number of suitors assembled for that purpose.

With a red dais for the bride,
And seats for guests in purple pride ;
While suitors' camps, with banners crown'd
And richly furnish'd, glitter'd round.
Kings, princes, chieftains, nobles gay,
And envoys came, in bright array,
From fair Bengal to far Gandhar,*
As rivals at the *swayamvar* ;
And on th' appointed day they met,
Exulting high, in regal state.
'Mid sound of conch and *nowbut's*† strain,
Came Lila with her maiden train,—
Her bosom friends from early days
Who loved and shared her pleasant ways :
A galaxy of beauties rare,
Herself the fairest of the fair.
She seem'd a dweller of the skies ;
An *Apsara*‡ below ;
With rosy lips and fawn-like eyes,
Of soul-entrancing glow.
A dream in flesh by nature dreamt,
Whose highest art on her was spent.
She came,—her jewell'd, twinkling feet
At each step flinging music sweet—
And on the crimson dais bright,
Sate as an angel robed in light,
Amid the plaudits, loud and long,
Of the assembled gallant throng.
She bore a garland in her hand

* Kandahar

† See note at p. 96

‡ See note at p. 272

Of snow-white flowers of the land,
Wherewith she fondly hoped to deck
Her duly chosen consort's neck.
The cry of heralds, trumpets' blare,
And roll of drums, now 'fill'd the air.
Then, one by one, to Lila came
Many a proud hero dear to fame,
But failing at the oral test,
Departed thence in breathless haste.
Again the herald's cry was heard
And trumpets' blare, but no one stirr'd.
There was a pause,—none durst advance
Of those who stay'd to try their chance ;
The curtain seem'd about to fall
Upon the wedding festival.

A Brahmin youth stept forward now,
With saffron tinge upon his brow ;
Unknown his name and native land,
A rival yet for Lila's hand.
At sight of him the Kshattriyas proud
Indulg'd in gibes and laughter loud ;
But view him close, his handsome face
And mien and manner, full of grace,
Despite his rivals' scornful mirth,
Bore impress of intrinsic worth.

"Stay!" cried the king, "aspire not high !
"Shall a dwarf clasp the moon in sky ?
"O hie thee, hie thee elsewhere, boy !
"Let humble cares thy thoughts employ !
The youth, then, in a firm, bold tone :
"Do not, O King! thy pledge disov

"The humblest suitor present here,
"No less than one of highest sphere,
"Has equal right to seek the bride,—
"Her country's love and sex's pride
"Her consort let her freely now
"Choose in accordance with her vow."

The king, on this remonstrance, let
The Brahmin pass where Lila sate.

Sweet was the meeting of the twain !
'T was love at sight, in mind and brain ;
For Kama with his flow'ry darts
Pierc'd thro' and thro' their tender hearts.
To Siva, unto maidens kind,

Maidenwise had she pray'd,
Long for a husband to her mind,

And His supernal aid.
She fancied that her pray'r was heard,
As close to her the youth appear'd ;
When each to each was drawn at once
By magic pow'r of love-lit glance.
"Now," said he, with a smile serene,
"Tell me thy questions, Beauty's Queen !
"Let others jeer, who that hath eyes,
"Will not risk all for such a prize?"

SHE

Pray, name four yellow things on earth,
Of real or of fancied worth,
And th' element the hue implies,
According to our sages wise.
The seat and virtues of the same,
In human bodies, also name.

HE

Gold, fruitful both of ill and good,
The ripen'd grain that yields us food,
The Champac and the sun-flow'r true.
Are of a kindred yellow hue :—
And yellow is the sign of earth,
Which brings enduring gains and mirth ;
And fills the spinal column's end,
Where complex nerves harmonious blend.

SHE

Now name four lovely objects white,
Whose beauty cheers, nay, charms the sight,
What element does white imply,
In wisdom's introspective eye ?
The seat and virtues of the same
In human bodies, also name.

HE

The swan, the lily, Venus bright,
And the full-moon that charms the sight ;
And white, according to the wise,
Internal water signifies ;
The water-sac's its constant seat,
A vessel for this fluid meet.
And to this element are due
All sudden gains in fancy's view.

SHE

Tell me the names of four things red,
In earth or air, or sky o'erhead.
What element does red imply,
When flashing bright before one's eye ?
The seat and virtues of the same,
In human bodies, also name.

HE

Vermillion, ruby, safflow'r gay,
 And Mars with his malefic ray,
 Are red ; this is the sign of fire,
 Which bodes unrest and burning ire ;
 The stomach is its constant seat,
 We eat to live or live to eat ;
 In any case, beware of tej,*
 'Tis wisdom's part to calm its rage.

SHE

Now name four objects deeply blue,
 Immense and grand to human view ;
 And th' element, that blue implies,
 Its usual seat and sympathies.

HE

The ocean's blue, and blue the sky,
 So are the Nilachalas† high ;
 And so is Saturn—planet dread—
 Born of the Sun and primal shade.
 This colour marks a ruffled breast,
 When Maruth‡ rules the heart and chest.
 But here does Brahma, seated still
 On his white-bird, our ailments heal,
 The Sleep-less Self with ceaseless care,
 Propitiates him with Sohang§-pray'r.
 With Sohang ! Sohang ! till the end,
 When to the skies our souls ascend.

* Fire.

† The Nilgiri Hills.

‡ The wind.

§ "I am He."

SHE

What is the surest sign of *bom*?*
And where, in human frame, its home?
When conscious of its transient sway,
How should one pass the time away?

HE

When *bom* prevails, the inner eye
Doth faintly varied tints descry ;
The vocal organ is its home,
And only there it loves to roam.
The rule of *bom* forebodeth ill,
When vital airs the wind-pipe fill.
Then, then, the human soul relies
On loving hands and dewy eyes,
To let it pray, in calm repose,
For freedom from all flesh-born woes !

SHE

Now tell me when 'tis best to pray,
By silent night or light of day.
Most creeds differ as much, I fear,
As sunlight does from moonlight clear.

HE

Precisely so ! still be it known,
That man and nature both are one :
Mark when the warblers of the grove
Pour forth their orisons of love :
They choose the dawn—the witching hour,
When human souls wield mystic power.
That is the time to shake off sloth,
And greet the Lord with Sath ! Sath ! Sath !

SHE

Name four things bitter thou dost know
From which both good and evil flow.

HE

*Makal** is bitter, and so are
Nux, neem† and fratricidal war ;
But bittermost to me I own
Would be my exit hence alone.

SHE

What, in this world, where pleasure palls,
And want is rife, and hopes prove false,
What are its sweets? name four that cheer
The social, or domestic sphere.

HE

Sweet is the love of woman pure,
That grows in strength from more to more ;
Sweet is fair Freedom to the thrall,
And, after toil, repose to all ;
And sweet to me, O nymph divine,
'Twill be if thou art henceforth mine !

SHE

One question more, and I have done :
When our terrestrial race is run,
Where goes the soul from prison free?
Does it exist or cease to be?

HE

It goes to Heaven,—its cherish'd aim,
The spark blends with the parent flame.

* The Colocynth.

† The neem tree.

As silk-worms that, to common eyes,
Seem dead their web within,
Emerge at last as butterflies,
With wings of magic sheen ;
As champac shrubs, that fade and die,
In blighting wintry air,
Leap up to life, with spring's warm sigh,
In blooming clusters fair ;
Thus after death, the Self doth rise
To higher spheres of life,
Breaking illusive Maya's ties,
And freed from passions' strife.
From sun to sun it wings its flight,
Or roams the Milky Way ;
Revels in Venus' twofold light,
Or basks in *Dhruba's** ray.
At last it gains, its journies done,
Nirvana of the blest ;
And merg'd in Him—the All in One—
Enjoys eternal rest !
The parlance ceased. With heaving breast,
Fair Lila thus the king address :—
"My sire and sovereign ! give me leave
"My garland to this youth to give.
"I pray you greet him as your son ;
"He has my heart entirely won."
"No ! no ! my child !" the monarch said.
"I must not let thee rashly wed
"A saucy vagrant, who I see,

"Hath charm'd thy mind with gramary,
"Most Brahmans covet gold, they say,
"Let him have gold and go his way."
Udaypore's envoy now spake word :
"Yon Brahman is my sovereign lord !
"Young Ranjit, famous far and wide.
"As Chivalry's bright flow'r and pride !
"Rejoice, illustrious king, rejoice
"In thy dear daughter's happy choice."
Oh ! sweet as *Sherbet* to the dry,

To fever'd brow fresh breeze,
A harbour near to sailor's eye,

When tost on stormy seas ;
So pleasing to the monarch's ear,

Was this disclosure new ;
He cast aside all idle fear,

And quick to Ranjit flew,
Whom he embrac'd with tears of joy,
For here was bliss without alloy.
Then Lila, at her father's beck
Her garland placed round Ranjit's neck
Amid uncommon pomp they were
United in the palace near,

With every solemn Vedic rite,
By holy Brahmans clothed in white
The ringing *ulus** of the fair,
Greeted the happy, happy pair ;
And many a lovely maiden band,
On tip-toe tripped it, hand in hand ,
With sound of mirth the palace rung .

* See note at p. 96.

Joy tun'd the notes the minstrels sung.
The city was ablaze with light,
And glow'd with pleasant faces bright.
While glad the conscious Sipra^{*} flow'd,
Reflecting clear each gay abode!

In the interior court-yard then,
Secluded from the gaze of men,
Sev'n married nymphs, with lights in hand,
And richly deckt—a fairy band—
Sev'n times the happy couple round,
With lightest foot-falls on the ground,
Revolv'd in circles, one by one,
Like planets round the central sun.
Needless to say, long liv'd the twain,
United thus in wedlock's chain.
Like mingled streams that merrily,
With laughing ripples run to sea,
They liv'd as one in mind and soul,
Awaiting heav'n, their final goal.

And now, Ye maidens fair, who may
Indulgent read this artless lay—
An ancient tale in modern dress,
Without the charm of letter'd grace—
May each of you like Lila find
A husband of congenial mind.
O fare ye well, fare ever well,
In joy and bliss, that ne'er shall fail!

* A river in Ujjain.

DAKSHA JAINA: HOW IT FELL THROUGH

DAKSHA JAINA: HOW IT FELL THROUGH

(AN INDIAN BALLAD IN ENGLISH VERSE)

Daksha, a royal saint of old
Made up his mind, as legends tell,

A ceremonial rite to hold
A yagna on the grandest scale.

He sent his cards to earth and skies
To Gods above and men below

All but to him of three-fold eyes,
The trident-wielder—Mahadeo.

And all gods but Shiva came,
And all the Rishis big and small—

Including those of ursine fame—
To Daksha's solemn festival.

There were heaps of fruits and rice,
And milk and curd in swelling seas,

And sweets of luscious taste and nice,
And gold and gems for Brahmins' fees

Now Sati,—Shiva's consort fair,

Had heard the news and wonder'd wh
She and her mighty husband were

O'erlooked alone of earth and sky.

Failing to guess the reas'n, poor dear!

She begged her lord for leave to see
Her royal sire with many a tear,

And he assent'd.

But how to go, perplex'd her sore :

Their stud contained a single bull
Which he might want in wandering o'er
The country for his daily dole.

But when the fair make up their mind
To do a thing, or to see a friend,
No obstacle of any kind
Will keep them from their cherished end.

So draped in bark—her narrow neck and head
And arms with *rudraksh* beads encased,
To her sire's mansion Sati sped—
Ah me ! on foot, and poorly dressed.

Her mother welcomed her with joy,
Her sisters kissed her sisterly ;
Only old Daksha showed annoy,
Which really was unfatherly.

"What brings thee here, thou foolish girl !
Thee and thy husband I disown
For a poor slut and vagrant churl !
Hence ! overbold thing ! hence ! begone.

Back to thy trident-wielding lord,
And range with him hill—forest—plain !
Go, share his board, the beggar's gourd,
And enter not this house again !"

His cruel words and frowning look
Struck all his hearers with surprise ;
While Sati ; like an aspen shook,
Big tear-drops trickling from her eyes.

* The berry of the bead-tree (*Elcocarpus Ganitrus*), which is made into beads for rosaries.

Her breast was filled with rage and pride,
It rose and fell like ocean-wave ;
Spare your reproaches, Sire !” she cried,—
“I give you back the life you gave !”

With that, before her royal sire,
Lifeless she fell upon the ground ;
And oh ! the consternation dire
Like a dark cloud that spread around !

Her mother much did cry and mourn,
Her sisters wept as sisters should ;
But Daksha was unmoved as stone—
Unfeeling as a block of wood !

“What, if one girl is lost !” he said ;
“I still have many daughters fair
All over yonder Zodiac spread,
The lunar god’s peculiar care.

Asleshā ! Maghā* and ye other
Daughters mine ! Cease your fruitless tears !
Console your hapless, crushed-down mother,—
Go, do your duty, there, my dears !

I have conquer’d sorrow—conquer’d pain,
Death has no hopes or fears for me ;
Wisdom has taught me all is vain—
So welcome, stern Austerity !”

The present deities looked aghast ;
The Rishis were much vexed in soul,
Lest it end, not in feast but fast,—
Narad cried—“Hari ! Hari bol !”†

* Asleshā† Maghā !—The 9th and 10th of the 27 lunar asterisms.
† Hari bol—Lit. say the name of Hari.

The Rishis swore and cursed like mad
For loss of promised feed and fee ;
Aÿ, 'twas unutterably sad
To see their bitter agony.

For wives and children had been told
They're going to a royal feast
And back would come with loads of gold,
And sweets to last some days at least.

And loss of gold and dainty *manda**
Is heavier blow than kick and cuff ;
If one can make his belly *thunda*†
He well may bear some treatment rough.

Har ! Har ! Sambhu ! Har ! Har ! Sambhu ! ‡
To beat of drum old Nandy§ sang ;
While Vringi's¶ war cry "Bum ! Bum ! Sheo !
Bum ! Bum ! Sheo !" || thro' the welkin rang.

The goblins yelled with dev'lish mirth,
The goblins danced with dev'lish glee,
The goblins made a hell of earth,
With their wild noise and revelry.

* Manda—A kind of sweetmeat made of posset and sugar, which the Brahmins are particularly fond of.

† Thunda—To make the belly *thunda* is to satisfy the hunger for food.

‡ Har, Har Sambhu—Har and Sambhu are names of Siva.

§ Nandy—is the chief courtier of Siva.

¶ Vringi—one of the lieutenants of Siva with a terrible countenance.

|| Bum, bum, Sheo—Bum is a mystic word peculiar to the Sivaic worship and Sheo is Hindi for Siva.

The might and splendour of a younger race,
May charm and captivate the thoughtless mind ;
But think, oh think our proud descent we trace
From Aryan sires, the pride of human kind.
We live,—we hope to see a brighter day,
While Greece, Rome, Babylon—oh ! where are they ?
Be patient, brothers ! We are down, 'tis true,
But ups and downs, and downs and ups again,
Make up all life—of nations as of men :
If we are down, we yet may rise anew.
The fittest still survive, and so we do ;
And sturdiest links in Being's mystic chain
Through Æons long we Aryans shall remain,
If foreign modes and manners we eschew.
Preserve intact your cherished social rules,
Your simple manners, and your grand old faith,—
Shunning the ways of noisy travelled fools,
Whose ways but lead to ruin and to death.
Thus will domestic Peace, our boast and pride,
Fixed, like the pole-star, in our homes abide.

APPENDIX A.

NOTES ON The Last Day.

BY THE AUTHOR.

(*Published in 1886.*)

—:O:—

1. The identity of Christianity with pure Hinduism or, rather, Yogiism, as practised by true Indian ascetics—not the brawny, loud-tongued vagabonds who, smeared with ashes, and with matted locks, are to be seen in important centres of population in India,—will forcibly suggest itself to any unprejudiced thinker, who carefully studies the numerous points of resemblance between the two. A few of these points are briefly indicated here in the hope of awakening the reader's interest in the inquiry.

I. The birth of Jesus Christ, according to the Gospels, was attended with certain phenomenal circumstances. Similar phenomena are also said to have attended the birth of every great Yogi of whom we have any account,—of Buddha, Puran, Sankara, Kabir, and Chaitanya. These phenomena are of course here referred to merely by way of analogy, and not with the view of claiming in any way the reader's belief in their authenticity. But the most significant circumstance connected with the birth of Christ was the appearance of *the wise men from the East* in the house where he was born. Yogis are admittedly the wise men of the East. And their presence in Bethlehem at the time will be intelligible to all who care to study the traditions connected with the rebirths of the Grand Llama of Thibet.

APPENDIX

II. The perfect blank in the life of Jesus Christ from his infancy to his thirtieth year, would be inexplicable except on the supposition of his having served his novitiate during that period. Twenty-four years is the usual period of *chelaship* among Yogis, during which a novice is required by the rules of the fraternity to practise absolute self-effacement. Having regard to the fact that Yogiism is the primal faith of the human race, being the repository of the highest esoteric truths regarding the mysteries of life and death, and the relations between matter and spirit—the seed-creed, in fact, of all the great religions of the world—and that its members are to be found in nearly every country, it is not unnatural, perhaps, to suppose that a born ascetic like Christ spent his early years in their society, fitting himself in their secret places for the high mission which he came to fulfil.

III. The above inference acquires special force from the fact that John the Baptist, whom Jesus suffered to baptise him, came from the wilderness, habited in the religious costume of a Yogi when out in his wanderings, with his “raiment of camel’s hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins.”

IV. The ceremony of baptism by water is not a Jewish institution, but one of several Aryan forms of initiation. Jesus, in undergoing it at the hands of John the Baptist, who himself declared his unworthiness to baptise him, practically illustrated his own saying, that he came, *not to destroy, but to fulfil*, since initiation by a *guru* is an essentially important ceremony enjoined by Yogiism.

V. Christ’s fasting in *the wilderness for forty days and forty nights, immediately after his initiation*, would seem to prove conclusively that he belonged to that high order; for segregation from the world, *for exactly that space of time*, is reserved, after initiation, only among Yogis.

VI. The doctrine of the holy Trinity is a purely Hindu one. Only Jesus preached it in its esoteric sense, the third person of the Trinity being a mystery understood only of Yogis and advanced *dasnamis* in India. The Old Testament nowhere mentions Him, and Jesus himself refers to Him in most mystic language. The explanation of the mystery, as well as the Word which was in the beginning, could be given by initiates only to duly ordained *chelas*.

VII. The apostolic number 12 also furnishes another strong argument in favour of the position here advanced. That number would seem to have been chosen to symbolize the Twelve Paths of the Yogis.

VIII. Yogis are bound to observe celibacy, and so both Guru and Chela, John the Baptist and Christ, were celibates. And they were not only celibates, but true ascetics. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Now mark the instructions of Jesus to the Apostles, when sending them forth to preach :

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your Journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves ; for the workman is worthy of his meat."

Where are the Christian Ministers who practise such noble self-abnegation, who glorify their faith with such lofty renunciation of the world ? But turn to the true Indian fakir, and you will fully realise the picture !

Again, the doctrine of resurrection is a cardinal article of the Yogi's faith. Death is merely a trance in his view, and the *samadhi* yoga which he practises has for its object the acquisition of spiritual power to overcome that trance.

IX. The Book of Revelation bristles with evidence of the close affinity between Christianity and pure Hinduism. On account of its mysticisms, it is virtually a sealed book to the generality of Christians. Yet to one familiar with the *Kalki* and *Vabisyā* Puranas and with some of the fundamental doctrines of esoteric Hinduism, what are regarded as most mystic passages are clear enough. For instance, take the following passage from Chapter IV of Revelation describing the four beasts round about the throne of God in heaven:—“And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast has a face as a man (Mahabir), and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle (Garurha).” These are symbolical of the divine forces, and every Hindu is familiar with the important part they play in Hindu theology. The Beast of the Apocalypse, the Serpent, and the Virgin, who is fed in the wilderness a thousand two hundred and threescore days, and “nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent,” can only be intelligible to persons conversant with the doctrines and ritual of the Hindu religion. The Beast is *Bhut Bhairab*, emblematic of brute force which, in this material age, is so much worshipped by the nations to the infinite harm of their eternal interests; the Virgin is the *Bala Sundari* of the Yogis—the Virgin mother of the Universe—*Prakriti* in her manifest form; the “time, and times, and half a time” signifies the practice of *Pranayam* or the regulation of breath as enjoined by Yogiism; and as to the serpent, see note at foot of p. 120.

That Jesus Christ was a great Yogi, will hardly be questioned by any one who knows anything about Yogiism. His birth, his personality, his precepts, and his sufferings, culminating in the glorious Crucifixion, strongly emphasise that fact. Such lives could be lived only by the inheritors of

great truths hidden from the world, and constituting the Yogi's esoteric creed. With that mental grasp for which he was so remarkable, Rammohan Roy clearly saw this, and his "Precepts of Jesus" was the result.

2. Krishna Chandra Singha, popularly known in India as Lala Babu. He was the grandson of the celebrated Ganga Govinda Singha, Warren Hastings' trusted friend and financial counsellor. The purity of Lala Babu's life, his public benefactions, munificent religious endowments, and renunciation of the world in the prime of life, have deservedly made his name a household word in India. B. 1781, d. 1821.

3. The great Indian reformer, Raja Rammohan Roy. Born at Radhanagar, in Bengal in 1774; died at Bristol on 27th September 1833.

4. David Hare, one of the greatest Anglo-Indian philanthropists, whose eminent services to the cause of education in Bengal, and life-long devotion to the best interests of his adopted country, form a bright page in the annals of British connection with the East. Born in Scotland in 1775; came out to Calcutta 1800; died there on 1st June 1842.

5. Raja Radhakanta Dev, author of the *Sabdakalpadruma*. This is a Sanskrit encyclopædia of which any age and country might well be proud. For his stainless life, his unostentatious charity, his liberality to men of letters, and, above all, his truly devout character, he is justly regarded as one of the worthies of Bengal. Born in Calcutta on 10th March 1783; died on 19th April 1867.

6. Earl Canning, first Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

7. The celebrated Parsi philanthropist, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. Bart. Born at Navsari in the Bombay Presidency on 15th July 1783; died in 1859.

8. An American *sadhu* and philanthropist, a true friend of India.

9. An Indian Viceroy, "who revered his conscience as his king."

10. Sir Salar Jang, minister of Hyderabad, the greatest Indian statesman of this century.

11. An Anglo-Indian Journalist deservedly popular for his honest love of truth and justice, his warm sympathy with the Indian races, and his bold advocacy of right, regardless of creed and caste, rank and race. Mr. R. Knight.

12. Harish Chandra Mukerji, first Editor of the Hindu Patriot, one of the leading organs of Indian public opinion. A self-taught scholar and sound thinker, his public services to his country during the terrible Mutiny of 1857, his successful exposure of the iniquitous system of indigo cultivation in vogue in Bengal a quarter of a century ago, his warm patriotism, and self-sacrificing zeal for the best interests of his fatherland raised him from an humble position to that of an acknowledged leader of his countrymen.

13. A missionary of the Church of Scotland, loved and honoured for his deep learning, purity of character, and successful labors as an educationist in Bengal, no less than for his heroic sufferings in the 'cause of truth and morality. Dr. Wm. Hastie.

14. An Indian scholar, whose learning, erudition, and rare intellectual gifts, were marred by intense self-love and inexcusable self-sufficiency. "Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

15. A happy contrast to the preceding. A life devoted to science and to letters, to his people, to humanity. A rigid scientist, yet a truly poetic soul, no less remarkable for his

modesty than for his intellectual and moral worth.
Dr. Mohendra L. Sircar.

16. A fool, an arrant fool! Inordinate self-conceit and a vain affectation of singularity blasted a career which might otherwise have been useful to his fellow-men. The poet himself.

17. A gifted man of letters, "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." But for his eccentricities and cynicism, he would have held a foremost place among his people.
Dr. Shambhu Chunder Mukherjee.

18. An Indian nobleman, distinguished for his culture, varied accomplishments, and polished manners. A little less prudence, and a little more active sympathy with his fellow men, would have rendered him, perhaps, the most popular man of his day. Maharaja Sir J. M. Tagore.

19. The British Mahmud, whose spoliations of Indian princes and peoples have justly rendered his name infamous in Indian annals.

20. "The evil servant" who, being placed over the household, in his lord's absence, "smote his fellow-servants, and ate and drank with the drunken."

21. A dealer in madapollams and opium and politics, who said, "I am a god", and claimed divine honors and privileges for himself and his.

22. An Indian ruler execrated by the people for his violent measures and grossly immoral policy.

APPENDIX B.

AUTHOR'S NOTES ON The Bhagabati Gita.

The Virgin or Hope.

Kali or Fear.

Chinnamasta or Self-sacrifice.

Lukshmi or Temptation.

Saraswati or Music of the Heart.

Durga or Manifest Energy.

Adyasakti or Primal Mother.

APPENDIX C.

AUTHOR'S NOTES ON The Swayambar of Lila.

Lila's questions and Ranjit's answers bear an esoteric significance, having reference to the *talwas* or great elements with their respective nerve-centres in the human body and also to the colours, tastes and feelings subject to the control of each. When one of these elements predominates in our bodies, its proper colour whether white, red, yellow or blue, is visible to the inner eye of the *Jogi*, who by reason of his psychic power can easily pierce the veil of futurity.

The *talwas* are :—*Kshiti* or earth, *Ap* or water, *Tej* or fire, *Maruth* or air and *Born* or ether.

Ap or water.—The bladder is its seat, the white its colour.

It indicates sudden, if not lasting gains ; its measure of expiration is 16 digits ; it gives an astringent taste.

Tej or Fire dwells in the stomach. Red is its colour ; it implies a keen appetite and an angry disposition, its measure of expiration is 4 digits ; it gives a bitter taste.

Maruth or Air pervades the heart and chest. Its conservation, by the practice of *pranayam* or the law of respiration, is highly necessary for subduing human passions and prolonging life. Blue is its colour, and 8 digits are its measure of expiration ; it gives a sour taste.

Bom or ether governs the vocal organ. It is known by faint colours of a varied character before the eyes and is very unfavourable to business undertakings. Its measure of expiration is nil and taste pungent.

ERRATA.

Page	Line	For	Read.
17	6	Vigil's	... Vigil.
23	1-2	1 & 2	... 2 & 1.
27	7	Live where	... Where.
31	1	Foy	... Fry.
31	10	Accounted	... Accoutred.
39	3	Striken	... Stricken.
42	5	Faith's	... His faith's.
50	17	Wormly	... Warmly.
52	14	And	... A.
52	21	In days	... In the days.
52	22	More wander	... More will wander:
54	23	Twined	... Turned.
58	27	Wropped	... Wrapped.
58	27	Betel-leap	... Betel-leaf.
62	13	Tendrills	... Tendrils.
65	28	Years	... Ears.
67	28	Glided	... Gilded.
68	12	Heir	... Her.
71	19	By gone	... Bygone,
75	15	Carelessly	... Ceaselessly.
76	3	Main	... Blue.
77	19	Dushing	... Dashing.
78	1	Cest	... Case.
79	1	Cest	... Case.
81	6	Defeet	... Defeat.
96	25	Symbals	... Cymbals,
135	6	Mistry	... Misty.

Page	Line	For	Read.
145	28	Sung	... Sang.
154	26	Userers	... Usurers.
155	12	Were	... Was.
168	13	Instead	... In stead.
170	23	Spendid	... Splendid
179	14	The the	... The
219	14	Admired	... And mind.
220	14	From a	... From her a.
264	7	Languishe	... Languish.
268	28	Principle	... Principal.